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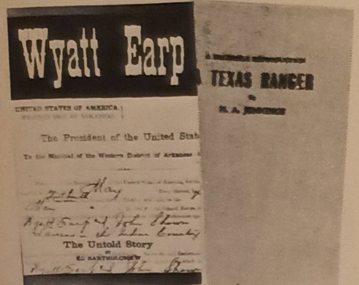

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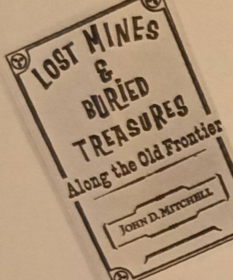

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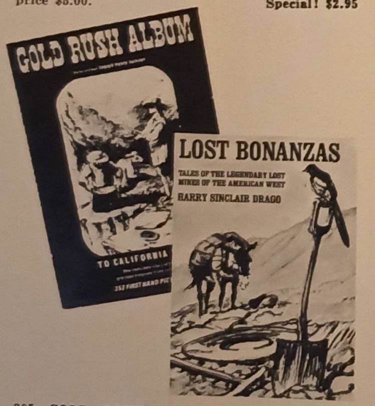

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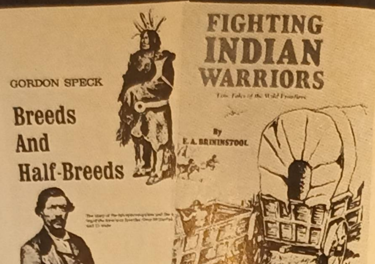

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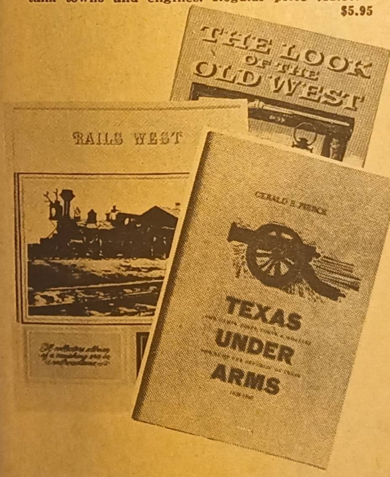

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By John Daly
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SUMMER, 1973 VOL. 9, NO. 4 WHOLE NO. 36

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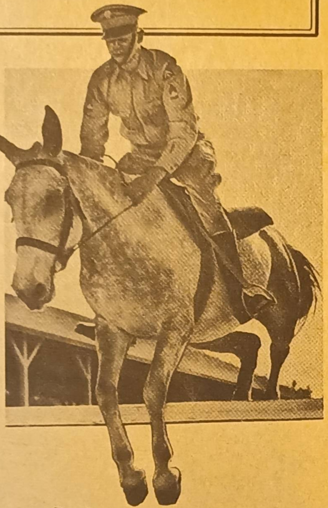

Read about Hambone, the army's jumping mule!
Begins on page 20

Some of the West's "ladies of crime" were tougher than their male counterparts!
Begins on page 28

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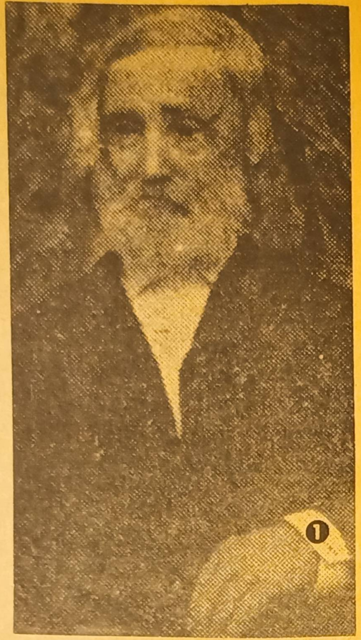
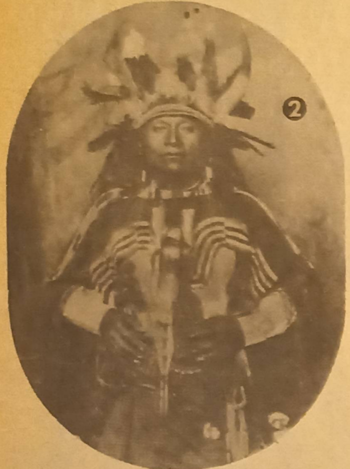




Interesting Pix

Enclosed are six old photographs that may be of some interest to your readers.

1. Samuel G. Bean was a brother of Judge Roy Bean—"Law West of the Pecos"—and was a very colorful character as was his brother Roy. Sam was sheriff of Dona Ana County (New Mexico) from 1854 to 1860. He also worked as a freighter along with Roy. Can anyone tell me what freight line he worked with? I believe he worked for the Armijos for a while but I am trying to find out if they worked for my great-great-grandfather, Evangelisto Chavez. Evangelisto ran a freight line between San Luis Potosi, Chihuahua to St. Louis, Missouri and occasionally to California. Also, Samuel F. Bean (Samuel G. Bean's son) married Evangelisto's daughter, Lupe.

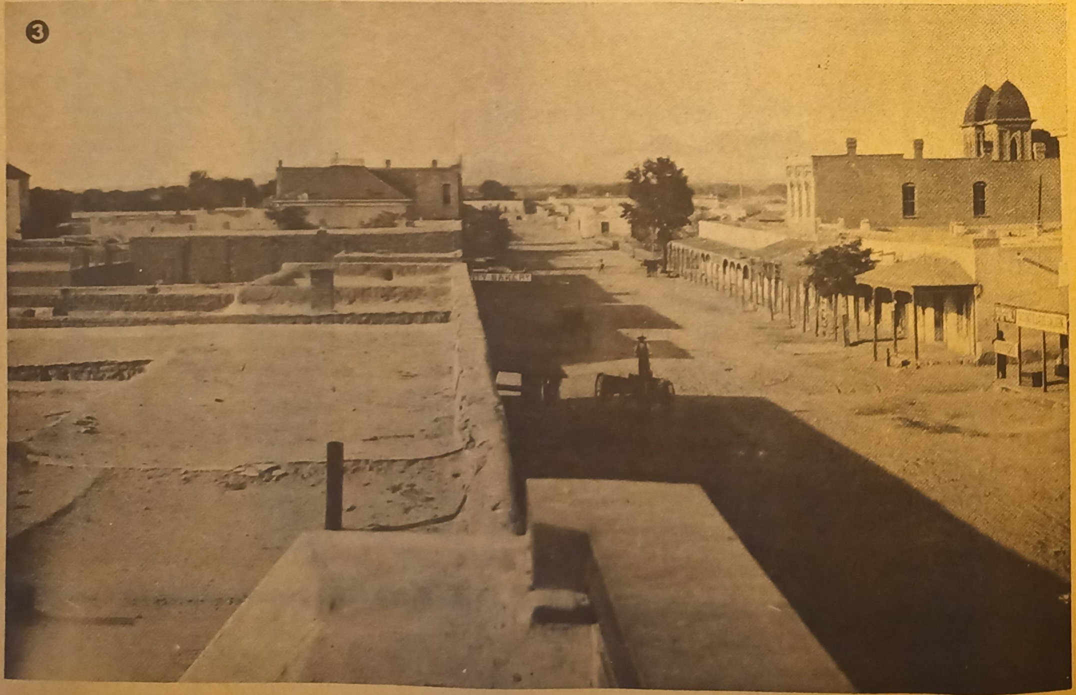
2. Chief San Juan. The caption on the back of the original picture had the following dates: 1886 and July 21, 1892, Las Cruces (New Mexico). The picture was taken by A. F. Randal of Willcox, Arizona Territory. Can anybody tell me anything about Chief San Juan or A. F. Randal?

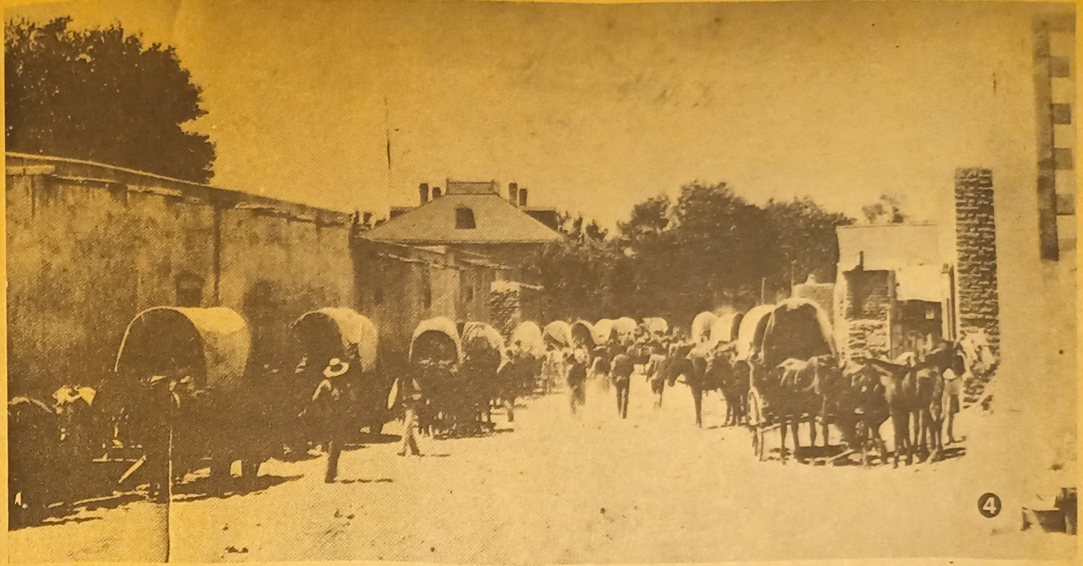
3. Downtown Las Cruces in the late 1800s. Las Cruces was a very typical old Western town. Note the "Only Second Class Saloon" at the extreme right.

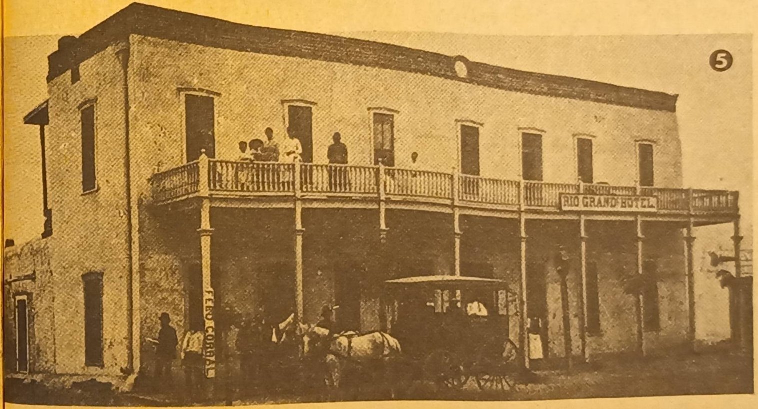
4. The Indians from the Mescalero Reservation used to come into town by wagontrain to buy groceries. This picture was taken in 1889. Building at extreme right was a grocery store owned by Martin Lohman, the first mayor of Las Cruces.

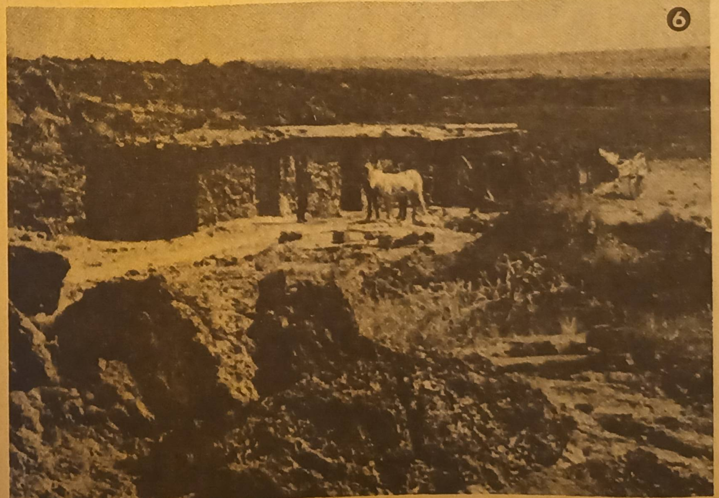
5. The Rio Grande Hotel on South Main Street. To the right of this hotel is a butcher shop. (Typical old southwestern hotel, isn't it?)

6. Malpais Stage Station. I don't know much about this picture except that it must be pretty old. Can anybody furnish me some information on it?—Daniel D. Aranda, 355 La Colonia, Las Cruces, New Mexico 88001









More on the Bandits

Regarding the letter, "Colorado Bandit Chase" in the Winter 1972 issue, Mr. Adams got in on the end of the chase. The bank robbers, I believe there were three, robbed the bank at Mantor, Kansas. Crossing over into Colorado, coming into Eades, they were pursued by the sheriff of Kiowa County whose name was Carl Hickman. They used the same pattern there. Coming to a dip in the road, they stopped and opened fire. Hickman was supposed to have killed one of them.

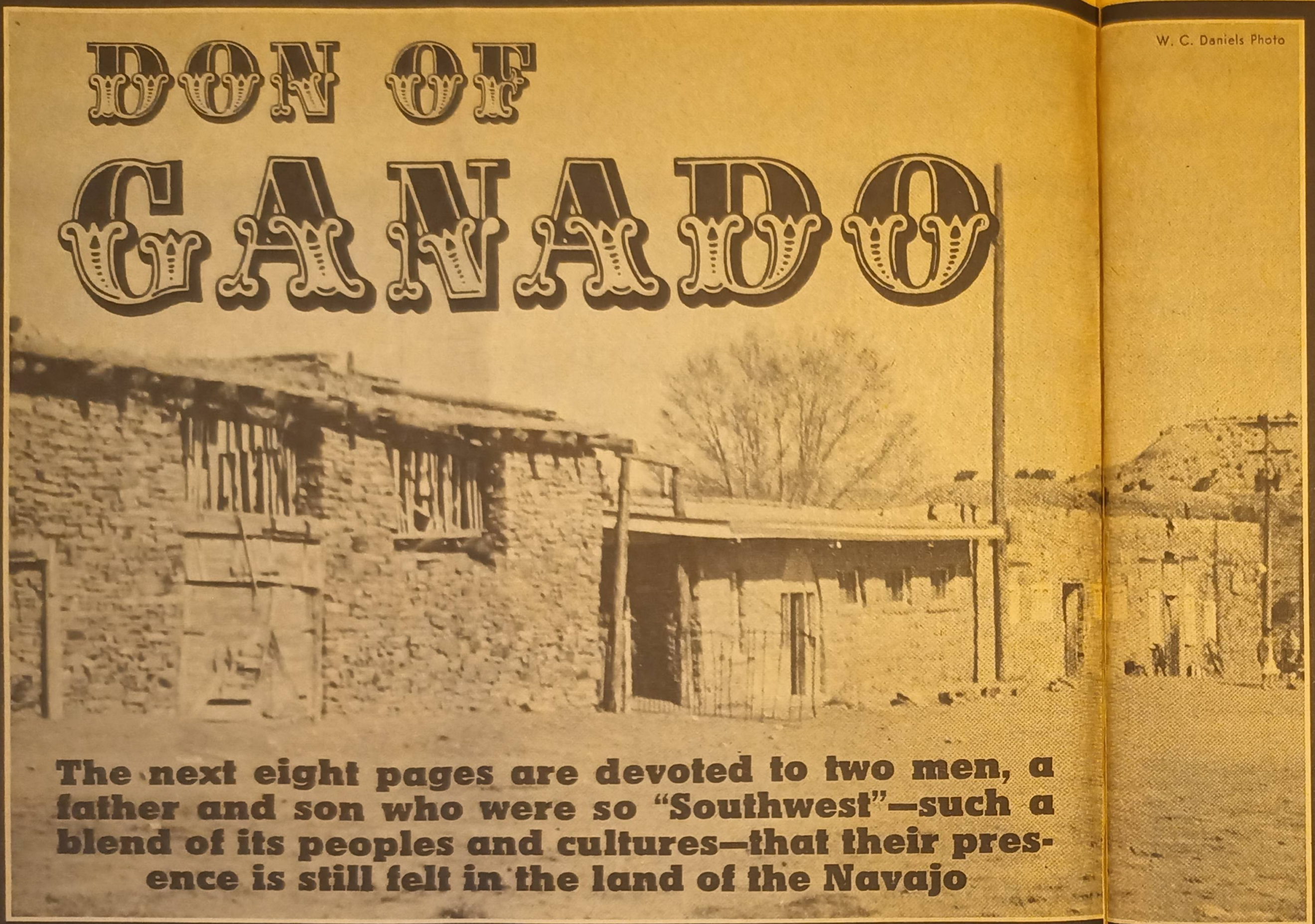
He was killed on the spot. His brother, a man of about seventy-five or eighty, when learning that Carl was shot, strapped on his gun and was going to give chase. His name was Anderson Hickman.

The man whom Mr. Adams could not remember was a Mr. Hadley. At the time of the incident, I was living at Arena about fifteen miles west of where Mr. Coe was shot.

I was raised around Kit Carson, Eades,

(Continued on page 67)

DON OF GANADO



W. C. Daniels Photo

The next eight pages are devoted to two men, a father and son who were so "Southwest"—such a blend of its peoples and cultures—that their presence is still felt in the land of the Navajo

By AGNES M. PHARO

Photos Courtesy Author

IN 1876 Juan Lorenzo Hubbell took over a small trading post on the banks of the Pueblo Colorado Wash in Arizona, just outside the borders of the Navajo reservation. It was the foundation for what was to become a far-flung trading empire that would earn him the honorary title of "Don Lorenzo" among Anglos and Mexicans, and "Old Mexican" among the Navajos.

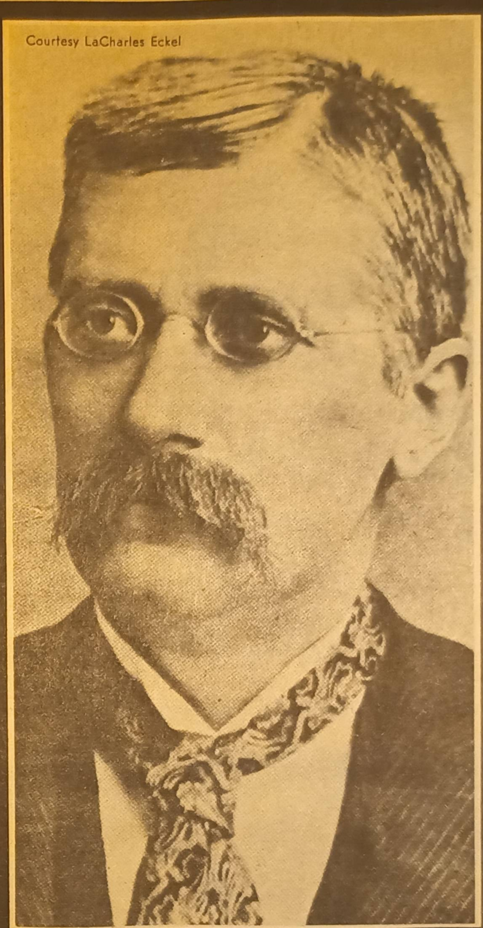
Three years later Don Lorenzo married a Spanish girl named Lina Rubi. Four children were born to them—Adele, Barbara, Lorenzo, Jr., and Roman. These four had only five children: Lorenzo, Jr., none; Roman, two boys; Adele (married name Parker), two boys; Barbara (married name Goodman), one child who surprised everyone by being a girl. Long before the blessed event, a name had been chosen—Charles. When she arrived, her mother decided to keep the name, but added "La" before it to make it feminine.

LaCharles Goodman lived at the Hubbell trading post all her life until the time of her marriage to Edwin Eckel. She spoke only Spanish until she was five. It is through her eyes that we see Don Lorenzo as his grandchildren knew him. Not one of the five stood in awe of the dignified Spanish-American Don who had such piercing blue eyes and beetling black brows.

"In fact," says LaCharles, "we loved him almost to the point of adoration. Grandfather—we always called him Pápá—was never too busy for us. He was kind and generous; strict, but always fair."

These characteristics carried over into his business dealings, too. LaCharles remembers her mother telling of how, at first, the Navajos had dubbed Lorenzo Hubbell as *Nakeznilih*, Double Glasses, because of the thick-lensed spectacles he wore. It was a somewhat derisive name, possibly stemming from the fact that the Indians had little love for white traders, many of whom had cheated them and even sold them into slavery. It didn't take long, however, for them to learn that Hubbell's trading was fair and his counsel good. He treated them as human beings, and they responded by giving him the affectionate nickname of *Naakai Saani*, or Old Mexican.

Juan Lorenzo Hubbell was a combination of Yankee stability and Spanish charm. These qualities, inherited from his parents, enabled him to carve his niche in the history of the Southwest. He was called the "greatest of all Navajo traders," one who conversed freely in four languages—Spanish, English, Navajo and Hopi.



Courtesy LaCharles Eckel

Above left, Ganado Trading Post headquarters building is at right, the post barn at left. At right, Don Lorenzo Hubbell, founder of the Ganado Trading Post.

JUAN LORENZO was born at Pajarito, New Mexico, November 27, 1853, the son of James L. Hubbell, a Yankee of Nordic ancestry, and Julianita Gutierrez, descendent of Spanish pioneers. Her family, aristocrats from Toledo, Spain, had been given the twenty-mile-square Pajarito land grant by a Spanish king.

It was in 1848 that James Hubbell had come west to fight in the Mexican War. After hostilities ended, he stayed in the Southwest and established a freight line of forty-eight wagons which operated over the Santa Fe Trail. The freight line prospered, and it wasn't long before James Hubbell married Julianita.

Their son, Juan Lorenzo, had very little formal education, according to LaCharles Eckel. "When he was about sixteen," she says, "he told his father he wanted to get out on his own. He went to nearby Albuquerque where he worked for a year as a postal clerk. But being indoors all the time didn't satisfy his craving for adventure. So, in 1870 he took all his savings, bought a horse and supplies, and headed for Utah Territory."

At a ferry on the Colorado, he met up with John Lee, a Mormon who operated a trading post on the river and also ran the ferry. It was through Lee that Lorenzo Hubbell first learned to know the Navajo people. He admired their dignity and pride, still evident in spite of the too-recent tragedy of the Bosque Redondo.

The Bosque Redondo, called by the Navajos "The Long Walk," was the greatest disaster of their history. It took place in 1864, after a series of Navajo raids against white settlers. Kit Carson was sent by the government to round up the Navajos and put them in captivity. Although he was a long-time friend of the Indians, Carson was in government employ, with no choice but to obey orders. Many of the more fortunate Navajos escaped into the far reaches of Monument Valley. Those who remained were marched from Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, to Fort Sumner in eastern New Mexico. All but babies and the very aged walked the entire 350 miles. They were held captive for four years, and more than half of them died from hunger and disease.

Finally, through the Treaty of 1868 when they agreed to live in peace with the white man, the government let them return to their homes. Each family was given a little flock of sheep and goats.

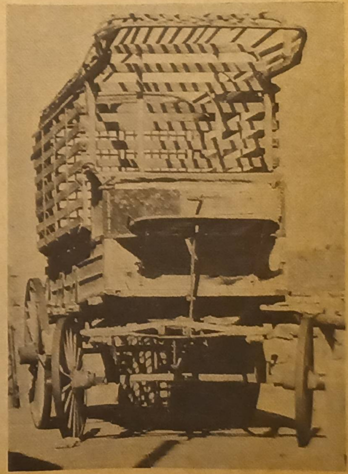
"It was among these people that Pápá—Juan Lorenzo Hubbell—was to spend his life as trader and friend," says his granddaughter. "But before he settled down, he still had adventuring to do."

Leaving John Lee, he rode up to Kanab where he worked for a short time at a trading post. In 1872 he found himself in Panguitch, Utah. To this day no one knows what trouble he became involved in. He never told the whole story, but whatever it was, it changed the course of his life.

LaCharles remembers her mother telling what Juan Lorenzo wrote in his memoirs: "These [difficulties] were serious enough that I found it necessary to flee, and I fled toward the south with a bullet in my left leg and a bullet hole through my body. I wandered for

Below, the gaunt frame of a delivery wagon once used by Wells-Fargo stands outside the Ganado post.

W. C. Daniels Photo



days, scarcely knowing where I was or what actually happened. Eventually, I staggered into a Paiute camp where the Indians took pity on me. They fed me, treated my wounds, and detailed two squaws to nurse me back to health. I don't really know how long I was there. . . . I was in a delirious state. I can only be sure that I owe my life to those Indians. . . . In time they had me on my feet and ready to travel again, and I drifted southwest into the Hopi country."

"This experience with the Paiutes," LaCharles states, "strengthened Pápá's understanding of and sympathy with all Indians. He saved the lives of many Indians in return.

"Pápá lived for several months in the mesa-top, fortress-like villages of the Hopis. During that time he learned their language and was allowed to attend many secret ceremonies. He was probably the first white man to witness the Hopi Snake Dance where participants hold live rattlesnakes in their mouths. In later years he took President Theodore Roosevelt to the Hopi village of Walpi to see this strange ceremony."

AFTER leaving the Hopis, Juan Lorenzo traveled eastward to Fort Defiance. Here he met the Navajo chief, Ganado Mucho, who was to become his life-long friend.

In 1876, Ganado Mucho urged Hubbell to take over a small trading post southwest of Fort Defiance that once had been run by "Old Man" William Leonard.

"I can promise," said Ganado Mucho, "that you will have a large trade."

Juan Lorenzo rode to the place and liked what he saw. Here on the banks of Pueblo Colorado Wash, he homesteaded 160 acres. When the Navajos' boundaries were extended in 1882, Hubbell's land was taken into the reservation. Later it was granted to him by a special act of Congress, thus becoming one of the few privately owned acreages in the midst of an Indian reservation.

Leonard had called his post Pueblo Colorado after a nearby Indian ruin, but the name resulted in much confusion between the post and the town of Pueblo in Colorado. So at the request of the Post Office Department, Hubbell renamed the tract Ganado, in honor of his friend Ganado Mucho. It was the start of his trading empire which eventually would consist of a wholesale house in Winslow and thirteen other trading posts on the reservation, including those at Nazlini, Keam's Canyon, Chinle and Oraibi.

"When Pápá bought the Ganado post there were only two old log buildings," says LaCharles. "The store was in one; the home and office in the other. Pápá soon tore down these buildings and built new ones—a store, barn and outbuildings of native red sandstone, and a big house of adobe. Together they formed a large square; the walls were three feet thick, and massive beams supported the high ceilings. The windows of the store had iron bars."

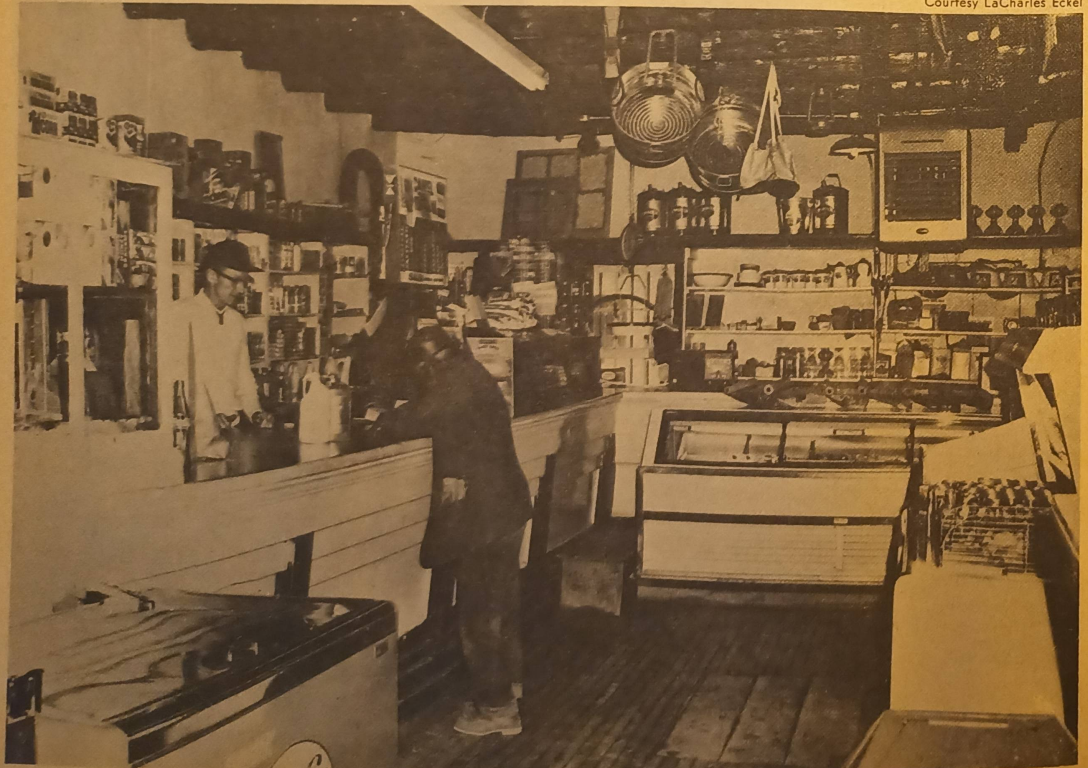
At Ganado business was good, as the old Navajo had promised. Hubbell, now called Don Lorenzo, or Old Mexican, came to know the Navajos well and, according to his granddaughter, he treated them as his children. He wrote: "Out here in this country, the trader is everything from merchant to father confessor, justice of the peace, judge, jury, court of appeals, chief medicine man and de facto czar of the domain over which he presides."

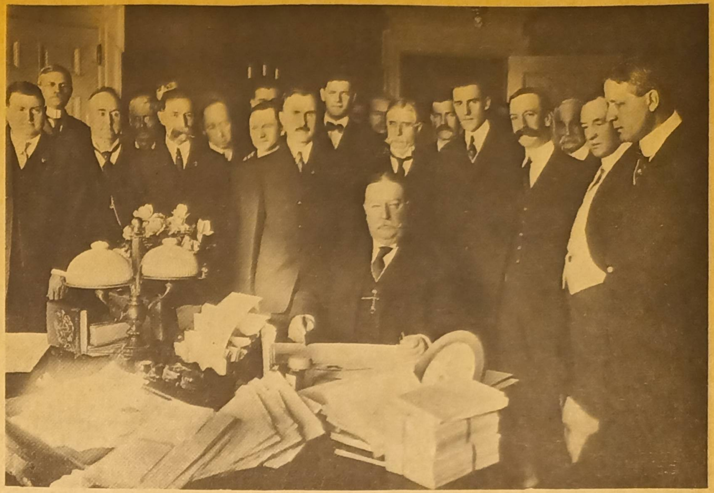
To the Navajos the trading post was the center of social life. By horse and wagon, over long desert miles, they came to this place of wonder and excitement. When they arrived, weary of travel, Old Mexican would open cans of sardines, tomatoes, and peaches for them, and the men would help themselves to tobacco from a can on the counter.

The post was a place to trade. Old Mexican's shelves were loaded with flour, sugar, coffee, calico, shirts, lamps and other supplies. But even more, it was a place to meet friends and visit. It was a place to counsel with Old Mexican who urged them to keep alive and improve their ancient tribal arts of rug weaving and silversmithing. In time Fred Harvey became one of their best customers, buying hundreds of Navajo rugs for his Harvey Houses along the Santa Fe line.

The interior of the Ganado store today. John Barr, clerk, waits on old Joe Tippicanoe, who worked for Don Lorenzo as a small boy.

Courtesy LaCharles Eckel





Courtesy LaCharles Eckel

President Taft shown signing the bill making Arizona a state in 1912. Don Lorenzo Hubbell is standing directly in back of the President, surrounded by members of Congress.

LaCharles Eckel explains that her grandfather was deeply interested in politics. He had been elected sheriff of Apache County in 1882 and served two terms, during which he became embroiled in a range war between Navajo sheepherders and cattlemen who muscled in from Texas. Hubbell backed the Navajos, not only because they were "his people," but also because he believed the country was better suited to the raising of sheep than cattle.

"Mother often said that Pápá was shot at from ambush no less than a dozen times," LaCharles said. "For a year the family never went to bed without barricading doors and windows with sandbags and mattresses."

At last the range war ended. In 1893, Don Lorenzo was elected to the Arizona Territorial Legislature. His political activities often took him to Phoenix and Washington, D. C. He was a delegate to Washington when President William Howard Taft signed the bill granting statehood to Arizona in 1912. Following this, Don Lorenzo served as state senator. In 1914 he lost a bid for the U. S. Senate and, after that, although he still maintained his interest in politics, he did not hold any more elective offices.

"We children were glad when Pápá was at home," his granddaughter recalls. "He always got up early; so we got up early, too, just to be with him."

"Our Mexican gardener, Don Eduardo, often said, 'Don Lorenzo is just like a ghost. He doesn't sleep, nor let anyone else sleep either!' "

The grandchildren had the run of the *hacienda* as long as they didn't interfere with the work. The only place that was off-limits was the store.

"We were never allowed to go inside," says LaCharles, "unless armed with a note from our parents. Sometimes we tried forgery, such as a note saying: 'Please give the children some candy.' But it never worked!"

THE STORE was a fascinating place, made more so by the presence of a huge bull snake which Don Lorenzo had acquired instead of a cat to keep mice under control. The snake lived there a couple of years, and became very friendly. His untimely demise came about one day when he wandered over to the blacksmith shop. Here he found a toolbox to his liking and slithered inside. He was peering from this hideaway when Joe Borrego, the smith, went to get a hammer. Joe got the hammer all right, and so did the snake—right on the head.

Later Joe explained sadly, "I not know him. In toolbox he look just like any other ol' bull snake."

"We all hated to lose that snake," LaCharles says. "The store was never quite the same, although it was still an exciting place. However, the barn was our favorite place to play. It was anything we wanted it to be—a castle, a ship, or whatever. One of our favorite games was rescuing a damsel in distress. Since I was the only girl, I always had to be the damsel. I didn't like that so much because I didn't do anything except sit on a great pile of hay, waiting to be rescued. The boys had all the fun being villains and knights, and fighting on the floor. Sometimes, when I just couldn't stand it any longer, we would dress up a broom in apron and cap, and set it up in my place. Then I could join in the scuffling!"

The children always ate breakfast and lunch in the dining room with family and guests. At dinner they ate early while the adults dined later alone. That is, they did when Don Lorenzo was away. But when he was at home, protocol went out the door and the children joined family and guests at dinner as well as for other meals.

"We had places of honor, too," states LaCharles. "I always sat at Pápá's right; the boys at my right and Pápá's left. Then the guests were seated. It didn't matter who they were, or how prominent. With Don Lorenzo, his grandchildren always came first.

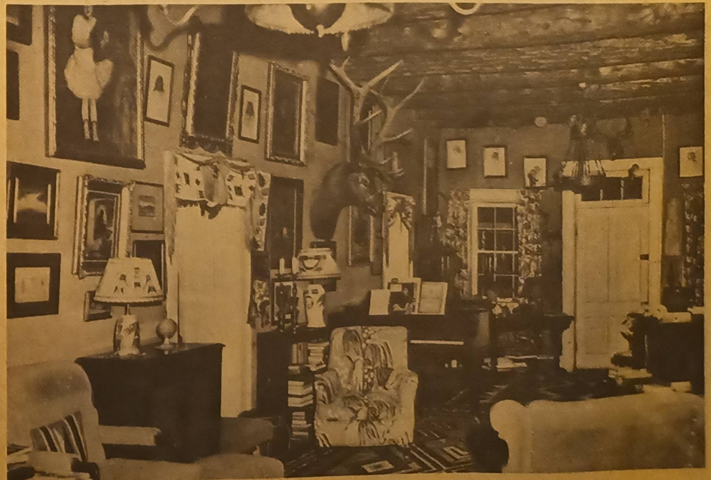
"Pápá was a charming host, and entertained many renowned guests—artists, writers, geologists, politicians. President Teddy Roosevelt stayed twice with us at Ganado. He called Pápá 'Lorenzo, the Magnificent.'

"We children often created some em-

(Continued on page 62)

The living room at the Ganado post. Portrait of young girl at upper left is that of LaCharles, Don Lorenzo's granddaughter.

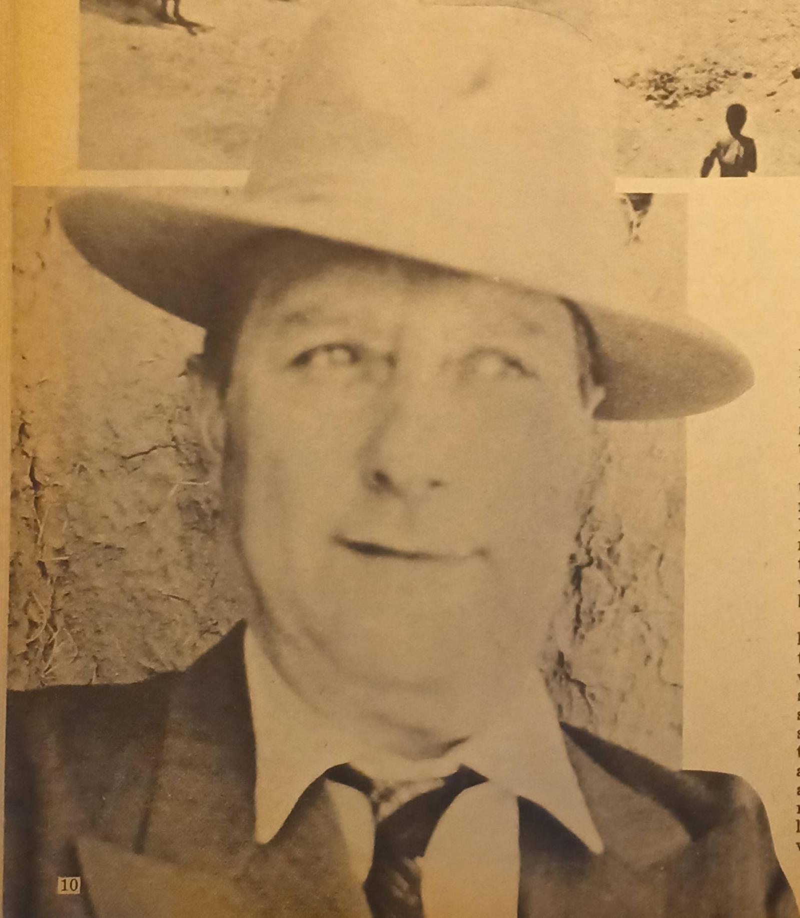
Courtesy LaCharles Eckel



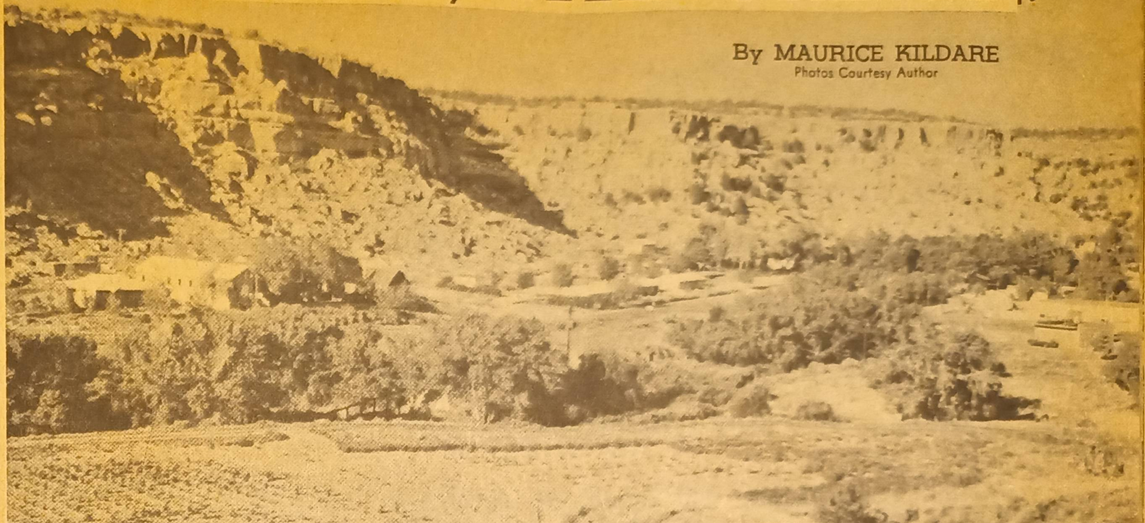
THE SECOND LORENZO, THE GREAT

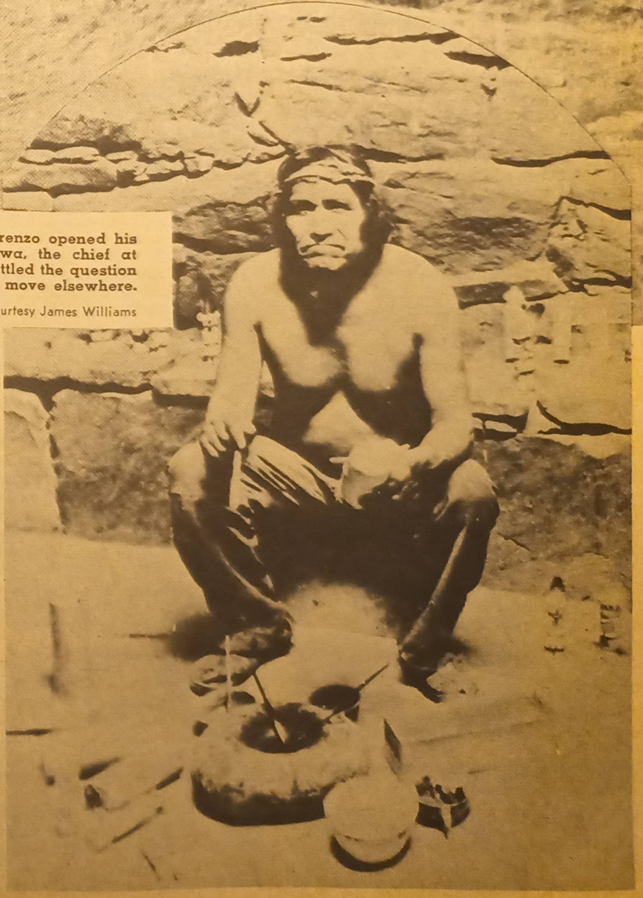
By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author



Above, old Oraibi village just before interpueblo strife divided the people into rival camps. At left, Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr. established his name as a trader, and also as a friend of the Indians.





Above, Keam's Canyon Hopi Indian Agency, where Lorenzo opened his first trading post in 1902. Below, Wilson Tewaquaptewa, the chief at Oraibi when a tug-of-war between arguing tribesmen settled the question of who would remain at the settlement and who would move elsewhere.

Courtesy James Williams

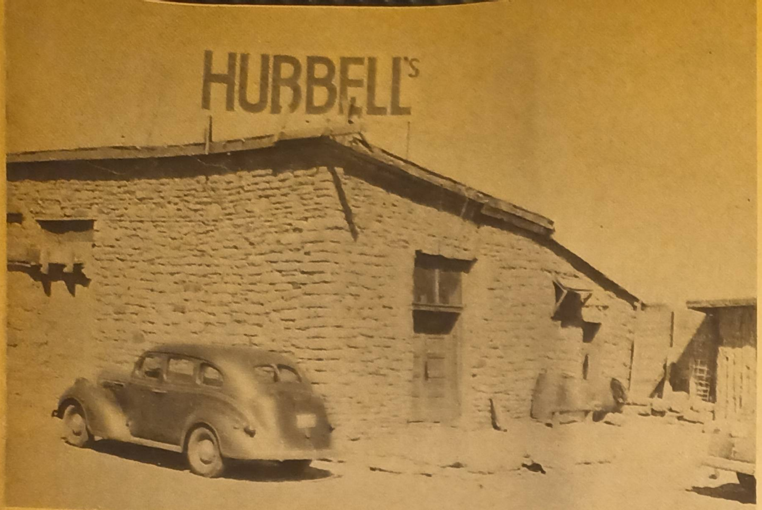
A GROUP OF Hopi Indians shoved a roped, twelve-year-old Navajo boy into Lorenzo Hubbell's trading post at Oraibi. The trader was informed that they were going to hang the boy for stealing watermelons from their fields on the Polacco Wash floodlands.

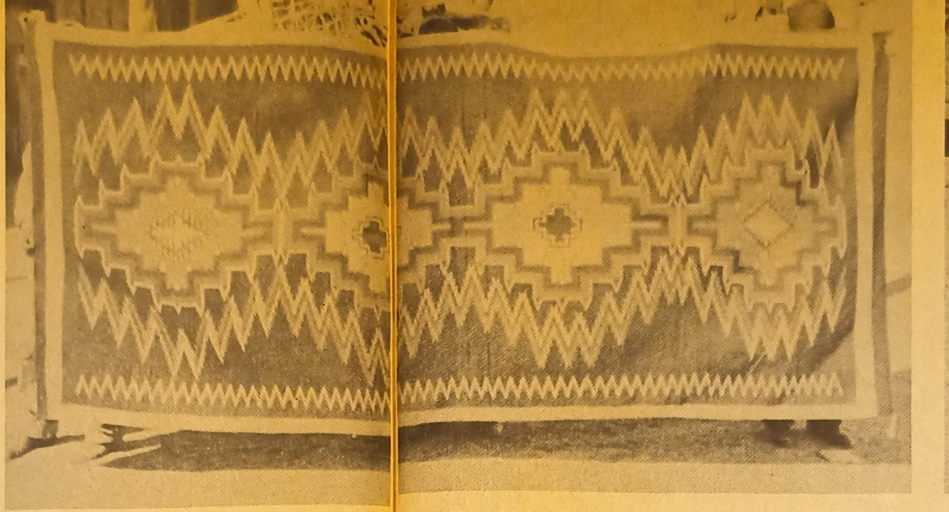
The only reason they had brought him to Lorenzo was because there would be repercussions from the Indian agent at Keams Canyon—probably a charge of murder. Lorenzo's powerful influence on their side and his statement that they were justified in hanging the boy would be of great help.

Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr. walked around his desk a couple of times to control his temper, then paused. He had to get along with the two tribes, whose languages he spoke fluently, yet here was developing a situation that could cost him the friendship he had so carefully established over the years as a trader among the Navajos and Hopis. Though Lorenzo often served as "judge" in disputes between the tribesmen, this cause would involve federal law if the angry Hopis hanged the Navajo boy.

Sitting down, the trader asked the Hopis in their own language to explain the circumstances, then talked in Navajo to the very frightened boy. He asked how many melons were stolen and was told that when the boy was discovered and seized only ten had been pulled from the vines. No melons were actually removed from the garden.

The melons were only beginning to ripen so Lorenzo suggested that they were worth about ten cents each—hardly worth hanging a mere child. The Hopis then launched into a long account of past aggravations committed by Navajos, especially the stealing of green corn from their fields the preceding year. Old wrongs were to be fastened on one small boy, whose punishment would satisfy their sense of justice. Most patiently Lorenzo heard them out; then he offered five dollars for the green melons the boy was accused of trying to steal. Pointing out that the Hopis might get into serious trouble if they harmed the young Navajo, the trader stated that he did not want this to happen for all of them were his friends. Soon the Hopis, with broad smiles and good humor, took the five silver dollars and left the boy in Lo-





Above left, Hubbell's Trading Post at Ganado in 1932. Center photo shows one of the larger Navajo blankets typical of the type Hubbell bought and sold.

Above right, Hubbell's white mare mule that foaled every year was a curiosity around the Oraibi post. Her offspring quickly outgrew her in size.

renzo's custody. This case was only one of hundreds that in his time Lorenzo Hubbell settled amicably before tragedy developed.

LORENZO was known to the Navajos as *Na'kitso* (Little Mexican) and to the Hopis as *Mongwi* (Chief). To most whites, especially south in the railroad towns, like his father before him he was affectionately spoken of as Lorenzo the Great. He was one of the best known traders in northern Arizona.

From age six the rest of his life was spent in the big Indian country. He was the son of the famous trader, "Don" Lorenzo Hubbell of Ganado. Lorenzo, Jr. was born at St. Johns, April 15, 1883 while his father was at the county seat as sheriff. He started to school there but always claimed that he never learned much English. When the family moved to Ganado permanently after 1890, Lorenzo was sent to Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana, to finish high school.

The Ganado trading post was bought from "Old Man" Leonard who established it in 1876. Charles Hubbell took over the stockade store as resident trader in 1882 and was postmaster there until 1889.

Lorenzo Hubbell, Sr., and his brother Charles supposedly filed a homestead claim on 160 acres for a ranch before 1884 when the Navajo reservation was extended west from the original treaty area. Like most old-timers Hubbell apparently held a possessory right, on which the validity of many Arizona homesteads rested and were taxed as to ownership. He undoubtedly believed that it would be sufficient. It finally took a special act of Congress many years later to confirm his possession.

In any event Lorenzo went to Ganado every summer with his father. His uncle Charles was a great favorite and from him and in the post he began learning the Navajo language at the age of six. It is said that he became a trader then, buying red striped stick candy from his uncle and trading it to Indians for goat skins, sheep pelts, small blankets which were then worth about seventy-five cents, and other small items. These products were sold to his uncle for cash. His father soon put an end to his petty trading by sending him back to school.

After returning home from Notre Dame, and with the backing of his father, Lorenzo bought the historic adobe Keam's Canyon trading post from Thomas V. Keam in 1902. It was there he learned to speak the Hopi language fluently, and also improved his Navajo linguistic ability.

On May 20, 1905 a number of Navajo and Hopi Indians engaged in a big fight in Burro Canyon, a side defile of Keam's. Several on both sides were killed. The combatants came directly to young Hubbell, telling their grievances and wondering if the soldiers would be summoned to punish them. The angry disputants crowded into the store, armed and ready to do battle again.

By careful diplomacy Lorenzo quieted them down, talking in two languages. The session lasted until daylight, at which time he fed them separately. The whole party followed him in two units to the Indian agent's office. There he left them, most thankful to escape further arguments. The agent solved the problem without calling for either troops or the U. S. marshal. In those days agents held almost unlimited authority.

FRED and William Volz bought an abandoned school building at old Oraibi (the village) down under the mesa and established a trading post. They sold it to Lorenzo in 1907, along with another trading post far south at Cornfields. The latter one was soon abandoned as unprofitable.

Lorenzo was at the Oraibi trading post about two years when he moved to what became known as New Oraibi several miles away, where he built a stone post and a large picket post warehouse. The date is indefinite but he was there before 1910 and until his death.

Over a corner of the post building and high above the roof was erected a long sign. Painted in black letters on a white background was "HUBBELL."

This sign was a symbol to all white travelers along the dirt road and to Indians coming to trade. An "honest deal" was his motto and one that paid off. In succeeding years he owned off-shoot trading posts at Piñon, Black Mountain, Denebeto, Nahatee Canyon, Ganado, Winslow, Marble Canyon and a half-dozen others that survived only a few years.

It was his way never to speak an unkind word about anybody, including store clerks and traders who had robbed him, white man or Indian. He employed as many Indians as possible. Everyone called him "friend" but the truth is that the short, portly Spanish-American actually accepted few people as a friend. If he accepted a man as a real friend it took up to six hours to say hello and goodbye to him! He was just that kind of person.

Once while sitting in his office between the newly added living quarters and the old store building, Lorenzo had four people around his office desk. He was so busy that he talked to a Hopi, a Navajo, a Mexican freighter and a white man in their own languages all at the same time. His command of the four languages was such that he conversed fluently from one to the other on *different* subjects.

He used to say often, "The reason the Navajo people have hung together as a group is because they possess such great tolerance for themselves and for other people. Their religion—not the healing part—has much to do with this in their teachings and adherence to a *supreme being*.

"The fact that they are credited with a pantheon of gods [*yei*] is beside the point. There is *Hasjehogan*, the leader of them all. This one-god symbolism is why a Navajo can switch over so easily to the Catholic faith.

"This I do not not by any means promote [Lorenzo was a Catholic] for I believe that any church that can help us improve the tribesmens' lot will accomplish much good."

He did not call their religion that of savages or say their ancient culture was wrong for he believed there existed great value in their ethical code of honesty, fidelity, hope and charity. These principles have been the backbone of the Navajo Nation, and their faith in this respect insured good morale during times of extreme crisis.

BUT there were occasions, as experienced and knowledgeable of Navajo affairs as he was, that Lorenzo could be shaken in his boots. The rather handsome man had known a very prominent aged Navajo widow who had lived east of Chinle since he was a small boy. Through the years her association with his family had been constant.

When he went to Gallup to buy merchandise for the trading posts he always stopped by her hogan on the way, to pay his respects. On his last visit the grand old lady produced a can of coffee. It was rare in those days when mostly paper-packaged coffee filled trading post shelves.

When the coffee was brewed and while pouring him a cup, she said, "I have been saving this, for I knew you would come by. This will be our last cup of coffee together."

Lorenzo sat down cross-legged, very much disturbed over her solemnly spoken words. But not asking any questions he waited, listening to the usual small talk about grandchildren, range conditions, livestock, relatives and friends.

When they finished drinking, she went to a small locked box from which was removed a large sum of money. "When are you coming back from Gallup?" she asked.

"Three days from now," Lorenzo replied.

"How much will the white man's burying box cost for me to be put away in? I have the money and I want your freight trucks that went by on the road this morning to bring me one. For when the western sun gets half-way to the horizon over the great waters [the Pacific Ocean] where Turquoise Woman dwells on an island, I will be gone. I want you to bring the box so that my sons can put me in it into Mother Earth."

For a few moments Lorenzo sat speechless. He had had a few previous experiences with aged Navajos who predicted almost the exact hour they would die. The old lady evidenced no symptoms of illness, appearing to be in very good health at the age of seventy-nine. He mentioned this, saying reassuringly that she had many more years of life in this world. His consoling words did not unbend her the least from a firm conviction. Her request was repeated and, of course, Lorenzo agreed to comply with her wishes.

Going on to Gallup, he spent some time bartering for trade goods, loaded his trucks, and sent them out on the third morning. Roads were hardly more than sheep trails. Progress was slow. Lorenzo overtook his trucks in a passenger car and went with the one carrying the casket to the old lady's hogan off to one side of the road.

Two of her elderly sons met him, their faces marked with black charcoal. It was then after four o'clock in the afternoon and Lorenzo knew she was gone as predicted. In silence he helped unload the casket and carry it to the hogan. He remained while his old friend was buried on a knoll overlooking a small valley where her band of sheep had grazed for at least fifty years.

Ever afterward he would shake his head and say, "I have never understood how these things happen. I only know that they do."

ALTHOUGH only twenty-four years old when inter-pueblo strife erupted at Oraibi in September 1906, the matter disturbed him greatly. There were 1,200 inhabitants in the village at that time. One faction was headed by the hereditary chief of the Bear Clan, Wilson Tewaquaptewa. The other was known as the "hostiles" and led by Youkeoma of the Masau-u, or Skeleton Clan.

The entire issue was decided by a great tug-of-war. A line was cut across the rocks on the trail a quarter mile north of Oraibi. Then the wording, "WELL IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY AND WHEN YOU PASS THIS LINE IT WILL BE DONE. SEPT. 8, 1906." Youkeoma's stalwart men were dragged across the line, the point of no return. In compliance with the ultimatum they and their families were banished forever from the ancient village. They established Hotevilla and later a village called Bakabi.

That winter the Hopis at Hotevilla were in a destitute condition and starving to death. Taking no sides in the conflict, Lorenzo did feel in his heart that something must be done in the name of humanitarian principles for the dying people. He sent them all the food and clothing possible from his small trading post. But as the harsh winter wore on into 1907, conditions became a great deal worse. At that time he had neither the supplies nor financial resources to give anything more. In desperation he went to his father at Ganado, explaining the circumstances.

"My son," Don Lorenzo told him, "it is an act of Christian charity to help those people and save them. That being your trading area, what is done will be up to you to account for.

"I will send Hosteen Nez to haul a wagonload of shelled corn there. I will send a freight train of wagons to Gallup

(Continued on page 52)

A SLAB OF GOLD

If you're a prospector and this "nugget" doesn't set your adrenalin coursing, then you'd better see your doctor muy pronto!

By JOHN DALY

Photos Courtesy Author

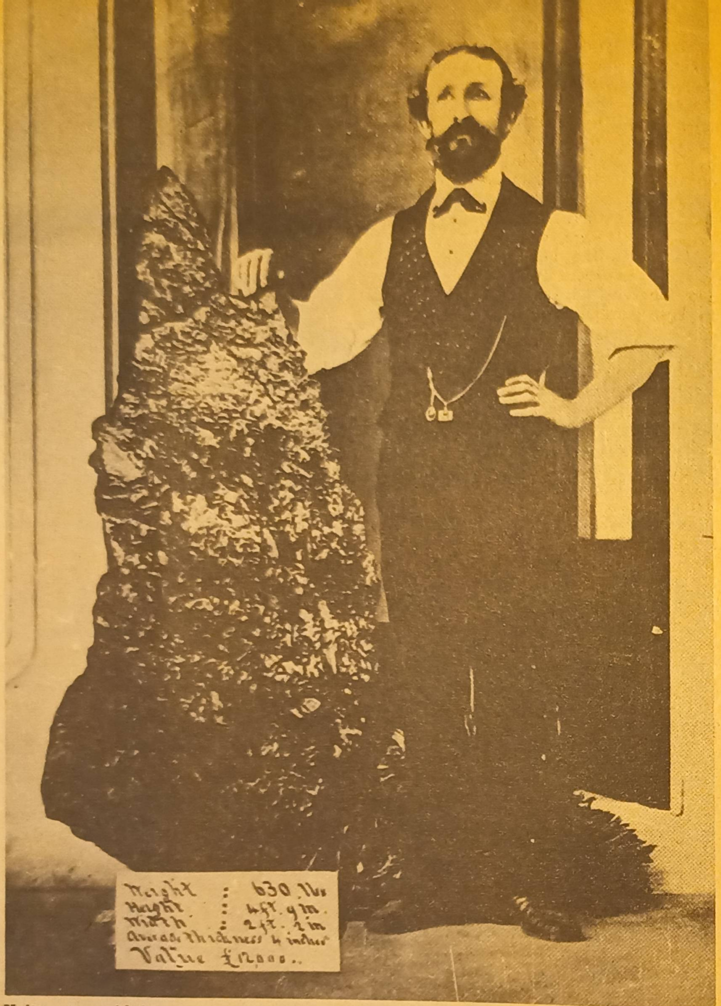
HAVING read many stories of gold and silver, of real and phantom mines, of real bonanzas and "big-fish-that-got-away," of big nuggets, I would like to hear from someone, somewhere who can beat this—even from Texas—if the story can be substantiated. This is an account of the biggest slab of gold ever and of the unusual man who is credited with finding it.

Gold had been discovered in Australia in the early 1830s, but colonial authorities suppressed the news to maintain control of the penal settlement. Then with the discovery of gold in California in 1849, and the subsequent gold rush to the West Coast, many men left Australia. Among them was Edward Hammond Hargraves, a man who has a place in history for his early experiments with kites and heavier-than-air flying machines and who, incidentally, is depicted on the Australian twenty-dollar bill.

While in California, Hargraves noted the similarity of the Mother Lode country and the country around Bathurst, which is situated 150 miles west of Sydney. He loudly declared one day to his fellow Forty-niners that he was going back to Australia to find gold, and it is recorded that one of the miners called out, "There is no gold in the country you're going to, and if there is that darned Queen wouldn't let you dig for it!"

Hargraves did return to Australia and almost immediately went to Bathurst where he found gold and was given a reward of five hundred pounds. (After the California rush, authorities in New South Wales had decided to pay a reward to anyone discovering gold in the colony.)

On May 22, 1851 the colonial government issued a proclamation declaring all gold found on crown lands to be the property of the crown. This was followed by a second proclamation the next day giving the government power to control mining. Diggers were required to pay a monthly license fee of thirty shillings, which constituted about three weeks' wages for the average man.

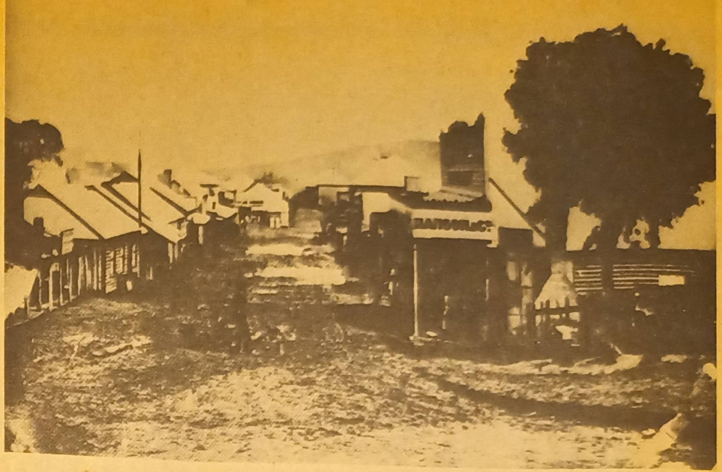


Holtermann with his monster nugget.

All Photos Courtesy The Mitchell Library, Sydney, Australia

THE Australian gold rush had begun, and one of the participants was a young German, Bernard Otto Holtermann, who had been born in Hamburg on April 29, 1838 and who had arrived in Sydney in 1858 after a long and eventful trip in which he played an important part as an unqualified but competent doctor during an outbreak of smallpox aboard ship. Holtermann didn't immediately start prospecting but spent some time sailing to the islands of the South Seas on a trading vessel.

He joined the gold rush at a place called Tamboroora in New South Wales and together with a compatriot, Louis Beyers, worked for eleven years just making wages. At one time Holtermann was the victim of a blasting accident that had him lingering between life and death for many months. Eventually the partners moved their operations to a place called Hill End.



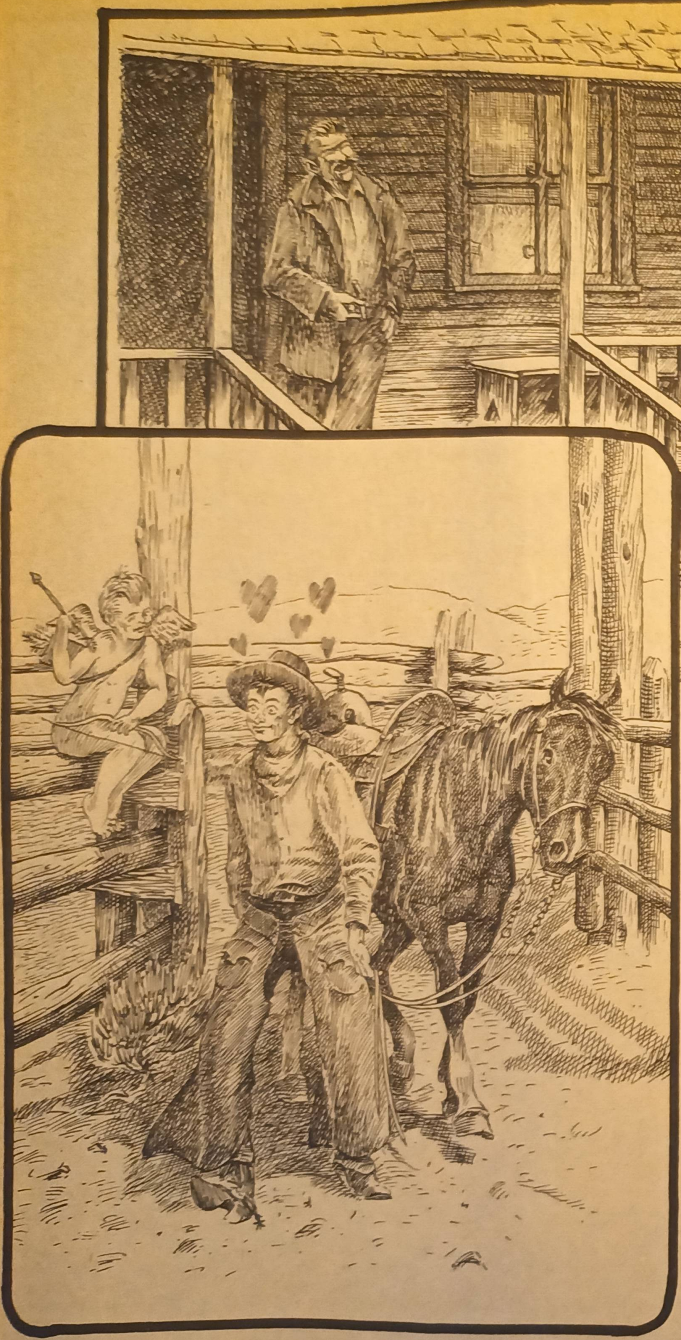
Clark Street, Hill End, Australia, in the 1870s.

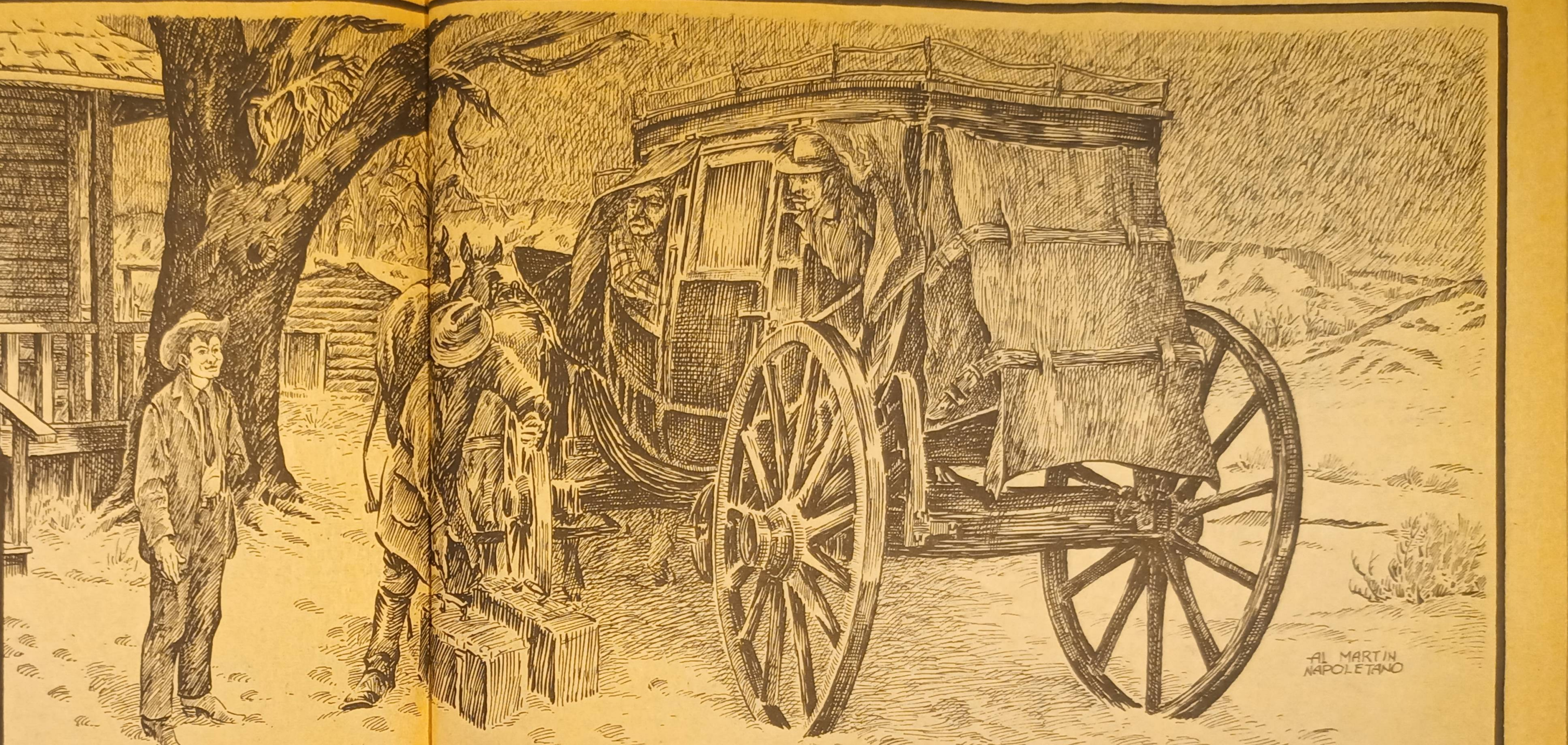
Then their luck changed. Sometime during the summer of 1870-71 there was struck in the Beyers and Holtermann claim on Hawkins Hill at Hill End one of the richest veins of gold in the field. From the first 28 tons of stone, 1,400 ounces of gold were obtained. On April 17, 1872 the Star of Hope Mining Company was floated and six months later, on October 19, the largest specimen of reef gold ever known in the world was found in the mines. It was 4 feet 9 inches high and 2 feet 2 inches wide, with an average thickness of 4 inches; it weighed 630 pounds. At today's rate of $31.25 to the ounce, the slab would be worth approximately $312,500.

A Sydney *Morning Herald* reporter on the scene (and it is interesting to note that the gold was found on October 19, but was not reported in print until October 25, 1872, such apparently was

(Continued on page 60)

Below, Holtermann (second from left) poses with a few other prospector friends and their prize nuggets.





SHANGHAIED!

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

Walt is dealt a low card in the age-old game of SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF

WINTER months at the Circle C ranch in Montana were both long and cold and at times those winter evenings got a little boresome. The swapping of tall tales sitting around a cherry-red stove set in a sand box in the middle of the bunkhouse got to be repetitious. Playing checkers and dominoes became tiresome.

Gambling for money was prohibited, along with the strict rule against whiskey. Not even penny-ante poker was allowed and instead of poker chips white navy beans were used. The only other game the cowhands could play consisted of comparing prices in the two mail-order catalogs, but in due time that game to win a handful of worthless navy beans lost interest. One source of amusement was the brand book issued each year by the Montana Stockgrowers Association. Using a ruled tablet and pencil a cowhand would select a brand from the book and proceed to alter it in various ways—but that, too, got to be a bore.

As far as I can recollect, it was the winter of 1912 when I began writing letters to the girl I had gone steady with in high school in Great Falls, just to pass time of the long winter evenings. Being sort of girl shy by nature I used to envy the other high school kids with their gift of gab and horsing around, and all that inarticulateness was penned down with tongue-tied words of endearment I had been too bashful to voice. They were the love letters of a lonesome cowhand and before I became fully aware of it I was engaged and bogged down to the eyes in a quagmire of the lovelorn. I became so deeply involved that I wrote I had quit drinking for keeps and I meant it. So I put myself on the Injun List in the cowtowns of Malta, Zortman and Landusky. I told myself that my days of hell raising were over and done with.

When the Christmas holidays arrived I told Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman and wagon boss, that I was headed for Great Falls, informing him in strict confidence that I was sort of engaged to be married the next summer to a Great Falls girl, that I aimed to settle down and tend strictly to business, and I actually meant it.

"Does your father know you intend to get married?" Jake gave me one of his left-handed, lopsided grins. "He won't like it."

"Time enough to tell him when he comes to the ranch next June," I told Jake. My father and mother were wintering in California.

AFTER I graduated from the Great Falls High School in 1909 I had spent a year at a prep school at Palo Alto, California, because my high school grades were below par to enter the freshman class at Stanford, and while there I had managed to acquire a tailored wardrobe consisting of a Harris tweed suit with pegtop pants, a blue worsted suit for evening wear and a tuxedo for more formal wear, besides the school daytime attire of pegtop corduroy pants, blue flannel shirts and sweaters, together with a goodly supply of shirts, ties, sox and town brogues.

These clothes were all packed in a large leather suitcase at the ranch and I was all set and ready to go. When I got my check for back wages from the bookkeeper it came to $540. I had taken over the bookkeeper's job at Thanksgiving time while he took a short vacation and had managed to get hold of half a dozen blanks checks on the First State Bank of Malta, Montana, in the name of the Coburn Cattle Company. Those blank checks went into my suitcase with no intention of using them, but more as a show-off gesture to impress my school friends at Great Falls, former classmates returning from their Ivy League universities for the holidays, and to impress my girl as being a member of the Coburn Cattle Company and the Circle C outfit.

The evening before I was due to take the morning stage to Malta, there in the office when the bookkeeper made out my check that required Jake Myers' signature, Jake took one look at the amount and blew his cork, knowing that I had a hole in my pocket when it came to cash money. Anticipating his blowup I had my answer down pat.

"I aim to deposit this check in the bank at Malta," I lied, "so I can have a private checking account. Don't get your tripes in an uproar."

While Jake was signing the check he informed Mac, the bookkeeper, that I was sitting high on the water wagon and that I was fixing to get married to a Great Falls girl, and what did Mac think of that.

"That's one for the book," Mac shook his head is disbelief. "A damn shame. A young hell-raising buck cut down in his prime. They'll sure miss the kid at the breed dances, and they'll be hanging crepe on every saloon door in Landusky, Zortman and Malta. The kid'll be on the Injun List in every saloon in the Little Rockies, and Piano Jim at Big Casino's dance hall will be playin' the funeral dirge in ragtime."

Thus Jake and Mac poured it on and there was nothing for me to do but grin and bear it.

It was spitting snow the next morning when Ruel Horner pulled up his four-horse stage in front of the office where I was waiting with my bulging suitcase. There was snow on the ground and it was colder than Greenland's icy mountains.

Inside the coach behind heavy canvas side curtains were the passengers—Joe Brown, the saloonkeeper at Zortman, Sam and Luke Deniff, both high-stake gamblers from Malta, and Little Tommy Carter, a mining man who, with his partner John Troop, had recently sold out their claim to the Ruby Gulch Mining Company for big money. Bundled up in buffalo robes they were playing stud poker and passing the bottle.

Ruel shoved my suitcase into the boot and I climbed onto the driver's seat and tucked in the warm buffalo robe, politely refusing with thanks the offer to share the inside of the coach with the four jovial occupants. Jake Myers was there to see me off and when Joe Brown unfastened the curtain to invite me inside, Jake had to put in his two-bits' worth.

"The kid's put himself on the Injun List, boys, on account he's aimin' to get married, and him not dry behind the ears. So Brown, kinda ride herd on him in Malta, to see that he walks the chalk line until he catches the night train for Great Falls."

"Shore thing, Jake," Joe Brown spoke with the solemnity of a campmeeting preacher, "I'll put him on the train myself. You got my word for it."

Me'n Joe Brown were old friends of long standing. Joe enjoyed his reputation as a practical joker and I took his words with the proverbial grain of salt. I recalled the time Joe Brown and Buster Moran, another saloonkeeper at Zortman, had shown up at the ranch one morning in late August in a buckboard. They had come to shoot ducks at Rolling M Lake, armed with shotguns and enough 12-gauge shotgun shells to slaughter all the ducks and Canadian geese in the State of Montana. They had a full case of quart bottles of Bud packed in gunnysacks of ice, a quart of whiskey, and a wicker lunch basket of fried chicken and ham sandwiches.

The Rolling M was a large lake with acres of cattail swamps, a breeding place for all kinds of ducks and a large number of mud hens, commonly called hell divers. When the two hunters bagged their limit of ducks they spent the rest of the day in a vain attempt to bag the hell diver mud hens. How the wily mud hens, whose strong tasting meat was unfit to eat, managed to dive before the scattered birdshot killed them remains an unsolved mystery. All that afternoon until past sundown there was a steady bombardment, more ammunition wasted than was used at Bunker Hill, San Juan Hill and Custer's Last Stand. Joe Brown and Buster had made a tipsy bet of a bottle of whiskey about who could shoot the most hell diver mud hens and they had promised me the trophy by way of a token for guiding them to the lake and showing them where the boat was cached and where the key to the padlock was.

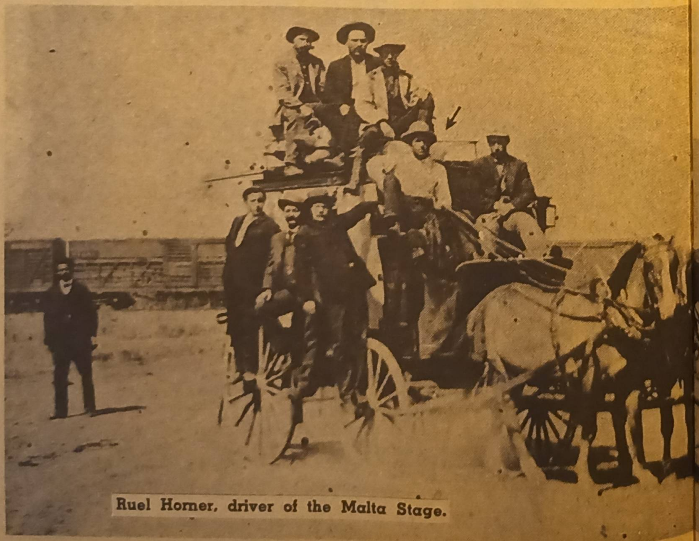
I had finished a hard day's work in the saddle and after supper I bedded down for the night, thinking the duck hunters had pulled out long ago. But about nine o'clock they showed up, half lit and in a jovial mood. They told me to get dressed and climb aboard the buckboard, that they had the bottle of whiskey cached in the brush. They said they'd bring me back. It was about a mile to the lake and the night was balmy and moonlit. Some fifty yards from the stage road near the lake, Buster told me to get out and hunt under a high clump of sagebrush for the bottle. "You'll see a white gun rag tied to the sagebrush," Joe Brown said.

I was still looking for the white rag when I heard the rattle of buckboard wheels, and I knew that Joe Brown and Buster Moran were headed for Zortman at a high trot, laughing fit to bust, and I was left high and dry to walk the long mile back in cowpuncher high-heeled boots that were no kind of footwear for hiking. I cussed the two hunters every footsore step of that mile, and the painful memory of the big paunchy saloonkeeper's treachery came back to me when I heard Joe Brown tell Jake Myers that his word was as good as a banker's bond.

THE STAGE stopped at noon at the halfway stage station called the Hog Ranch, and the gist of the conversation was that the Deniff boys were headed for Butte, Montana, to sit in on a high-stake poker game over the Christmas holidays. Little Tommy Carter was headed for Havre and Joe Brown was meeting his wife at Spokane where she was visiting relatives.

When we got to Malta late that afternoon I got a room at Max Sklower's Great Northern Hotel, then headed for Shorty's Barber Shop where Shorty cut my hair in a lion-tamer's roach. After a hot bath I went back to the hotel and got dressed in my prep school Harris tweed suit and dark tan pebble-grained brogues and Scotch Highland plaid wool sox. The new Stetson hat was the only thing I wore that hinted of the cow-country. When I came downstairs Joe Brown was waiting for me in the lobby. I had already cashed my check.

"I promised Jake I'd ride herd on you until train time tonight, and I aim to keep my word," Joe Brown told me as he elbowed me into the barroom. "A shot of Canadian Club for me," Brown told Joe Sklower who was tending bar. "A glass of wine for my pardner."



Ruel Horner, driver of the Malta Stage.

Joe assured me that a little wine wouldn't hurt me and insisted on paying for all the drinks as we left the hotel bar and proceeded down the street a few doors to Long Henry's Saloon. There Brown ordered more wine, and spread the word around that I was getting married. After a couple of drinks at Long Henry's we departed for Ed Powell's Saloon where we went through the same routine, with Joe Brown riding herd to keep me on the straight and narrow path of sobriety.

As we left each saloon a few old friends, including the stage driver Ruel Horner, Little Mac of the Malta Mercantile, a few cowhands and a couple of drummers, joined what Brown declared was a farewell party, each man in a jovial mood and buying drinks for the house.

When I mentioned to Brown that I felt a little woozy from the wine he said it was just from the excitement and the cigars I'd been smoking. What I needed was a little fresh air and some supper. The cold air during the walk over the railway tracks to the north side, where the Chinaman's restaurant was, was bracing and the dizziness left me. But instead of going in for supper Joe insisted on paying a visit to Cavanaugh's Saloon, then going on to Puck Powell's Saloon and then to Phil Castleberg's Anex Saloon. By that time the delayed reaction of the slightly alcoholic contents of the wine under my belt was catching up in no uncertain manner. There was no doubt I was tipsy and in a don't-give-a-damn-Jones frame of mind. Whether or not I ate a late supper I have no way of knowing, nor do I have the slightest recollection of boarding the ten o'clock train. This was the first time in my life I ever drew a drunken blank.

I CAME TO in closed-in darkness. Somebody had split my skull wide open with a meat cleaver and stuffed it with Fourth of July torpedoes, then taped it back with adhesive. Now the torpedoes were exploding in rapid-fire cadence with every pulse beat. Clickety, clack, clickety clack; bang, bang, bang. Pounding against my eardrums like a time bomb set to go off inside my skull. A headache to end all headaches. A hangover to end all hangovers.

I came alive by slow, nauseating degrees, with the vague awareness that I was on a train in a lower berth. The clickety, clack sound was the wheels of the car speeding over the rails. After awhile I managed to sit up and push the light button. I had on my long-john union suit, but where my clothes should have been neatly folded in the long mesh hammock there was a fine assortment of whiskey bottles with unbroken seals, including bourbon, Scotch, champagne and a bottle of Rhein wine with a red silk ribbon tied around its neck—for all the world like a waking nightmare to haunt me with deep remorse over my downfall.

Where in the hell was my Harris tweed suit? My Scotch-grained brogues? My wallet? My packed suitcase? I was fuzzily aware of the fact that the train was due to arrive in Great Falls about six a.m., and a feeling of panic knifed through my aching head. I groped around for the call button and after a while the Negro pullman porter shoved his head through the curtains.

"When are we due to arrive in Great Falls?" I asked.

"Great Falls?" The porter bared a beautiful set of shiny white teeth. "This here train is bound for Spokane, Washington." His pronouncement had the dismal sound of Doomsday, the end of the line.

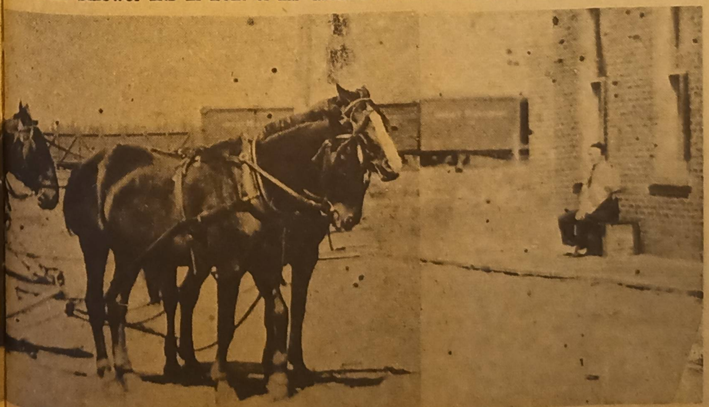
"What became of my clothes? My wallet? My watch? My shoes? My suitcase?"

"All safe, Cap'n, in the upper berth. I just finished polishing your shoes. Your guardian angel has your wallet and watch."

"Who in the hell is my guardian angel?" I asked.

"A fine gentleman. Mister Joe Brown. Lordy, them folks at Malta gave you a proper send-off! Everybody lit up and gay and singing!"

Max Sklower sits in front of his Great Northern Hotel in Malta.



I did my best to suppress a dying groan. That jobbing s-o-b Joe Brown had done it again!

"Where is this guardian angel?" I asked.

"In his stateroom. Mister Brown gave me orders that when you woke up to move you into his stateroom. If you like, Cap'n, you can move in like you are. Everybody's still asleep. I'll move your clothes and suitcase directly. Mister Joe Brown is shavin' right now."

"Lead the way. I have a big bone to pick with that fine gentleman, Mister Joe Brown."

When I entered the stateroom the train was rounding a curve, almost throwing me off balance.

"Sit down," Joe Brown chuckled, "before you fall flat on your face. And before you blow your cork let me fix you up a silver fizz. Sure cure for what ails you."

One end of the stateroom was rigged with a portable bar, a silver bucket of cracked ice and a goodly array of bottles, and the porter brought in a dozen raw eggs in a silver bowl. I watched the paunchy saloon man fix a silver fizz. First the white of an egg, two ounces of gin, and other ingredients went into a silver shaker of cracked ice with the expert ease of a skilled bartender, and all the time Joe entertained me with a rapid-fire report of what had happened, his voice raised above the clickety-clack of the fast moving Oriental Limited.

It seemed that Jake Myers had telephoned Joe Brown at Malta, asking him to throw a monkey wrench into any plans I had for getting married when I reached Great Falls, to get me loaded to the gills in Malta and shanghai me somehow. Joe had told Jake he was heading for Spokane and he'd take me along—a week there would cool me off.

BY THE TIME we had partaken of a third silver fizz I was somewhat reluctantly inclined to agree with Jake's solution to my future marital status, because I really didn't want to get married and I knew for sure that my father would raise unholy hell. But just the same, being shanghaied went against the grain and it was then and there I had it made what I would do, in a more or less general fashion.

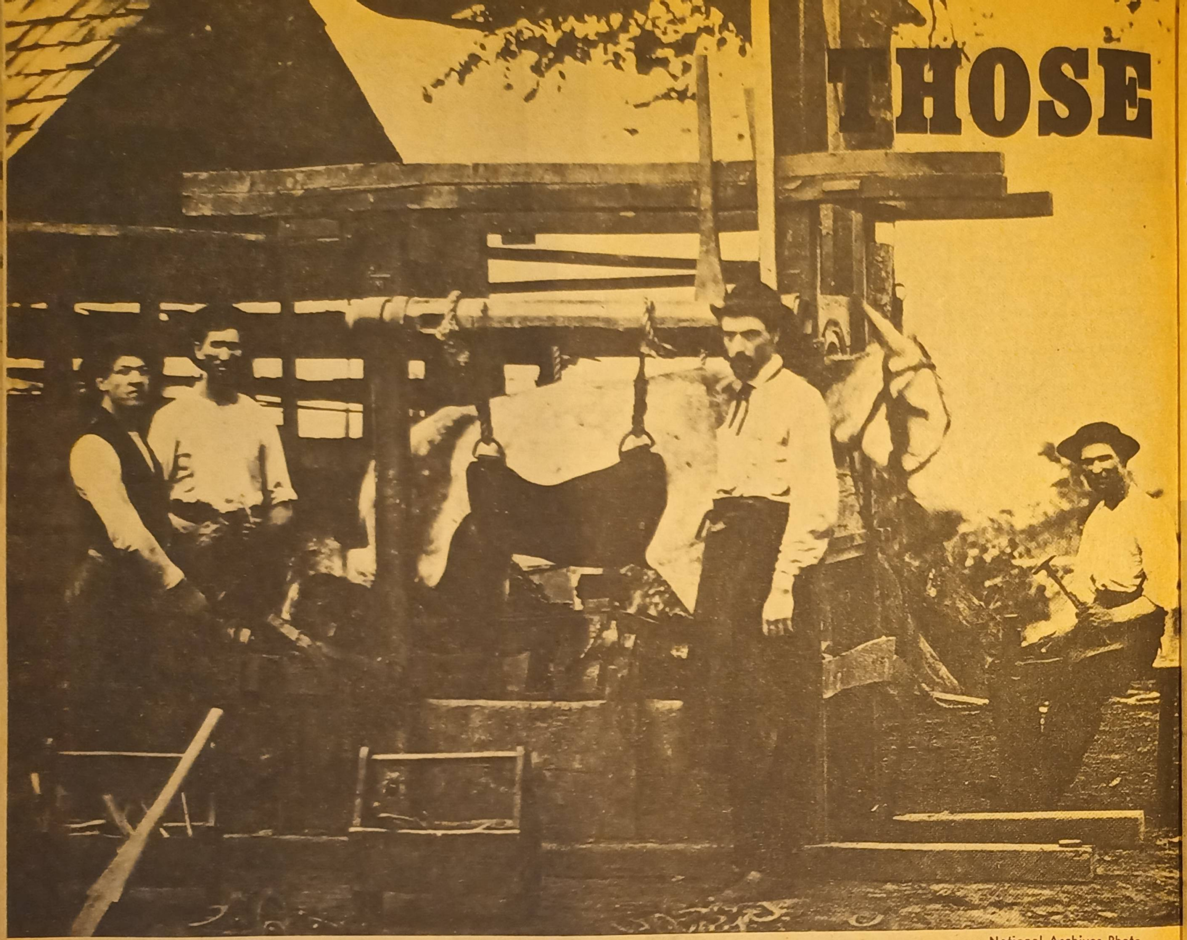
"Besides," Joe Brown said, "I'm a rank stranger in Spokane and I need company. Me'n you'll hit the high spots, the cabarets, the bright lights, before I pick up my wife."

The porter brought my clothes and suitcase while I shaved and got dressed, and Brown handed me my wallet and watch. When I asked about my train ticket Joe said he'd paid for it, that Jake Myers was footing my expenses. After another fizz we went into the dining car for a breakfast of rainbow trout.

Arriving in Spokane, we took a cab to the Spokane Hotel, where the bell-hop turned out to be Sid Murphy, known as Red, who had been born and raised in Helena and who had worked for a couple of years at the Montana Club. Red sure gave us the red carpet treatment in more

(Continued on page 45)

THOSE ARMY MULES



National Archives Photo

Above, when a mule just wouldn't cooperate come shoeing time, this is how it was handled.

Mules were built big to endure all the abuse, hard luck and neglect that made up their lot. Maybe they had to be built mean for the same reason . . .

By G. L. SAVAGE

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS CUSTOMARY for wagon-trains to start long trips over the prairie country in the spring so there would be plenty of grass and clear water for the horses, mules and oxen. On the tenth of June in 1842 an impressive caravan left Chouteau's Store and headed northwest. There were about thirty men and boys, all mounted and well armed except the ones who drove the big two-wheeled carts that were pulled by mules. The carts were loaded with tents, weapons and ammunition, rations, blacksmith's tools and odds and ends to be used in trade with Indians. There were eight carts, a span of mules to each.

They set out bravely under the United States flag with the twenty-six stars and eagle in the corner, for the young man who was at the head of the expedition was Lieutenant John Fremont. His superior, Colonel J. J. Abert, Chief of the Topographical Engineers, U.S.A., was back in Washington. He had given the young engineer orders to map the country and make a report of the land between the Kansas River and the Great Platte Rivers all the way from the western edge of Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

It took the lieutenant twenty days to travel from Washington to St. Louis by way of New York. His assistant engineer named Preuss, and two boys, Henry Brant, nineteen, and Randolph Benton, twelve, were also along. The boys were sons of friends who simply wanted the experience.

St. Louis was a meeting place for travelers from all directions and adventurers of all types. Fremont stopped there for a few days and hired twenty-one men, all of whom claimed to know the western trails. Some were Creoles from the warm bayous of the South, and others were from the cold North country, but they were all what Lieutenant Fremont called *voyageurs*.

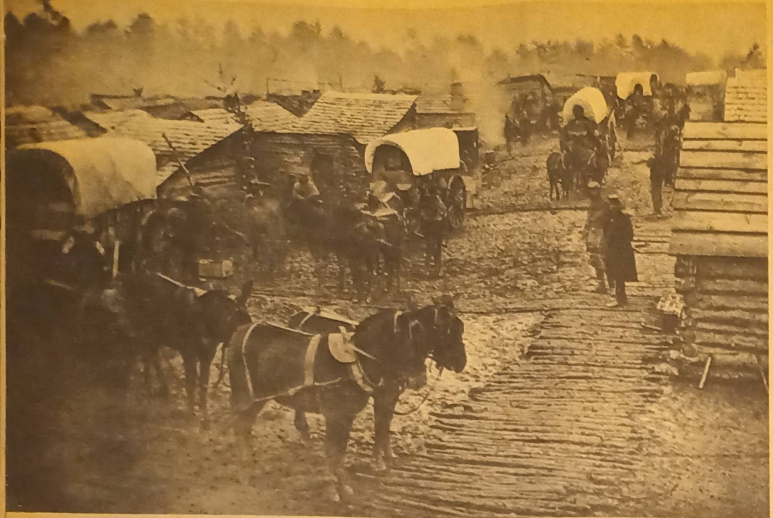
It had been a long trip by riverboat from St. Louis to Chouteau's landing, 400 miles or so up the Missouri. The trip gave the men a chance to become acquainted with each other and their leader. They arrived at the store, a few miles from the landing, during a rainy spell.

Fremont bought supplies and other equipment he would need for the long journey ahead of them. His surveying instruments, and a big rubber boat that was strong enough to carry a loaded cart across a river, he had brought with him from Washington. The government had also furnished him with a good assortment of trade goods.

The Indians at that time were still painting their faces in fancy stripes whether they were going on the warpath or to a dance, so the Great White Father had thoughtfully added a good supply of vermillion and plenty of mirrors to help the braves put their make-up on straight. The mirrors were small round affairs with tin backs and rims. The Indians also found them useful in signaling each other from hill top to hill top.

This mule doesn't seem to notice the obviously heavy load it's packing.

Courtesy Post Sig. Photo Facility, Fort Carson, Colo.



National Archives Photos

Above, an army supply train pulled by mule teams. Below, an army outpost mule corral.

Fremont was a pretty good judge of men and horses. He was an able artist, and knew a lot about botany, mineralogy, and astrology—but his knowledge of mules was zero.

The men were loading for the trip when one of the fine pack mules Fremont had bought, refused to have anything tied on her back. She was, the lieutenant wrote, a "perfect vixen." A young Mexican boy who succeeded in getting astride, stayed on until he broke her for riding, and then rode her throughout the trip.

Mules that appeared to be exhausted after a long day's work would take to their heels and keep going as soon as the harness was dropped. Others would run away and hide in a herd of buffalo. Fremont soon found out that it was easy to trade for a good horse in the prairie country, because so many wild ones were available to anyone who could rope and train them, but mules were scarce and expensive. Some of the Indians owned a few, but they would just about as soon part with their own scalplocks as give one up. The squaws drove a harder bargain than the braves and after a trade, walked off with plenty of worldly goods as well as cash.

THE MORE Fremont learned about the behavior and misbehavior of mules, the more he admired them and depended on them. He wrote that in the mountain country mules would pick their way among the broken rocks and jump from one to another that was big enough to land on. Fremont once rode one as far as he could up the highest mountain of the Wind River chain before climbing the rest of the way on foot. He had been on the road from June 10 when he left Chouteau's Store, until August 15 when he climbed the mountain and planted a flag there. He also left his mark, the Cross, on Independence Rock, a custom of old explorers of the Christian religion.

The object of his trip had been accomplished and his report of the country and people he met was ready to show just where a fort or outpost should be established. There were already a few on the routes leading west, but more were needed. The existing ones were owned mostly by fur companies. St. Vrain owned and ran his own, but others were operated by the American Fur Company, Messrs. Sybille, Adams and Company.

The posts kept a good supply of staple groceries, tobacco, tools and cloth for trade with travelers and Indians. They also kept corrals of mules. A tired, worn-out mule could be traded in for one in better condition, and after a few weeks of rest and plenty of grass could be traded again.

The posts also maintained a blacksmith shop. Sheet iron was brought in the bottom of wagons to be fashioned as needed into stoves, hub caps, hinges, mule shoes or anything else that was needed. Mules that did not want to be shod, had their feet fitted properly anyway. A bad mule would find himself hoisted up in a canvas sling, with his head held in place by a wooden collar securely fastened around his neck.

The new forts that were built had their mules, as well as good riding horses for the officers. Pack mules were used to carry personal baggage and the few little personal belongings that made a crude room or canvas tent used on a march, a little more comfortable. General Custer took a little brass spirit lamp along to heat a cup of water on a cold night following a long ride.

Mules were invaluable to pull the heavy wagons and guns, and the two-wheeled carts and ambulances that could go over rough country where the cumbersome four-wheelers could not go.

A few years after Fremont's journey, another lieutenant of the Topographical Engineers, W. H. Emory, received "greeting" from *his* boss, Colonel J. J. Abert, and this was the message: "Sir: You will repair, without delay, to Fort Leavenworth, and report yourself and party to Colonel Kearney, 1st Dragoons, as field and topographical engineers of his command. In addition to yourself, the party will consist of First Lieutenant Warner, now at Washington; Second Lieutenant Abert; Second Lieutenant Peck.

FT. CARSONS
HAMBONE

Courtesy Post Sig. Photo Facility, Fort Carson, Colo.

Hambone, the army mule.

"Lieutenant Peck is at West Point, but he has been ordered to repair to St. Louis, and report to you at that place. Should Colonel Kearney be at St. Louis, which you will ascertain on passing through that place, you will report to him at St. Louis.

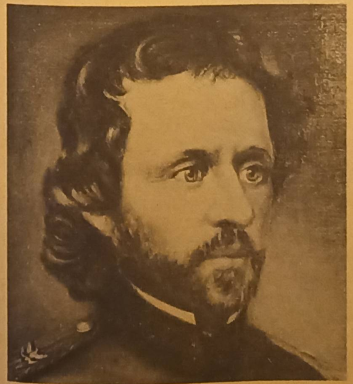
"Although ordered to report as field and topographical engineers, under the regulations, you will not consider these in the light of exclusive duties, but will perform any military duty which shall be assigned to you by Colonel Kearney in accordance with your rank.

"Should Colonel Kearney have moved on the prairies with his command, you will make every effort to overtake him.

"Respectfully, sir, your obedient servant, J. J. Abert. Washington, June 5, 1846."

Young John C. Fremont, a lieutenant at the time, was given the task of exploring and mapping the country between the Kansas River and the Great Platte Rivers, all the way from the western edge of Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. It was on this trip that he became acquainted with the value of the mule as a pack animal.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado



The young officer was given twenty-four hours to collect the instruments and other things he would need for such a trip. The Engineers Bureau furnished a couple of small sextants, but Emory could not find a pocket chronometer and had to borrow a couple of big ones from the Navy. He could not locate a good telescope, but took along the best he could find, and on June 6 was on his way. He did not find the colonel in St. Louis and went on to Fort Leavenworth. One of the doctors in the Medical Corps there gave him a barometer.

Emory left Fort Leavenworth with Colonel Kearney and his "Army of the West" on June 27, 1846. They made good time across the prairies as long as the grass and water was good, but when the parched country was reached, their progress slowed. The animals were so tired, hungry and thirsty that Emory did without his own breakfast one morning when there was no feed for them, and gave the last food he had—a couple of dry biscuits—to his mule.

The place of mules in the United States Army became more and more important as the country grew in size and strength. Many Army reports attest to this fact.

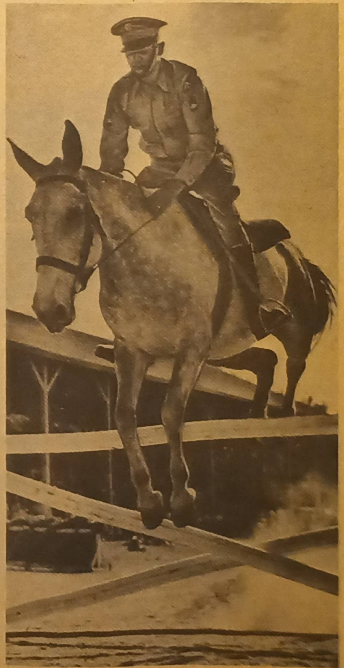
THE LAND between that explored by Fremont and Emory had been gone over and assessed by Zebulon Montgomery Pike in 1806. Pike stated in his report that he had discovered a mountain that "would never be conquered by man or beast." He was honored by having the mountain named for him, and when some engineers decided to build a railroad to the top, a team of mules went with them to carry the instruments when necessary, or to pull a buckboard where they could.

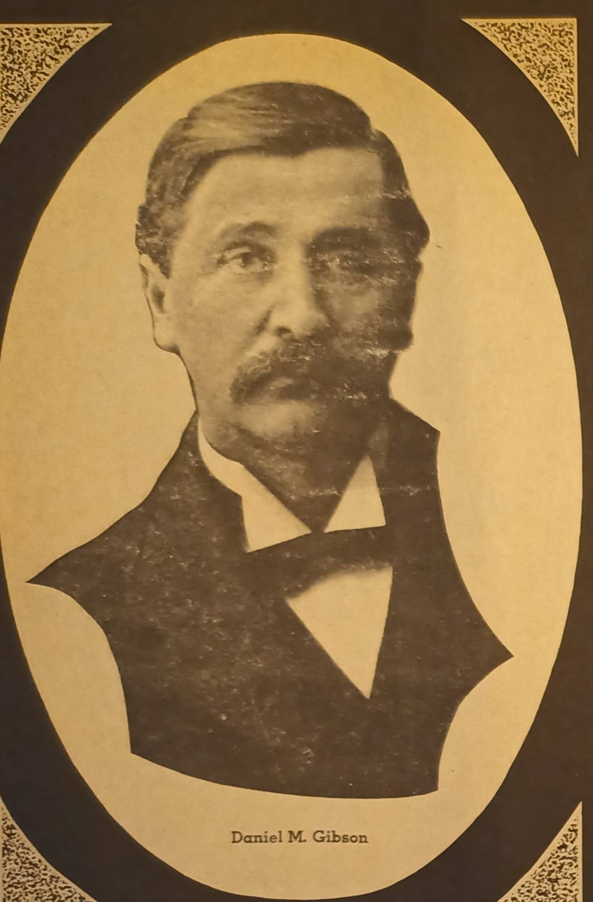
Young Philip Henry Sheridan was given a commission of second lieutenant on the first of July 1853 after he graduated from West Point. His first duty as a soldier, stationed at a fort, came in March 1854 when he was ordered to Fort Duncan on the Texas side of the Rio Grande across from old Mexico. He went by boat down the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers and by steamship across the Gulf of Mexico to Indianola, Texas, where he transferred to a small schooner that took him on to Corpus Christi, headquarters of the Department of Texas under the command of Brigadier General Persifer Smith. The rest of the way to Fort Duncan was made by wagon, pulled by mules. The last part of his journey was pretty rough for a young officer fresh out of West Point. The only transportation headed for Fort Duncan was a supply wagon, and he was the last thing to be given room on board. There was a small space left up under the bows, on top of sacks filled with green coffee and sugar. He spread his bed roll there. Sheridan was lucky in one respect,

(Continued on page 58)

Sergeant First Class Lawrence Crossen on Hambone, who proved to be a born jumper.

Denver Post Photo by Dave Mathias




Daniel M. Gibson

JUDGE GIBSON'S "PAST"

By MAIDA WILLIAMS
Photos Courtesy Author

Daniel M. Gibson was born May 3, 1853. A diary was found among his papers after his death in 1922. The following excerpt concerns some adventuresome days spent in Texas and on the cattle trails. Dan Gibson was of the clan Culloden from Scotland, a collateral descendant from Sir Robert Gibson, Eighth Baronet. His family migrated or fled to Ulster and thence to America. After leaving the Texas Rangers, Gibson studied law and was for many years a Judge in Missouri.—Maida Williams

A PRODUCT of an east Tennessee farm in Powell's Valley, I learned to fight for my dogs while my chief sport was pistol shooting. My scholastic advantages were meager, having only had thirteen months of schooling, all told. But early developing a fondness for history, especially martial history, I became imbued with the spirit of adventure.

So on a pretty morning in February 1871, I rode a horse four miles to Lexington, Kentucky (my father at that time resided in Madison County) and boarded a one o'clock train for Missouri.

I soon found myself further west [Kansas], working for a Yankee captain who had a big farm and who drew a pension of thirty dollars a month from the government. He was petulant and demanded that his hands come into his parlor for the benefit of his prayers. I told him he was a consummate old hypocrite and I didn't want to hear his prayers. He thought I was a rebel. His name was Holesinger.

His wife was a domestic star, always exceedingly kind to his hired help. One morning when she announced breakfast I followed her from the table to the dining room door, demanded my pay, and refused to eat my breakfast. Although repeatedly asked by her to come and eat, I very kindly told her that I was awaiting her husband. He overheard the remark and said, "Tell him to come on in."

I expected trouble with him. I opened my knife and held it up my sleeve, walked into the private room where he asked what he owed me, saying he would have to give me a check on a Kansas City bank. I told him I would accept it but if it was not good he would have to make it good. I walked out, remarking, "That is all I want, sir."

He begged me to stay and to overlook his eccentricities, saying I was the best hired hand he ever had. I didn't believe he was sincere, and, as I had exhibited six ten-dollar bills when placing his check for my work in my pocket, he seemed much attracted by the money.

I shook hands with his noble little wife and two boys. I had no excuse to dislike them in my silent contempt for him. I drifted further west in search of better wages.

I walked to Kansas City on the railroad with seventy-one dollars in my pocket. I had only a well-worn suit of working clothes. I stopped first at the Kansas City stock yards where I heard a man say to the cashier that he was going to leave for Texas at noon. I hailed him, in my tramp suit, wearing a cheap cap without a bill. I asked him the prospects for common labor.

He was a good man, and with characteristic frankness said, "I will give you a job for a year or five years on a ranch if you want to go. I have an outfit of thirty cowboys at Wichita, Kansas, in wait for my return. If you want to go with us through the Indian Territory it will cost you nothing, except I would want you to assist the cook a little if you feel like it. Go out to the camp and make yourself at home until we get off."

Later I found myself in a camp with thirty-five cowboys, all of whom were kind, sociable sort of fellows, all experts with bucking ponies, rawhide lariats and six-shooters.

On the second morning, one said, "Say, Gibson, how much money have you got?"

I said, "Twelve or fifteen dollars. Why?"

"Well, I want to borrow it."

"He is all right, Gibson," said Cassimer. "He will pay you back in Texas." I readily yielded, knowing that their friendship for me was worth far more to me than money.

AFTER fifteen days or so I contracted malaria fever from eating watermelons two feet long. When we took the trail for Texas, September 1, 1871, these cowboys would ride a half-day along the Chisholm cattle trail among the Indians to buy chickens to make soup or a broth for me. Oh! few brothers were imbued with a bosom of security or kindness and few men in my condition were secured better than I or were better cared for across this Indian Territory into Texas than I was.

This man Joe Cassimer proved to be a father to me. As I leaned on his arm he carried me to a feather bed in his home where his excellent and cheerful little wife rolled down the coverlet and said, "Get in." And I said, "No, just let me sleep on the floor. I have not had a shower bath in a month."

"Oh, no, get in" was the demand. A doctor paid me four visits at seven dollars per trip. After four weeks I began to get out and help to milk, to carry stove wood and water. Then after staying with these people and making a crop, the fever and chills returned to me. I then said to my friend that I would have to get a job herding cattle, as I might be able to follow the herd even if sick with a chill. I had become attached to this family and disliked the idea of severing my relations with them but felt I could endure the chills and still herd cattle.

He asked me what he owed me.

I said, "Nothing. You took me in when I was sick," and quoted the Bible parable.

He said, "No, I will allow you sixteen dollars a month from the day you arrived sick."

The time being nine months, the total was $144.00 with which I paid Dr. Griffith (who had never asked me for a dollar) $30.00. I paid $60.00 for two ponies, $12.00 for a saddle, and $6.00 for a .45 caliber Remington pistol. Thus equipped I embarked for the Hackberry cattle ranch in Wise County, Texas.

[In time,] with two others named Jones and Brown, I was put in charge of [a] thousand cattle to herd on the prairie day and night. Brown was thirty-five years of age, a product of Illinois; Jones was seventeen, and I was twenty. I weighed 119 pounds, Jones the same, and Brown 180 pounds. Brown was a pugilist of some note and there was no equal to him in all the different arts in boxing skill. He could not get a chance to fight Jones, a good defenseless clever boy, as Jones would not fight.

One day Brown said to me over some little trivial matter, "If you will pull off your six-shooter, I will tan your dog hide for you."

I accepted his challenge. I dismounted. I threw off my belt and scabbard and six-shooter and said to him, "You have the job."

Would that all magistrates had a comparable background—for judicial robes rest easy on the shoulders of a man who's proved himself to himself, and who's familiar with trouble long before he views it from the bench . . .

After he ran 25 or 40 feet toward where I was he knocked me down by a hard blow on my left temple. I bounced up and hit him, again to receive a couple of blows within a half-inch of the first blow which knocked me down on the hard prairie again. I saw stars as I quickly rose to secure a third knock down. Then I think I saw the whole Copernican system. I decided to change my tactics as I was unable to meet his pugilistic skill.

I kicked him in the abdomen and as he fell forward toward me I clenched him and fell on top of him. Grabbing at his throat with my left hand, I ran my thumb into his mouth. It gave me a strong hold . . . and he tried to bite off my thumb which was between his molar teeth as my fingers clasped into his jaw. I beat his face almost to a pulp with my right fist and then by the use of my right thumb I went after his eyes. I got one of them about two inches out of the socket. He yelled like a young panther. Of course, this threw open his mouth and I brought up my arms so as to throw him off on the grass.

He challenged me for a pistol fight. I accepted. He refused to fight. I am glad of it as I did not want to kill him and I was expecting to win in that pistol fight. I was a good shot with the pistol . . . could knock pennies out of a split top of an upright stick at twenty-five steps. I always shot chickens' heads off when I was a boy.

I then rode half a mile after my other horse, while Brown was on his way to the camp, leading his horse. I galloped my horse, leading one horse. I arrived at the camp ahead of him. I pulled my hat down over the three evidences of internal eruption that stood out on my temple in comical prominence, each of them about half the size of a hen egg. I closed my hand over the thumb to conceal the tooth wound, thus concealing all the external evidences of the encounter, as my face did not show any abrasion, or cuts, or bruises.

But when Brown came in with his face mutilated, the boys all wanted to know where he had been. They laughed and asked him if he had been attacked by a herd of coyotes. The water keg was dry and, anxious to show his peevish feelings and contempt for these other boys in a friendly fashion, he kicked the wash pan about twenty feet. I was standing near watching him and at this instance of his insolence (as I thought, for me) I yelled, "Whoa, whoa," hoping to provoke him to finish his fight with me, but he didn't seem to want any more.

I am glad, as I really did not want to kill him, though I felt like he was looking for a grave amidst the silent and dusty chambers.

I HAD a chill every other day. In the saddle I ate quinine out of my hand every two hours. My lips were blistered with fever. I cut the top off of my boot and with strings behind my ears wore it as a shade to protect my lips from the sun's rays.

While I was still suffering from the chills I was induced by a Mexican cowboy to take a pint bottle of chili sauce or cayenne pepper sauce just before chilling time. He bought this pepper sauce by the dozen bottles. He said if I would take it just as the chill crept up my knees that I would never chill again. I remarked that I was satisfied if I did, I would never know it because I would be too dead to chill. He was accustomed to the use of this pepper sauce and used it with fondness.

I finally decided I would try a bottle and one hot afternoon in August 1872, just as we moved the herd upon the trail, I rode back to the Commissary wagon and drained all the fluid off at one drink. I gasped like a dying chicken for a minute or more. I then poured one third of the contents of the pepper pods in my hand and swallowed them and I hopped around like an old hen that had swallowed a toad frog. It took three supreme efforts to get the hot contents of this bottle into my stomach.

I had been suffering from chills for

nine months constantly. I had been reduced almost to skin and bones. I looked like a skeleton as I walked around, but when I got into the saddle I generally felt easier, for when these cattle stampeded, Ginger, my bucking pony, surely could round up the herd. They seemed to think I was the fore-runner of a cyclone as I was putting them to milling with pistol in hand. I have often wished for a picture of myself in this wretched and dejected condition. I must have looked too lean to hang on a sagebrush bush. But as I swallowed the last hot pepper berry I threw the bottle in the air and hollered that Texas desperado yell with the words, "A good two horse load and three sacks of salt!" And the chills left me.

I never knew whether it was the effects of the abdominal fires, or the approximately three gallons of water that I got from the red slimy pools trying to cool these fiery berries. I told the Mexican who had induced me to take them that I was inclined to think him correct as I was certain that I would be too dead to chill—but God bless his soul!

The other cowboys warned me of the danger of waking up in hell for breakfast if I didn't quit sleeping with that Mexican in the tent. But this Mexican would help me fight because of the fact that I saved him from the herd one night when it had stampeded and his horse had fallen in the darkness. I rescued him from destruction by this milling circle of wild cattle who were jumping ten or fifteen feet over him, as he was making some strange noise to prevent them from [trampling him and his mount]. The horse was so exhausted that the Mexican could not get it off of him by using the point of his butcher knife. This Mexican was true and noble to me.

Just ahead of our herd on this trail, two Mexicans had taken an ax and brained the owner of a large herd, at midnight, and escaped. This spirit of treachery had caused our boys to worry over me when this Mexican became attached to me saying, "Blue eyes much-a-wano."

I [however] thought the soul of kindness begets kindness and more than once I had the benefit of his .45 calibre pistol and Winchester to my rescue. I had faith in this Mexican and believed he would stay with me. In the absence of all law in those days we were forced to recognize "Judge Colts" and "Billy Winchester." At our Courts and Juries a bullet rendered the verdict out on those dusty savage plains over which millions of long-horned wild Texas cattle were moved on foot, by one man to the hundred head of cattle, for four months in the year in transporting these cattle to Northern markets.

TOM RIGGS of Kentucky was a chosen friend of mine. I met him in Decatur, Texas. One day I asked him all about himself. He said he had been in the Gainesville, Texas jail for eighteen months. He had been working for a man named Booth, under a boss that stopped within four miles of Gainesville on the prairie for the night with four or five hundred head of cattle.

Booth left them in camp for the night and in the early morning he had his hands drive from the Gainesville crossing to the Indian Territory, while Booth remained in camp until he supposed his herd was across the river where an inspector was to inspect the herd. The inspector seized the herd, asking of the hands in charge, "Whose cattle?" They replied "Booth's cattle."

Soon finding that there were just a few of Booth's cattle in the herd, the inspector asked for Booth. Upon sending for him, he came up and seeing that his cattle were in the hands of the state inspector for investigation and knowing he would be arrested for the theft of the cattle, as they were not all his, he swore out a warrant for his hands, placing them in jail, saying that he had driven all night . . . to Decatur, where he claimed he caught the thieves.

I had known a lawyer in Decatur who had bought several remnants of herds of cattle and in his greed to steal cattle he had devised an ear mark . . . leaving the cow's ears in his mark, but absolutely cutting off the right ear close to the head. It removed all of the right ear except a short stub, and a sharp tit in the left ear, thereby taking out every conceivable mark from the ears. His name was Colonel Booth from Missouri. He had a bunch of young men working for him on the ranch, gathering cattle off the range and driving them across the Red River where he put them on the cattle trail.

I said, "How long have you been in jail?"

Judge Gibson and family in the 1890s. Another child was born after this photo was taken.

Tom said, "Eighteen months, and I was turned out for want of prosecution by a Habeas Corpus."

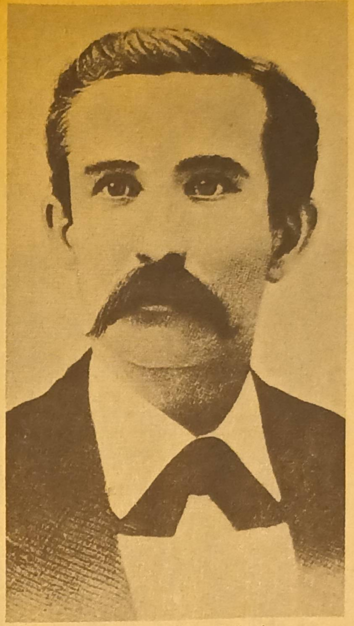
Just at this juncture Colonel Booth came out of the hotel within twenty feet of where Tom and I were standing. I said, "There he goes now, with an air of superior arrogance. Go shoot him!"

But his eighteen months' imprisonment had so dispirited Tom that he would not call him, feeling as I did that he was ruined anyway, while I begged him to kill Booth if it was the last act of his life. I knew Tom to be of one of the best families of Kentucky and I knew I was laying myself liable if he had taken my advice. In fact I was so indignant that I would have given him my services in a spirit of revenge, as I really loved him for his sterling qualities.

I felt that he had been ruined by that attorney's thieving wiles. I have always been afraid of the effects of the cold click of the key of a prison door and would have preferred death for the young man to its humiliating effect upon his personal pride. I felt that Tom was by that act lost forever as he showed his dejection by the loss of the Kentucky pride that had once adorned his noble breast. He was so disheartened that he dropped his head and said, "It is too late now, Dan." I never heard of him again. He was a victim of the most cruel circumstances. He fell under its weight, as I could not inspire him with a cheerful hope.

WE TRAVELED via the Wichita River, thence by the Red River back into Wise County, Texas. We became respectable citizens. For the winter we were paid fifty dollars per month. After coming off the trail, however, I had a few days rest at the home of one of my old friends, Will King. I took a job for thirty-five dollars per month gathering cattle for the Dallas market near Fort Worth, Texas. I sold my pistol for fifty dollars, coming out with forty dollars. It was the pistol that once took me through a charging buffalo herd unharmed. I should, perhaps, have kept it for a memento or a monument to my early follies in braving a danger of such magnitude.

I soon found myself sowing wheat on shares for King. I sowed it and plowed it over. The wild geese gave me lots of trouble that winter, displaying their fondness for my wheat. In the spring of 1873 the Indians were showing much hostility for the Texans. The legislature appropriated $350,000 for defense with Rangers. The United States Government would furnish no soldiers so Texas employed some men to get rid of the bank and stage robbers, cattle and horse thieves, attracted there from the entire United States as a rendezvous or natural fastness where a man could steal a herd of cattle or horses and cross the Mexican border and sell them. He would steal a herd of stock and run it across the line with a six-shooter, lariat and horse and drive them clear across the state getting twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a head from some speculator.



Courtesy Western History Collections;
University of Oklahoma Library

Major John B. Jones, commander of the Frontier Battalion of the Texas Rangers.

In fact, there was no place in the United States more conducive to the life of a marauder or men of adventure as a short introduction to the thievery fields that became so thriving. These men were of the most desperate type. These barnacles were clinging to the side of the state in the same comfort with which they operated when Abe Lincoln was President, as they are now and will continue to be for years. The United States refused to cooperate with Texas in a home guard to be under the control of the state of Texas, and removed her 160,000 United States troops from the state confinements. Texas conditionally offered to enter the Union of the United States if the United States would protect Texas, and upon its refusal to do so raised the Texas Rangers with Major J. B. Jones in command.

Major Jones commanded six companies. Each company was composed of one hundred men, each company about one hundred miles apart. These were young men of adventure from every state in the Union except Texas. No Texas boys to my knowledge were in the service.

Brave and chivalrous, each furnished the guns and horses he used. The guns and horses were appraised and if lost or killed in action the State reimbursed the owners upon the basis of the appraisal. The .45 calibre pistols and the Winchesters, or needle guns, were paid for at the rate of twenty dollars each. No reimbursement was allowed if lost by carelessness. The young men selected to fill these companies were required to possess a good reputation.

While the company in Wise County, Texas, was being enlisted, this Dr. Griffith that attended me when I had the chills for nine months without asking me a charge, asked me, "Would you like to be a Texas Ranger?"

I said, "Are you taking men of my standard?"

He said, "I wish I had a thousand like you. Come over here and I'll put you down as second sergeant at fifty dollars a month."

I signed the company roll with ninety-nine other men. I took the oath to make an arrest anywhere and everywhere in the State of Texas for any and every kind of crime. The names of the members of this company were as follows:

Captain: G. W. Stevens
First Lieutenant: S. G. McGarrah
Second Lieutenant: Ira Long
Sergeants: J. S. Hartman, J. J. Boyd, F. A. Lichlyter, Moses Maier, D. M. Gibson.
Corporals: J. K. Glass, J. W. Newman, J. C. Hames
Privates: John Adams, W. M. Avery, J. H. Applewhite, D. W. H. Bailey, George Bly, Ira Bly, G. W. Bowyer, M. L. Ball, W. C. Beal, Aaron Bloomer, F. M. Butler, S. L. Conrad, D. J. Collins, J. F. Crews, J. B. Craig, T. J. Cartwright, A. B. Cartwright, Michael Dun, E. H. Day, C. B. Farrington, H. Fogleman, S. A. Finley, D. B. Faulkner, J. W. Glass, C. Gilbert, W. G. Grant, L. C. Garvey, W. A. Glass, D. G. Howell, T. B. Hargus, C. W. Huff, John Johnson, V. Johnson, A. L. Jones, T. H. Layman, John Leaky, A. C. Moore, S. W. Munday, D. Manning, William Manning, S. M. Munday, J. G. Moran, J. H. Moore, J. A. McGarrah, N. A. McCollum, T. E. Marshall, J. W. Nickell, R. Norris, W. F. Perrin, A. T. Perkins, G. W. Perkins, M. W. Porter, J. M. Piper, R. S. Purdy, J. H. Riger, B. C. Roberts, F. S. Roberts, M. B. Roberts, C. L. Ray, J. W. Ray, J. T. Rich, F. M. Rich, E. N. Stevens, R. D. Stone, B. F. Shrews, W. C. Tinker, D. H. Taylor, T. L. Vandegriff, Joseph Woods, G. W. Walker, A. J. Wilhait, H. J. Wormwood, A. W. Watson, J. H. Wallace.

They were paid each three months as follows: Privates, $40 per month; Sergeants, $50 per month; Lieutenants, $75 per month; Captain, $125 per month.

THE FOOD furnished was equivalent to U. S. Army rations, viz: 1¼ lb. of bacon or beef per day, flour, sugar, coffee, beans, rice, sweet and Irish potatoes, onions and pickles, plentifully issued each day in camp. Rations were measured by our orderly, Sergeant Joseph Hartman of Hermitage, Hickory County, Missouri, a very good and indulgent provider.

But when we were out after the lawless Indians, white marauders, or Mexican bandits, sometimes we rode one hundred miles in ten hours with no other food than rare hot meat of deer, cattle, antelope, bear, or wild hog, eaten in haste with crackers and black coffee (take it, stomach, and handle it if you can, I have not time to masticate it for you just now). Meanwhile our faithful horses ate buffalo grass as eagerly as

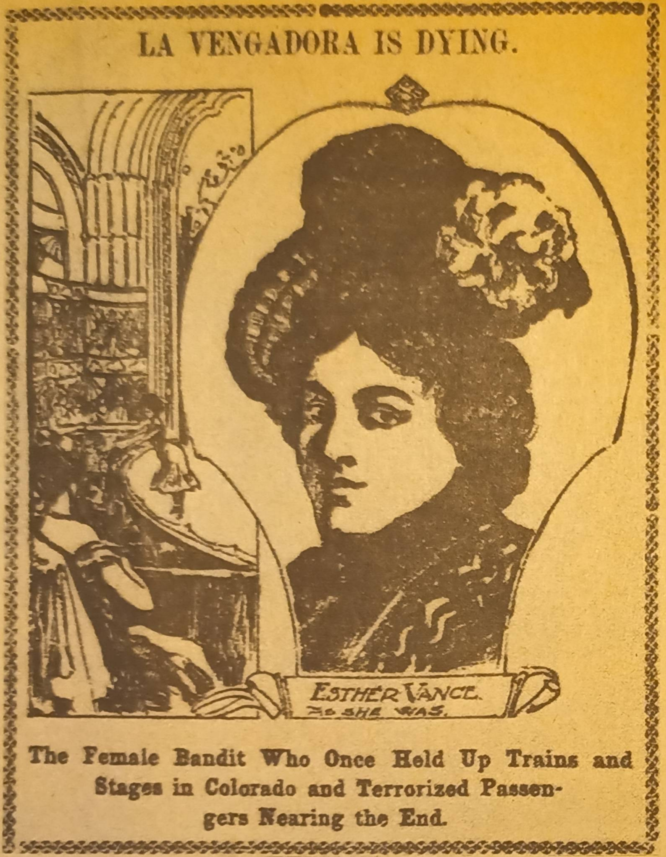
(Continued on page 50)

DARE-THE-DEVIL WOMEN

Frontier females couldn't be precisely classified as good or bad, regardless of the "saints or sinners" myth. Some of the notorious ones were deranged; others were just plain ornery . . .

By WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

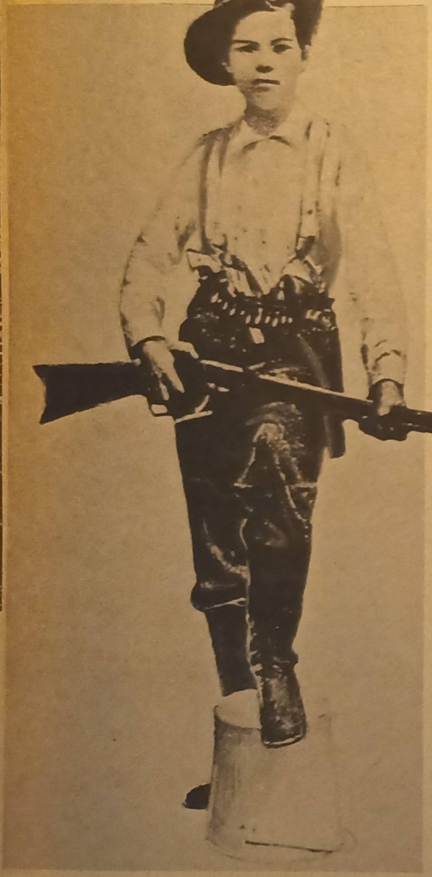


LA VENGADORA IS DYING.

ESTHER VANCE.
AS SHE WAS.

The Female Bandit Who Once Held Up Trains and Stages in Colorado and Terrorized Passengers Nearing the End.

Pearl Hart



Courtesy Western History Collections; University of Oklahoma Library

"O WOMAN, WOMAN," wrote a miner from California in 1851. "They tell about men losing all honor and self-respect when they arrive in this country! This is in some measure true but in regard to women it's certainly holding good. All that keeps them up at home is the rules of society. No sooner do they get out of that restraint than they show out their natural dispositions. Among men, some few retain all their principles in this country and are the same here as at home, but of all the women of my acquaintance these is none, no, not one. . . ."

Franklin Buck may have overstated his case, yet one of the more unrealistic of the Western traditions is the popular conception of the pioneer woman. In this legendary concept there were three types. First was the pure and hard-working schoolmarm or ranch mother, struggling against the harsh land. Second, there was the prostitute at the exact opposite level of society. The third category was made up of exceptions who sometimes assumed the roles and displayed the characteristics of the first two categories but who really fit neither one. These have been celebrated in song and story and are represented by the Calamity Janes, the Belle Starrs, the Poker Alices and the Pearl Harts of frontier fame.

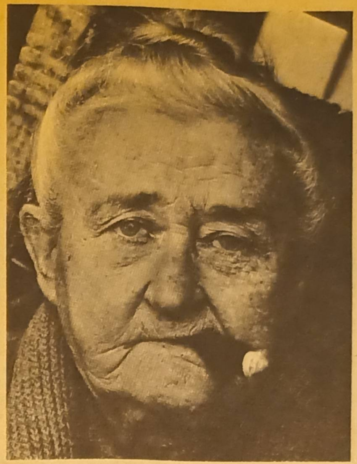
Women were scarce in the West and in those Victorian times were shown more consideration and respect, perhaps, than they get today. But the Western women of tradition—the sainted drudges of popular belief—did not make up the whole of the female population. For a multitude of reasons others were leading dangerous lives—and suffering the consequences.

A certain Doctor Horton lived in the mining town of Weaverville, California in the summer of 1852. He owned the American Saloon and presided over the place with his mistress, Eliza Vanderburg. The doctor owed money and was sued and threatened with the loss of his saloon if he didn't pay up. To thwart the edicts of the court, Horton put the property in his mistress' name, but his scheme didn't work. The action was considered a fraud and Judge Lake of San Francisco ordered Weaverville's Sheriff Dixon to take possession of and sell the American Saloon. Miss Vanderburg then secured an injunction from a local judge, and the sheriff didn't know what to do. After writing to Judge Lake, who assured him that the injunction wasn't valid, Sheriff Dixon determined to get possession of the disputed building.

On Sunday morning, July 4, 1852, the sheriff walked down to the American Saloon. As he stepped inside he was confronted by the doctor and Eliza, both of whom had pistols trained on the lawman's heart. The sheriff was brave, but not stupid.

After hurriedly backing out of the place, he rounded up a posse of four or five men to return with him to the saloon. A few words had been exchanged when suddenly shooting broke out and bystanders started pouring through the doors and windows. Both parties shot until their pistols were empty, the woman firing shot after shot while standing next to the doctor. Dixon was seriously wounded, but was able to walk from the house.

"I went over," recalled an eye-witness to the fray, "and went in and saw Horton and the woman lying side by side riddled with balls. In five minutes both were dead. . . ."



Courtesy Mildred Fielder

Poker Alice

Calamity Jane

Courtesy Western History Collections; University of Oklahoma Library

And if this isn't conclusive evidence of women's "equality" in the early West, it is well to remember that they weren't exempt from lynch law either. Two women were hanged in Nebraska, one in Wyoming, one in Colorado, and one in California. There were others.

THE Nebraska lynching took place in Clay County in March 1885. Elizabeth Taylor and her husband James had built a prosperous ranching operation, but couldn't seem to get along with their neighbors. The trouble stemmed from Taylor's cattle breaking down fences and trampling nearby settlers' crops. Taylor seems to have been an inoffensive sort but his wife, forceful and ambitious, managed to alienate most of her neighbors as well as her husband. When Jim Taylor died under mysterious circumstances, tongues started clacking, and Elizabeth's enemies remembered that she had recently bought a large jar of potato bug poison. Although the death was declared to have resulted from natural causes, Jim Taylor's wife was viewed with suspicion from that day on.

Taylor was just barely cold in his grave before a nearby rancher started giving Elizabeth the eye. The story goes that after he was scornfully rejected, the neighbor swore to get even. When a hired hand disappeared from the Taylor ranch, rumor had it that Elizabeth had poisoned him also.

The widow Taylor in 1883 had combined operations with her brother, Tom Jones, who had a ranch close by, but continued to attract suspicion. A stack of unclaimed letters at the Spring Ranch Post Office was addressed to cowboys who had formerly worked for the Taylors. When the postmaster asked about forwarding the mail, Elizabeth and her brother said they had no current addresses. This was enough to spark another round of "poison" rumors.

Edwin Roberts and several other ranchers were having a dispute with Elizabeth over who owned a certain piece of timber land. The widow Taylor fumed every time she saw the men drive over to cut some more wood. On January 8, 1885, as the men passed the Taylor ranch on their way to the timber grove, Elizabeth screamed and warned them to stop removing the disputed trees. The men ignored her and whipped up their horses.

Later that same afternoon, the Roberts wagon was loaded with timber and headed for home. Another wagon passed them on the road headed in the opposite direction. Elizabeth had two young sons, twelve and eighteen years old. The boys were known locally as bullies and tough customers and were often in trouble. In this second wagon were the two Taylor boys and a hired hand, and as they passed Roberts they began yelling to frighten the hated rancher's horses. Suddenly the roar of a shotgun was heard and Edwin Roberts lay on a pile of logs beside the road with part of his head blown away. He was quite dead even as the Taylor wagon went on up the road.

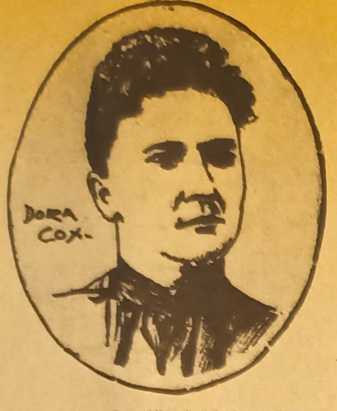
The boys had been seen in the wagon carrying their mother's shotgun and by nightfall they were in the Clay County jail. Bail was refused and the distraught Mrs. Taylor obtained lawyers for her sons' defense.

Tom Jones then moved into his sister's house and the two often checked fences together. Roberts' widow had seen the two riding along her property line on several occasions and had become terrified of them. When she complained to neighbors, some of them got together and declared they had had enough from the Taylor clan. Early in March a large group of ranchers met on a local farm and took oaths to complete secrecy.

It was late at night when they surrounded the Taylor home, and when they called for those inside to come out their answer was a barrage of gunfire. The vigilante party decided that a little better planning was in order and rode off into the night.

Later, when some fifty local ranchers rode up to the Taylor place on the night of March 14, they were much better pre-

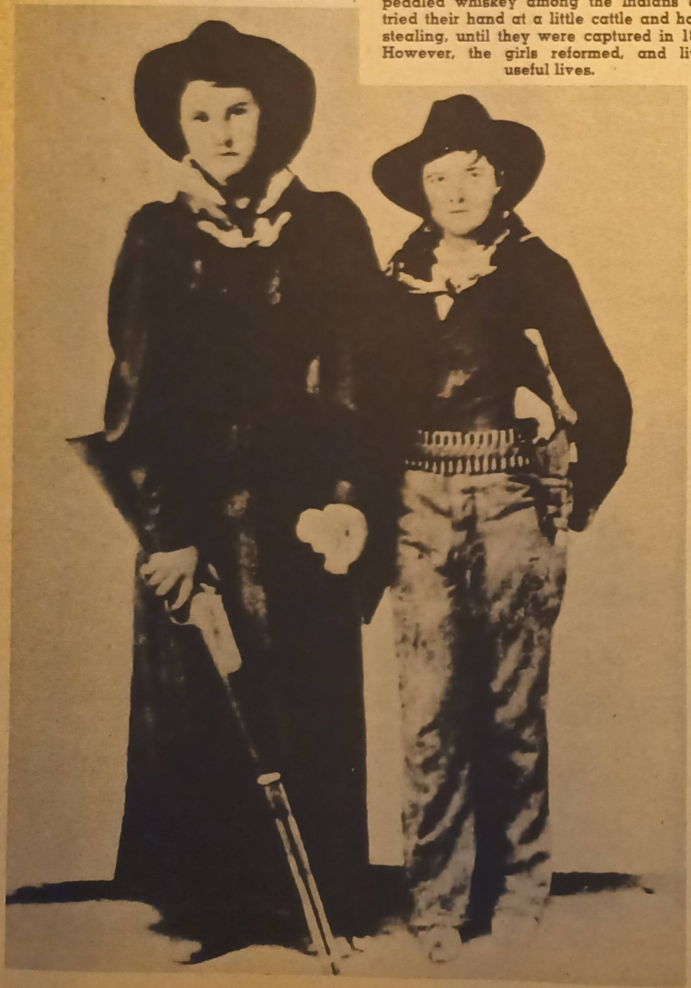
(Continued on page 50)



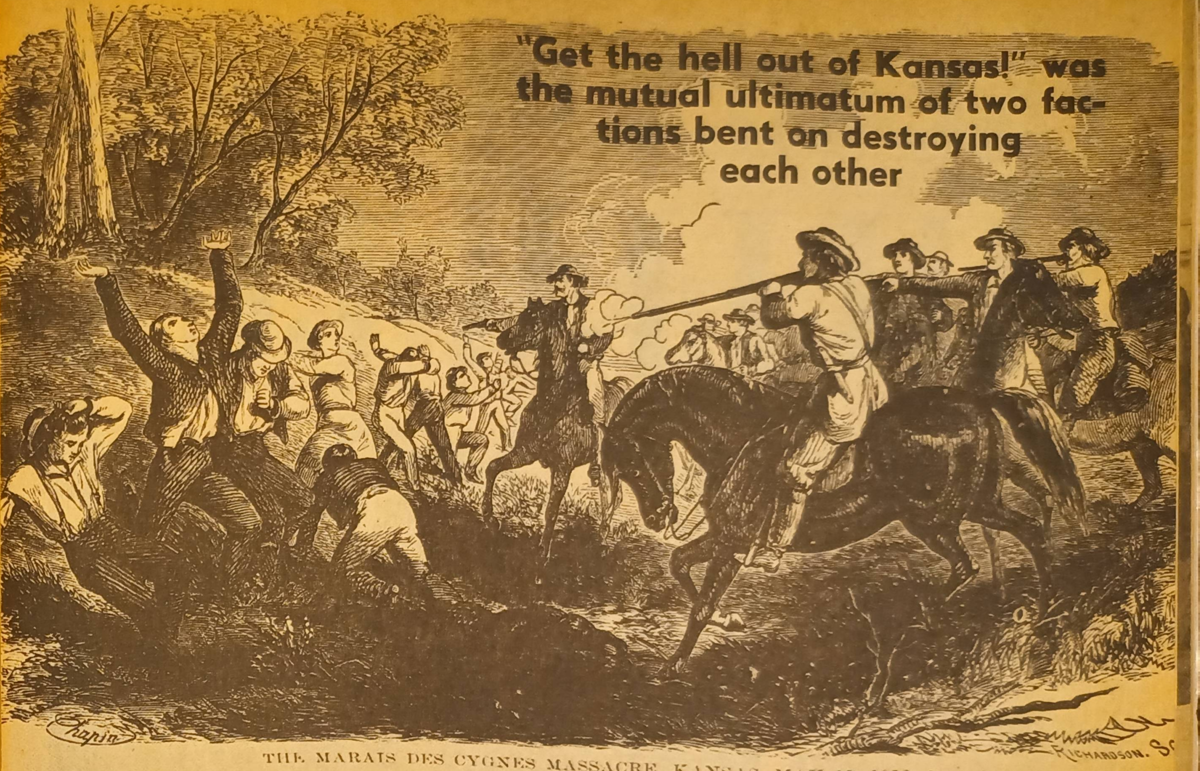
Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

Dora Cox was captured near Earlboro, Oklahoma.

Courtesy Western History Collections; University of Oklahoma Library



Annie McDougal, alias "Cattle Annie" (holding rifle) and Jennie Metcalf, alias "Little Britches." Both were daughters of poor but respectable parents. The two peddled whiskey among the Indians and tried their hand at a little cattle and horse stealing, until they were captured in 1894. However, the girls reformed, and lived useful lives.



"Get the hell out of Kansas!" was the mutual ultimatum of two factions bent on destroying each other

THE MARAIS DES CYGNES MASSACRE, KANSAS, MAY 19, 1858. Page 117.

MASSACRE AT MARAIS DES CYGNES

By C. M. ANDERSON

Maps Courtesy Author

DURING the years just preceding the Civil War, Kansas was the scene of a bitter and bloody struggle to determine whether the Great Plains territory should enter the Union as a slave state or as a free state. As the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 under which the territory was organized provided that the slave question be decided by popular vote, Free-State and Pro-slavery adherents fought for control. Men were often beaten or killed simply for the views they held on slavery. Missouri ruffians raided eastern Kansas so frequently, burning and looting the towns of their neighbors, that the area was given the nickname of "Bleeding" Kansas.

Perhaps nowhere else in the territory were attempts to institute slavery in Kansas as fierce or unceasing as around Trading Post in present-day Linn County. However, it was not until May 19, 1858 that the border raids were to result in what was then described as the deadliest assault since the Boston Massacre of the Revolutionary War.

As 1857 drew to a close, the situation along the Kansas-Missouri border grew tense. The Free-State faction, headed by James Montgomery, was intent on driving out all Pro-slavery adherents. Montgomery had made good progress in clearing the territory of Southerners who had come to Kansas with the simple idea of making a home, but he had been unsuccessful in his attempts to drive out the Southerners who had come to make the territory a slave state.

Early in 1858 Montgomery and his Free-Staters rode into Trading Post, which had become the headquarters for a Pro-slavery group. To harass the Southerners they dumped several barrels of corn whiskey into the road. Montgomery then ordered the Pro-slavery people to "get the hell out of Kansas." There were no injuries or loss of property in this raid, other than a few gallons of Kansas' liquid corn crop.

The leader of the Pro-slavery band was

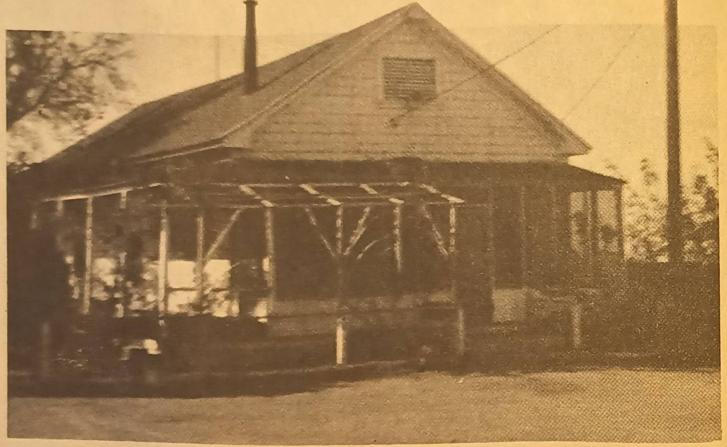
(Continued on page 47)

THE MEN OF MILLER-LUX

By ORVILLE FOSTER
Photos Courtesy Author

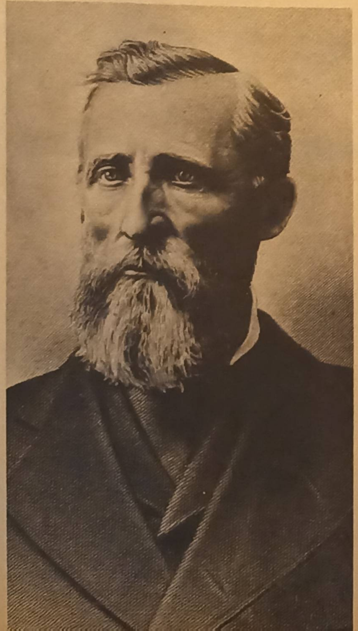
MEMORIES of the vast Miller-Lux cattle kingdom of California, Nevada, and Oregon remain strong in the hearts of those who knew it. Men and women who worked for Miller-Lux and are still alive number in the dozens—possibly in the hundreds. Every one of them is proud to have been a part of this great operation.

Estimates of the ranch's size in acres vary from one million to as high as fourteen million. By any criteria it was one of the largest ranching concerns of all time. But in terms of the whole picture—livestock, canals, dams, hotels, stores, meat markets, banks, wholesale and retail marketing, and slaughterhouse facilities in San Francisco—it undoubtedly surpassed all others. Before or since.



Above, a Miller-Lux bunkhouse, now on the Delta Farm near Los Banos, California. At far left, John S. Devine in 1869. A pioneer stock rancher in Harney County, Oregon, his lands later became the holdings of Miller-Lux.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society, Portland



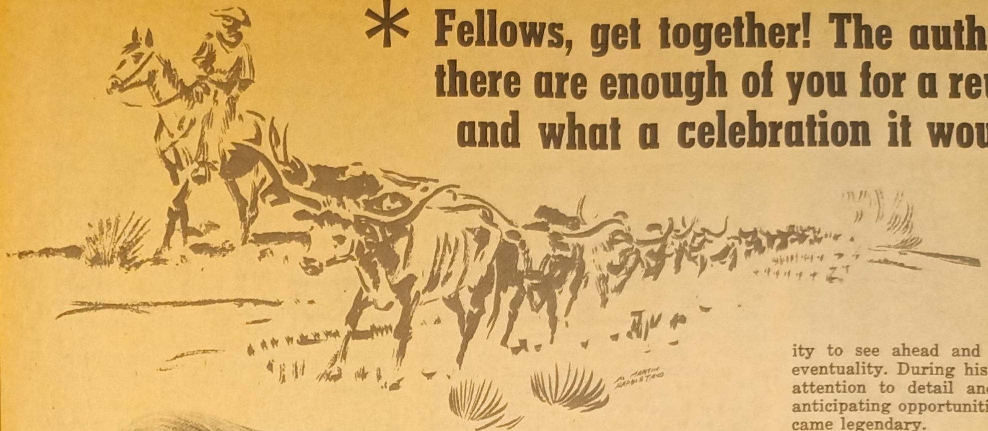
At left N.H.A. (Hock) Mason was forced to sell his holdings to Miller-Lux to avoid losing everything to drought, hard winters, and lack of feed.

Courtesy Nevada State Historical Society

Most of those who worked for Miller-Lux, such as R. H. Van Bibber of Redmond, Oregon, can tell you about old Henry Miller even though many employees never actually saw the cattle king. Henry Miller died in 1916 at the age of eighty-nine. His partner, Charles Lux, preceded him in death in 1887 after their partnership had continued for twenty-nine years.

Henry was born Heinrich Alfred Kreiser in Brackenheim, Germany on July 21, 1827. Son of the town butcher, he was trained by his father in the raising, slaughtering, and marketing of livestock. Henry landed in New York in 1847 and first worked as a gardener for $4.00 per month and board, and then as a butcher.

*** Fellows, get together! The author feels there are enough of you for a reunion—and what a celebration it would be!**



In 1850 Henry Kreiser became Henry Miller when he took passage for San Francisco using a ticket sold to a friend of his by that name. The original Miller apparently got a case of cold feet; and characteristically, Henry acquired the passage at a reduced price by driving a hard bargain.

Gold fever was running strong in California then but Miller was never one to take chances on anything so speculative as mining. He settled in San Francisco with a total capital of $6.00. In one year's time the young man owned a butcher shop on Jackson Street. Physically, although short of stature, he was very strong and had more than his share of temper.

MILLER early demonstrated his remarkable sagacity and uncanny ability to see ahead and prepare for any eventuality. During his own lifetime his attention to detail and his genius for anticipating opportunities or troubles became legendary.

Miller saw that the quality of meat in San Francisco needed improvement. Most beef at that time came from lean, stringy Spanish cattle. In 1858 he got an option to buy the Sanjon de Santa Rita ranch in the San Joaquin Valley below Pacheco Pass. It comprised just under 9,000 acres and had 7,500 head of cattle. The Hildreth brothers' eventual sale price to him was $1.15 per acre and $5.00 per head.

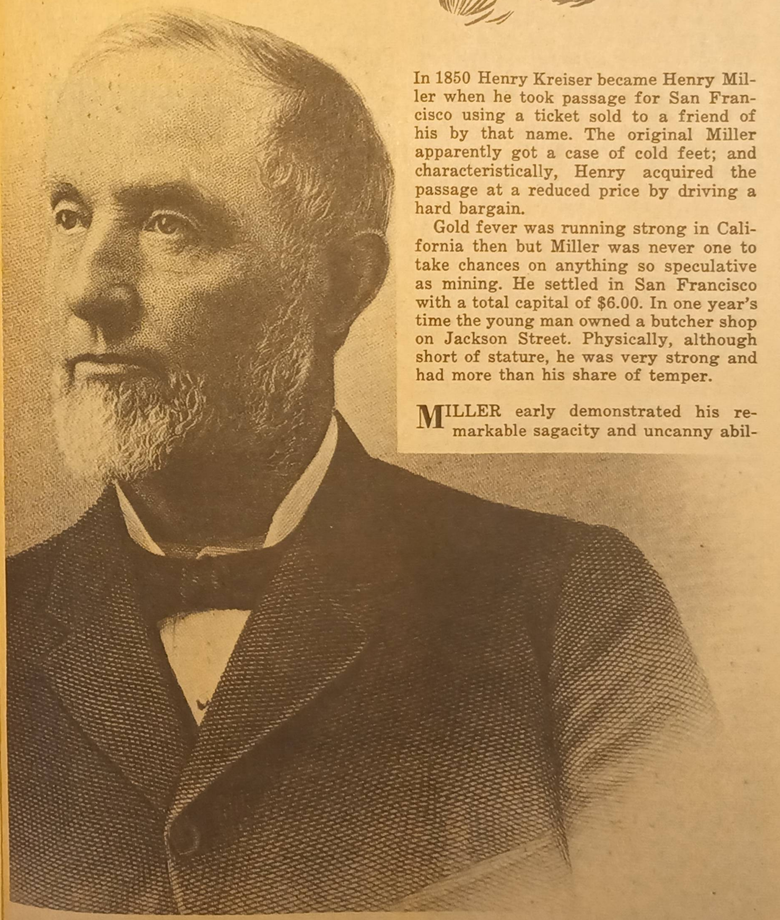
At this time Henry Miller acquired a partner, Charles Lux, to run the San Francisco end of the business. Lux had been a competitor. Then Miller made a valuable ally in William C. Ralston of the California Bank, a very famous individual in his own right.

Miller-Lux financed all its operations, while Henry was running things, with no security—no mortgages. Miller-Lux was on its way. Miller expanded and expanded—sometimes over the protests of Lux—but the stubborn German was much the more dominant partner.

Along with ownership of their first land, went the Double H brand (HH), now one of the most famous of all time. As the partners moved into Nevada and Oregon two more brands were added. Cattlemen associate Miller-Lux's Nevada holdings with the 7 S; Oregon with the Double S Wrench brand (∽∽); California with the Double H.

Henry Miller made his big push into Nevada when he took over the many ranches of N. H. A. "Hock" Mason around Yerington (Pizen Switch). The valley is now called Mason Valley.

The young and energetic Hock Mason, with Miller's backing, had been buying up ranches in the Miller style. He lacked only one thing—Henry's truly remarkable foresight and preparation for any contingency. The combination of drought and hard winters in the years 1888 and 1889 caught Mason and other ranchers unprepared. Cattle were dying by the thousands. What feed they had was gone. Everyone except Miller-Lux was in dire straits. Henry had been preparing for this for thirty years. Stored hay on the ranches in California was ample. (At one time Miller-Lux owned 120 miles of land along the San Joaquin River.)



Henry Miller

Above, Henry Miller at the age of 60. Born in Brackenheim, Germany, the son of the town butcher, he came to America and proceeded to build a cattle empire for his partner, Charles Lux, and himself.

Courtesy California Historical Society, San Francisco

R. H. Van Bibber began working for Miller-Lux back in 1919. He is shown here with his wife, Jane.

Henry took over Mason and others at a fraction of their worth. Then he again proved his acumen by hiring the former owner, Mason, to manage the vast Nevada acreage which extended from the Walker River to the Oregon line.

Something similar happened in southeastern Oregon where eventually he acquired the properties of Overfelt and John Devine. Some of the Miller-Lux ranches in this rich cattle country (the bunch grass of this area was and is unsurpassed for its nutrient value) were the Juniper Lake, Mann Lake, Alvord, Sarrano Point, White Horse and a bunch of spreads strung along the Malhuer River, as well as the beautiful Silvies Valley place.

Much of the history of Henry Miller is taken up with his many lawsuits. From reading accounts of the numerous trials it seems Henry would have had time for little else. Long, drawn-out litigation over water rights—"riparian" (Miller's side) as against "appropriated" (small ranchers and others on the lower reaches of the rivers).

Pasquale Bisignani, former Division Superintendent of Miller-Lux's Santa Rita Division.

When Lux died in 1887 the former butcher boy ended up with the whole bag, fighting through long and involved legal matters. A key factor in the litigation was the fact that the two partners had agreed in writing that the surviving member would retain complete control for seven years. This, too, had been Miller's idea. Almost without exception Miller won all of the legal battles. If not the first time, then on appeal, due again in large part to his attention to detail and long-range planning. As an example, he insisted on keeping meticulous records of early water rights.

In later years Miller was quoted as saying, "I have made three fortunes in my life: one for myself, one for my partner, and one for my lawyers."

Henry was in his advanced years before his drive to acquire more land, as well as to oversee it, came to an end. But eventually he did slow down. Some years before his death, and then afterwards, his son-in-law James Leroy Nickel ran the empire.

MUCH of the foregoing can be found in previous writings—records and books. However, I have become acquainted with several people who worked for Miller and Lux, and most of what follows is through their eyes.

Roland H. Van Bibber, seventy years of age, and his wife Jane live in Redmond, Oregon. Van, a gifted and natural-born story teller, has many tales to tell of when he ran the Gustine Farm and later the Fatjo cattle ranch in Pacheco Pass country above Los Banos for Miller-Lux.

When Van started working for them in 1919 as a young buckaroo at a cattle camp near Dos Palos, old Henry Miller had passed on and J. Leroy Nickel was in the saddle. Not literally, for Leroy was the more refined type and not as at home on horseback as his father-in-law had been. According to Van Bibber—and others agree—Nickel was no cattleman. As Van tells it, "Nickel had little interest in the actual part of the operation that made the money, the crops and livestock such as cattle and sheep."

It was common knowledge among the foremen who ran the different ranches that all they had to worry about on Nickel's inspection tours was the house and immediate surroundings such as chicken houses, granary, turkeys, and possibly hogs. He wasn't concerned with cattle or the actual ranching and farming operation.

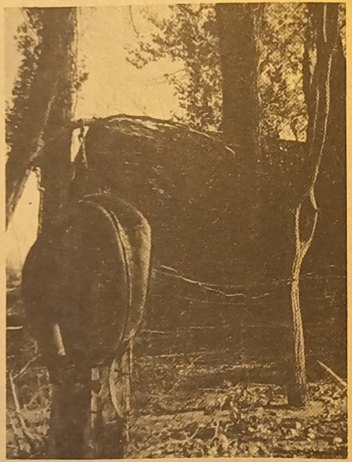
With a twinkle in his eye Van Bibber said, "We had a sort of a spy system going for us when I ran the Gustine Farm of 17,000 acres. If Nickel was in the area the Gustine office would tip us off. Then Jane would make sure the house was presentable and I would check the chickens, etc."

Then his wife broke in, "But one time when you were in town Nickel surprised me. He came in for dinner. We had always been told that he would only eat at the Canal Farm, a headquarters at Los Banos, to be sure he got the right food and service. A man always stood behind him as if serving royalty to wait on his every wish.

"But, anyway, here came Leroy Nickel in his Pierce Arrow car with a uniformed chauffeur—for dinner. The old man was distinguished looking, white haired, dark suited, wearing a tie and gloves. I had stew and bread pudding for the meal and was unprepared for such a visitor. I knew that he was a fastidious eater, no fried foods and so on. I remember he stirred the gravy and wanted to know what the 'constituents' were.

"But then Van came in from town and brought some porterhouse steaks and saved the day. The Miller-Lux Meat Market had told him about Leroy's visit. Our spy system almost failed us that time but we heard later that Nickel went to Los Banos and raved about the meal—bread pudding and all."

The Gallagher property, north of Yerington, Nevada, was formerly a part of the vast Miller-Lux holdings.



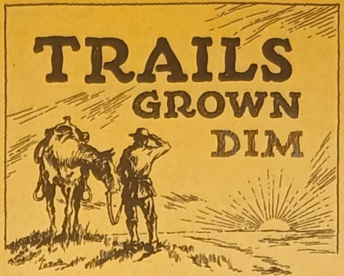
(I can understand Jane Van Bibber's apprehension but she had nothing to worry about. I have sampled her cooking, too!)

Mrs. Van Bibber said—and her husband backed her up— that she worked harder than he did. She was a new bride at the time, cooking for thirty to fifty men, baking all the bread, pies and cakes, doing all the dishwashing, and canning 800 quarts of fruit per season. The salary for the couple was $75 per month plus house and food.

Van told another amusing incident of one of Nickel's visits. "I had thirteen coon dogs on the Gustine Farm. Another fellow and I—he had some more hounds—used to chase coons in the tule swamps along the maze of trails. One time we got mixed up. The raccoon backtracked

(Continued on page 58)

TRAILS GROWN DIM



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Mitchell

I would like to locate the family of my grandfather, Ed (Edward?) Mitchell. His father came from Germany and found employment on some kind of work gang, possibly a mine or railroad crew. He couldn't read, write or speak a word of English, so the foreman made the payroll out just the way the name sounded—thus the spelling of Mitchell. An old German lady who once knew my grandfather told me that he said the correct spelling should be Michel.

Anyway, my grandfather was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin or possibly La-Crosse, but was in and around both places. He was from a Catholic family of seven boys and one or maybe two adopted girls and the girl(s) died quite young.

The names of the brothers who can be remembered are: Augustus, Frank, Charles, Mondo and Henry and Ed (my grandfather). I do not remember the seventh one.

Details are very sketchy as my grandfather didn't tell us much and what he did say was that he and some other boys were throwing rocks at a Priest and the Priest started toward grandfather's home with the "law." His dad said, "Son, you'd better git and let me do the talking," so he said "I just got, and kept on going and never went back." He was thirteen years old at that time.

Just before he passed away I asked him when he was born and he said, "Well, you just figure it out. I can remember in 1865 I saw the troops marching through our fields and I was seven years old at the time." This is an example of the answers he gave to most questions—and the only answer I ever got to this question. I assume grandfather was born in 1858.

My grandmother wrote to the postmaster at Oshkosh, Wisconsin and obtained the name of his brother, Frank Mitchell, and heard from him via two letters, but in the last one he said he was moving to Canada and would write and send his new address. That is the last and only time anyone heard from him. I think he was a fruit peddler as they were once called; anyway he followed the fruit crops to different climates and locations and sold it by truck-load lots.

My Grandfather and Grandmother Mitchell and four of their eleven children are deceased now but I would like to hear from any of his brothers or their descendants and maybe help put together some of the broken family ties.

I will greatly appreciate it and will answer all who write me concerning the family.—Bonnie (Mitchell) Fulbright, Box 486, Lubbock, Texas 79408

Boggan-Cornatzer

I am trying to locate descendants of my Aunt Lydia Jane Boggan Cornatzer. She was born in 1847 in Wadesboro, North Carolina, and came to the Midwest with three brothers—James Norfleet, Walter Jones, and William Hammond Boggan, who later came on to homestead in Washington.

We have a picture of two lovely girls, about twenty years old, with this inscription: "Carrie and Jane Cornatzer, daughters of your far away sister," to James Boggan.

An older cousin in Seattle says that Aunt Lydia married a Cherokee Indian Chief in Oklahoma. Aunt Lydia died September 6th, 1898, age fifty-one years. —Mrs. A. J. Krechel, 5222 Jessen Drive, La Canada, California 91011

Richardson

I would like to contact any descendants of Mathew and Rachel Richardson or their son who homesteaded near the town of Laporte, Wayne County, Nebraska in 1870.—George Hinds, 406 Spark Street, Lead, South Dakota 57754

Ancil Smith

Does anyone know the whereabouts of or have any knowledge of Ancil Smith—who was sometimes called "Cal" and who used to fish out of Bodega Bay, California and sell his catch to the Meredith Fish Company of Bodega Bay. At one time he operated a boat named *Michael Boy* and talked of moving to the Noyo River, Ft. Bragg, or Alaska.

Please communicate any information about him to us.—Mr. and Mrs. Jay Spencer, 4572 Olive Highway, Oroville, California 95965

Elliott

My father-in-law, John Elliott, was 100 years old in May 1972. He has asked me to write your magazine and see if we could help find any of his past relatives he lost contact with when he left his homestead in Drain, Oregon in 1918. He obtained his divorce the same year in Portland and came to Kansas. His first wife's name was Jessie Davis. He had three daughters: Ila, born 1899; Iva, born 1901; and Livena, born 1910. His oldest girl married a William (Bill) Miller from Eugene, Oregon, his second daughter a doctor from New York, and his youngest still was at home in Drain at that time.

He also has three brothers: Elmer, of Drain, Oregon; Walter, of Portland, Oregon; and George Medford of Scotsburg, Oregon. He can't remember if his brothers had children or not, but he does remember a man by the name of Bud Bennett who at that time was a young lad also living in Drain.

I'd appreciate any information about any of the names mentioned above.—Betty L. Elliott, P. O. Box 223, Erie, Kansas 66733

Three Godfrey Brothers

I still believe some of your readers in Montana or from Montana have the information I am looking for in an old letter, book, or on the back or a picture or in an old newspaper.

I would appreciate any information about Joseph Godfrey. He was born September 14 or 17, 1851, in Rockford, Iowa, or maybe Ogden, Utah. In 1878 or 1879 he went into Montana where he took up a homestead out of Big Sandy. His brothers George and Ruben went there in 1888 to take care of his homestead, as Joseph left. I heard he went into prospecting. He was in Big Sandy, Montana in 1910-1928.

His brothers were freighters for mines in Fort Benton, Montana. George Godfrey died in 1905. Ruben died in 1911. Both are buried at Big Sandy.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has knowledge of what happened to Joseph Godfrey or someone who may know where he is buried and when he died. Any little bit of information will be most gratefully accepted—or hearing from one of George Godfrey's grandchildren.—Irene Branegan, 1050 E. 7575 South, Midvale, Utah 84047

Ford-Graham

I would appreciate any information anyone could give me concerning a Walter and Boyd Graham who, if living, are probably in their fifties. When last heard about, they were small children living in Anson, Texas, Motor Route A, with their mother Florence. Her maiden name was Ford and she was a sister to Oscar Henry Ford who was killed in 1930 near Eldorado, Oklahoma. Oscar Ford was my grandfather. There were three other sisters and we don't know what became of them either. There was Emma Keith, who we have heard has died. Also there was a sister to Oscar Ford by the name of Alice, but we don't have her married name. There was another sister, also, but we don't have any name for her either.

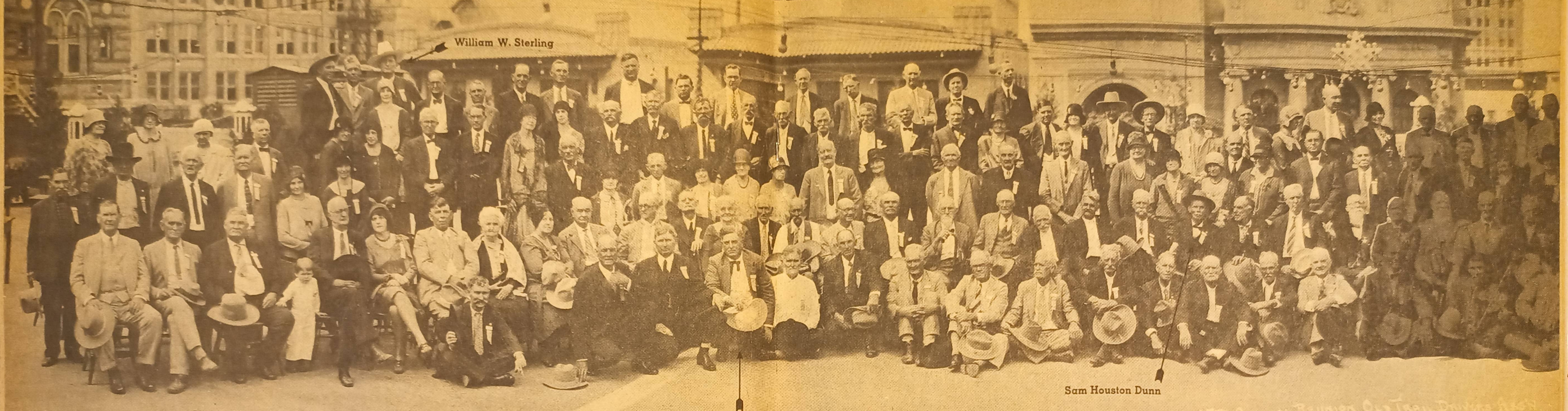
Any information we could receive on any of these people and/or their children would be greatly appreciated. I will be most happy to refund any postage used and to trade information.—Mrs. Dovle Miller, Box 3105, Amarillo, Texas 79106

Snay (Senay)

My grandfather's name was Walter (or Waldo) Snay. He married Margrett Yenor, date unknown. Her mother's name was Skarkey. My great-grandfather's name was Moses Snay. He married Ellen Robeory July 8, 1867 at McClemens,

(Continued on page 64)

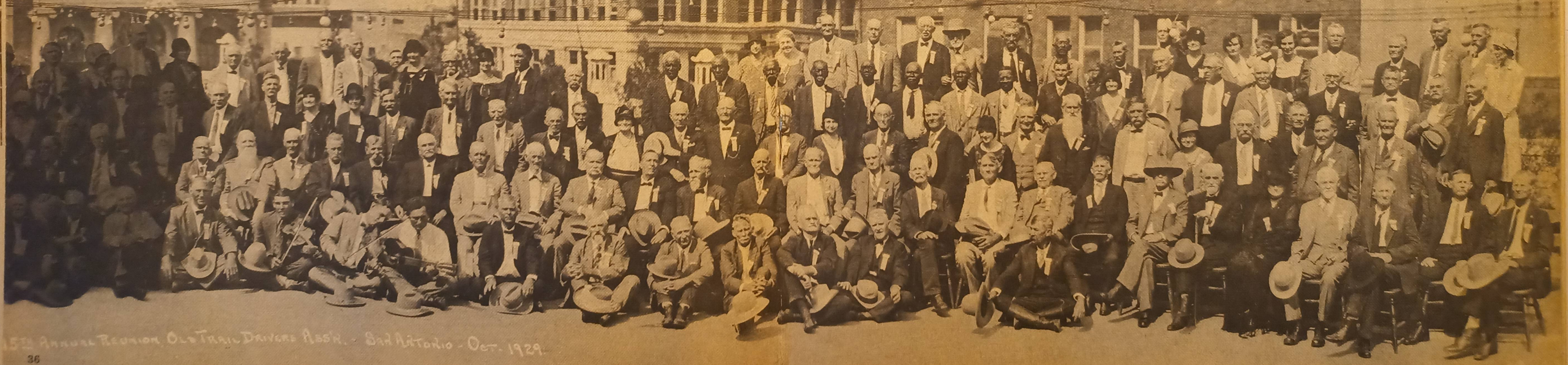
COWBOYS AND CATTLEMEN OF THE SOUTHWEST

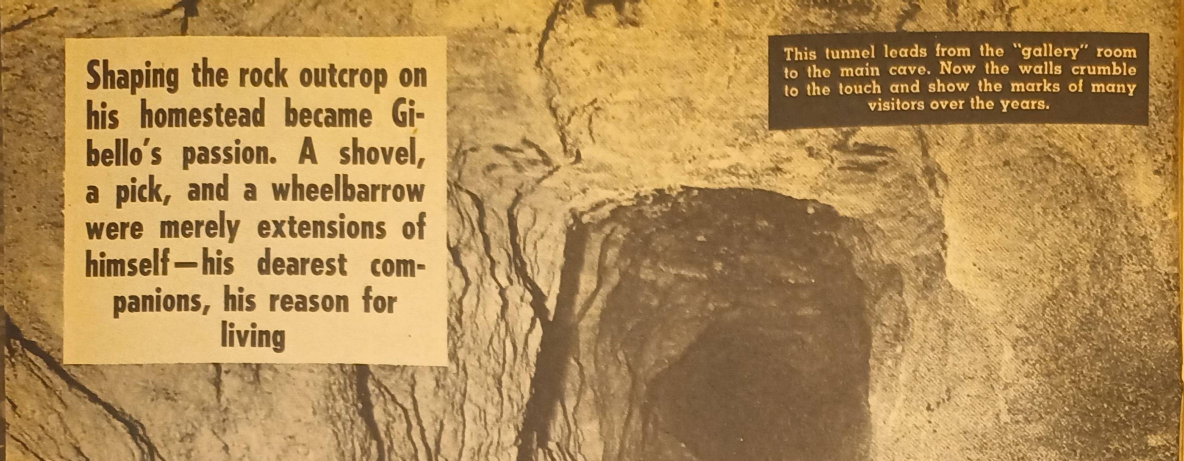

William W. Sterling
Sal Armstrong
Sam Houston Dunn
15th Annual Reunion Old Trail Drivers Ass'n

NOTE: The original of the above photo measured some 39 inches wide. Even after reducing it to a useable size, we were forced to divide it into two sections. The resulting overlap of people has been masked to minimize confusion.

—but we need names for them. Do you recognize anyone? So far we only have three names: William W. Sterling, Texas Ranger; Sam Houston Dunn, and Sal Armstrong

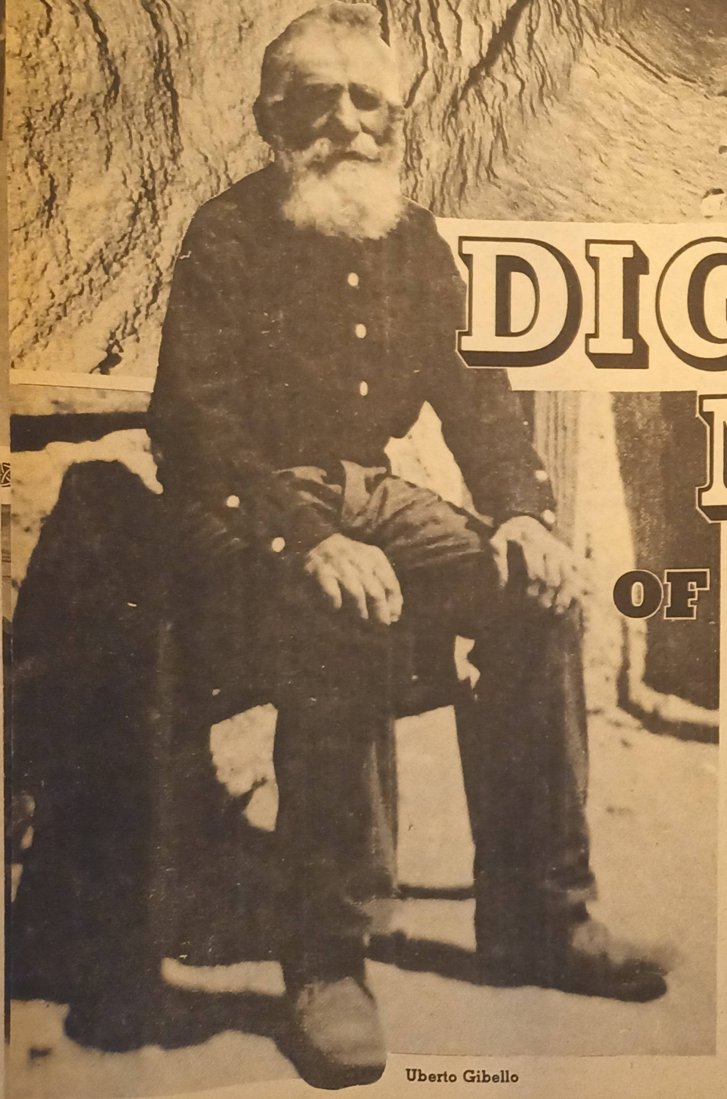
PHOTO QUIZ


15th Annual Reunion, Old Trail Drivers Ass'n. - San Antonio - Oct. 1929.



This tunnel leads from the "gallery" room to the main cave. Now the walls crumble to the touch and show the marks of many visitors over the years.

Shaping the rock outcrop on his homestead became Gibello's passion. A shovel, a pick, and a wheelbarrow were merely extensions of himself—his dearest companions, his reason for living



Uberto Gibello

DIGGER MAN OF JULESBURG

By DALLAS WILLIAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

NO ONE noticed when Uberto Gibello walked into Julesburg, Colorado on a dusty summer day in 1887 to file a homestead claim one mile south of the railroad depot in an area called "Devil's Dive." The Dive, located south of the South Platte River and two miles west of the site of "Old" Julesburg, was a deep rugged wash of rock, sagebrush and cactus. Devil's Dive had earned its name from stagecoach drivers.

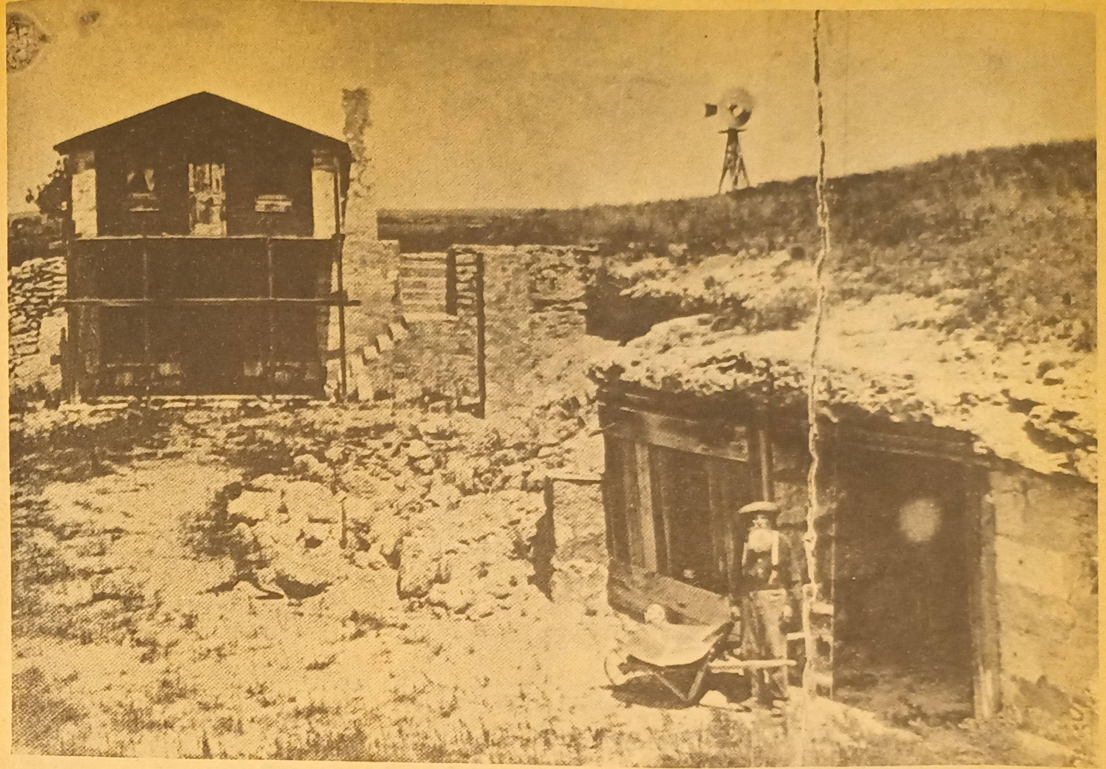
Frank Root, a messenger for the Overland Stage Company, described the Dive as the most dangerous part of the route "where the ravine came in from the south and the hills of the plateau protruded north to the river bed obliterating the view ahead of the valley.

"To go through, it was necessary for horses to go on the run, to give the stage sufficient momentum to reach the top of the opposite side. Passengers usually preferred to get out and walk across this bad place, only the driver and messenger remaining on the box.

"At first it seemed almost impossible for a stage to go through, but most of the drivers rather enjoyed it. Ox and mule teams always went around the 'Dive' some distance to the south, because it was quicker and safer than stopping to hitch on double number of teams."

The area was unique because it was one of the few places containing a natural outcropping of rock. That may have been Gibello's reason for settling on the windswept ridge, for he had a choice of filing on some of the best land in the county.

At any rate, by the time of his death in 1910, Gibello amazed his friends, neighbors and passers-by with the creation of an underground complex of tunnels and rooms nearly one-half mile long, two underground wells, three stone houses, including the first split-level on record in the area, a vineyard (which failed), and an irrigation system complete with concrete ditches.

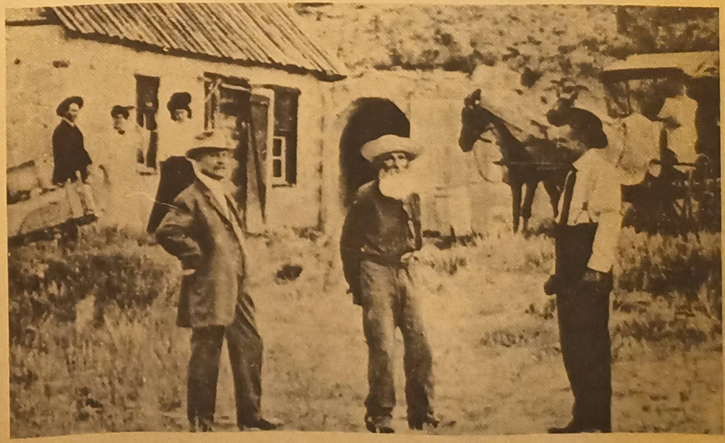


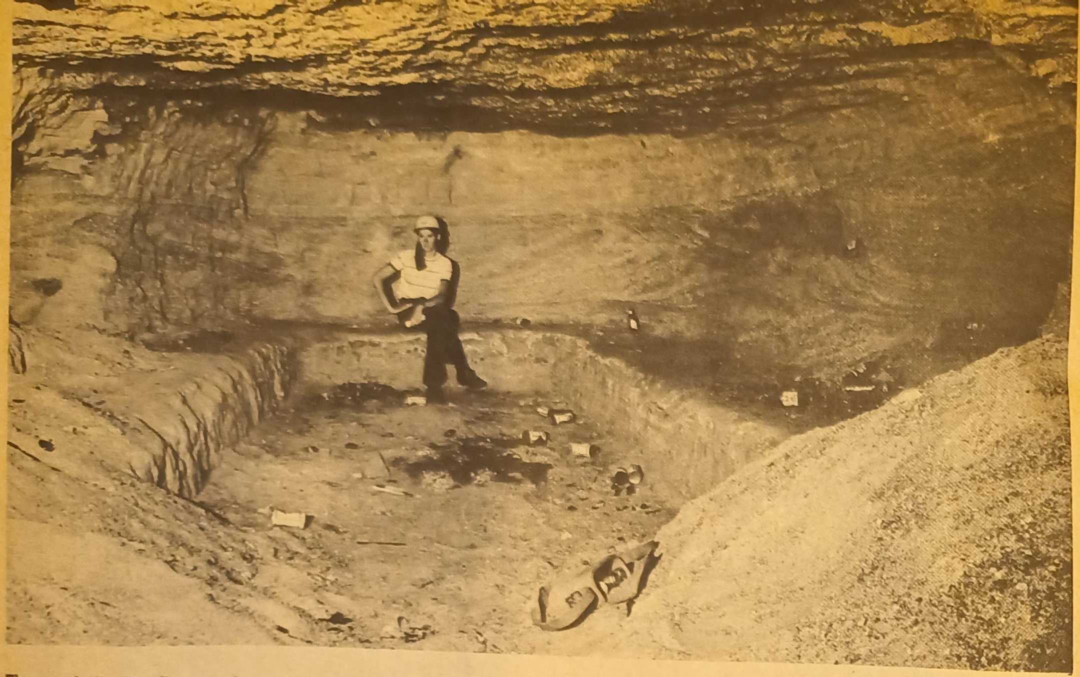
Uberto Gibello and the wheelbarrow he jokingly referred to as his "wife." Gibello is standing near the west entrance of the main cave; at left is the second home he built. Photo taken around 1907.

STORIES persist to this day that treasure lies hidden somewhere in the tunnels of the Gibello homestead. While Gibello was well liked by most people of Julesburg, some regarded him with suspicion. His broken English, abrupt manner, and unique living quarters only added to his strangeness.

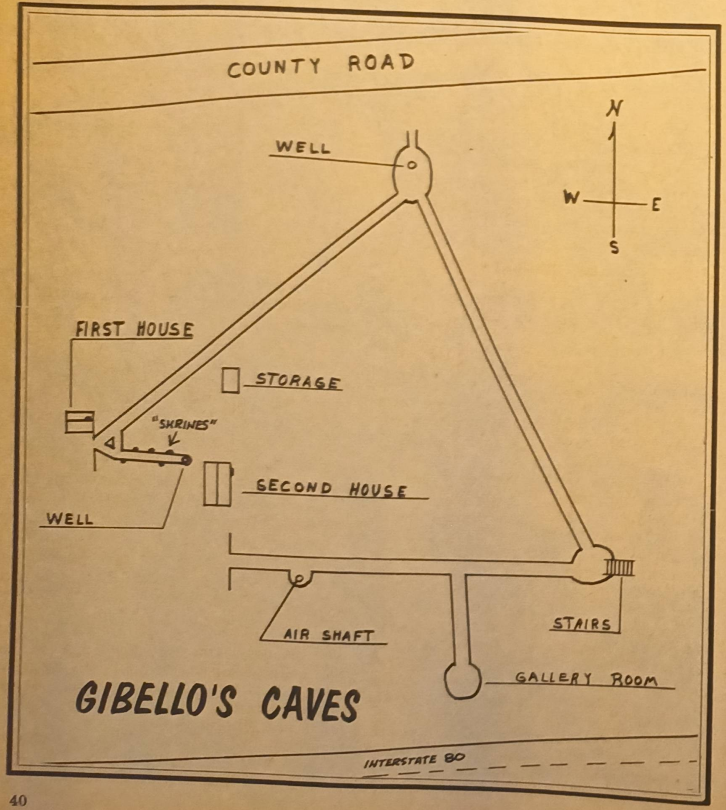
Favorite rumors were that the Italian homesteader was an engineer, a deserter from Garibaldi's Italian revolutionary army, or a miner who had struck pay-

Gibello (center) at a Sunday party in 1907. Behind him is the other entrance to the Horseshoe Cave, also his first home. Parties and picnics were a regular occurence on the old man's homestead.





The south "gallery" room, just off the main cave. Visitors who dare to enter the tunnels must wade through garbage left behind by others.



dirt in the Cripple Creek gold fields. Some have written that he had been a miner in Tripoli.

Gibello was born January 6, 1840 in Turin. He immigrated to the United States in the early 1880s. No matter how hard he was pressed he refused to explain why he left his native home. After his arrival in this country he reportedly worked in coal mines in the East before moving west with the Union Pacific Railroad. When he was laid off in 1887 he went to Julesburg to homestead.

Gibello began building and tunneling soon after settling on his claim. The project was to preoccupy him for the rest of his life.

A sober and industrious man, Gibello earned a living by digging wells and doing stone work for new houses. Sporting a bushy white beard, and a battered straw hat which came off only on rare occasions, he was a familiar sight around town as he pushed his wheelbarrow to and from work.

The Italian always walked for he was scared to death of horses and would neither mount a horse nor ride in a wagon. When offered a ride, he would decline and ask only that his supplies be carried. He would then trot along behind.

Most of Gibello's tunneling was accomplished on Sundays or other days when he was without work. He always tried to spend Sundays working on his project, even if it meant traveling by foot from as far away as Big Springs, Nebraska, a distance of fifteen miles, where he was sometimes employed.

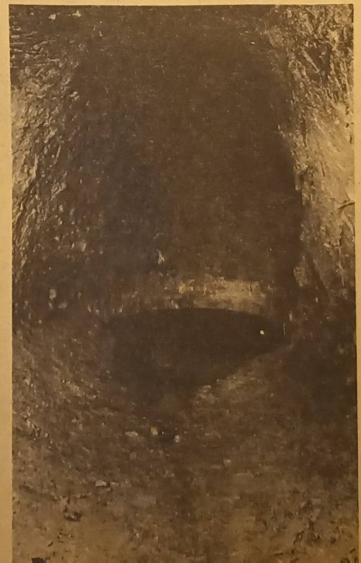
Gibello's first task was to build a small stone dwelling—a one-story affair with a loft. On the south side of this house he began his first cave. It was known by local people as the "Horseshoe Cave," supposedly because of its shape. "This cave," wrote one person who probably was never in it, "extends back into the hill for a distance of 100 feet; is circular in shape, and if one follows it through, one will come out at the same entrance from which he entered." This was far from being true.

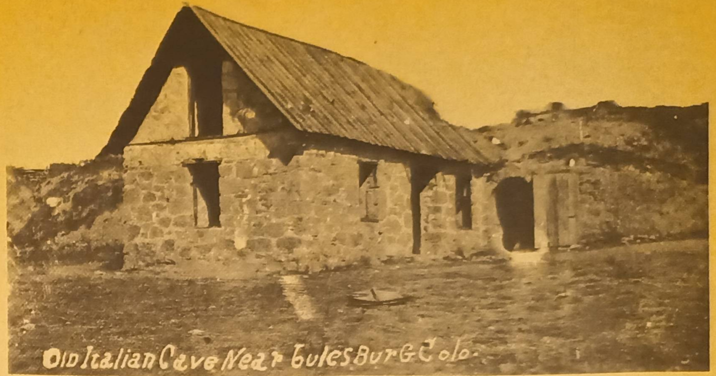
Actually, the tunnel was shaped like an "A" with the entrance at the top. It extended into the hill for several yards before branching out. The right tunnel was 42 yards long and ended at a well in the cave floor. The Denver *Post* in 1903 described the well as "perfectly round, 65 feet deep and containing 12 feet of water. No one knows how he managed to dig the well to such depth unaided but he did it and the well is mute evidence of that fact." This cave was six feet wide and eight high at its entrance.

ALONG the walls of the tunnel Gibello cut several small "shrines." Each was approximately one foot deep, two and one half feet wide, and two feet high. Thomas H. Engleman, a local historian who knew Gibello, believed the shrines were intended for the placement of crucifixes.

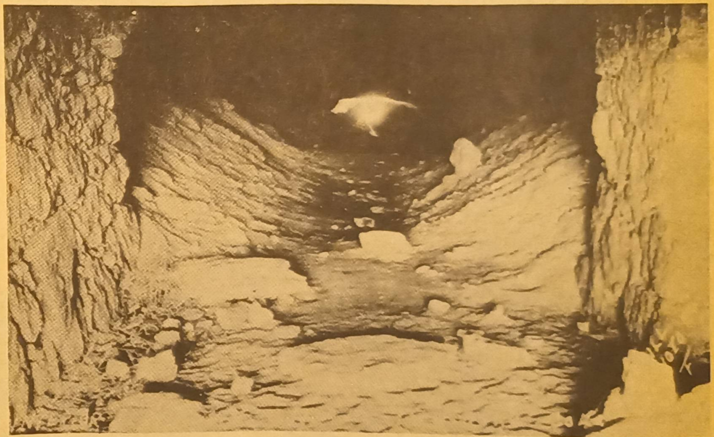
The second leg of the cave angled to the north, was almost 200 yards long, and ended in an underground room measuring nearly 30 by 40 feet. Gibello dug a second well in the room. A windmill on the surface pumped the water.

The well located in the south "leg" of the cave. A 20-foot shaft to the surface enabled Gibello to draw water up in a bucket.





Above, Gibello's first house and the entrance to the cave as they appeared shortly after his death in 1910. Nowadays, only the foundation remains. Below, the main tunnel from the west entrance as it appeared in the 1920s. Treasure hunters caused much damage to the caves after the hermit's death.



A short distance up the ridge from his first house, Gibello built a second home. It was a split-level dwelling with the first floor halfway underground. There was a fireplace on each floor, both being served by the same chimney. The lower story was left partially open to the south. Little alcoves were cut into the stone walls.

Gibello used both levels of the house to entertain his guests who usually came bearing gifts, snacks, and bottles. The Italian's homestead and caves were a popular attraction for Sunday picnickers and party-goers. The parties were climaxed with Gibello giving a tour of the caves.

"He would always light up his old lantern and patiently take me, or any other visitor, through his several caves," wrote Engleman. "Once I asked him why he had done so much hard work digging the caves and all to no apparent purpose. The best answer I could get from him was, 'I no work, I get seek'."

The entrance to the main cave was just south of the two-story house. This tunnel went straight into the ridge for over 400 feet and ended in a large room with a rock carved starcase leading to the surface.

From the staircase room, a cave extended north and joined the room under the north side of the hill. Little is now known of this tunnel except that it existed. Massive cave-ins block both ends.

Three-fourths of the way through the main cave, Gibello dug a tunnel toward the south. This cave was 150 feet long, and seven feet at its highest point. It ended in a large room where he carved benches into the stone walls. Because the temperature remained nearly constant in the room, Gibello used it for an "icebox" to help preserve foodstuffs.

The caves were large enough for an average man to walk through without ducking his head. In the main tunnel a man on horseback could ride in with no great difficulty.

Along the walls of the caves, the hermit hung an assortment of pictures to give the rock walls a more homey look.

THE rough and uneven surface of the gypsum rock made the Italian's work difficult, but he demonstrated his ability as a stonemason using only a shovel, pick, and wheelbarrow.

Gibello had no family that anyone knew of and his first love was his work and

(Continued on page 56)

GHOSTS FOR SALE!

Has the dream of owning your own Western town been haunting you? Worry no more—it's available!

By JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

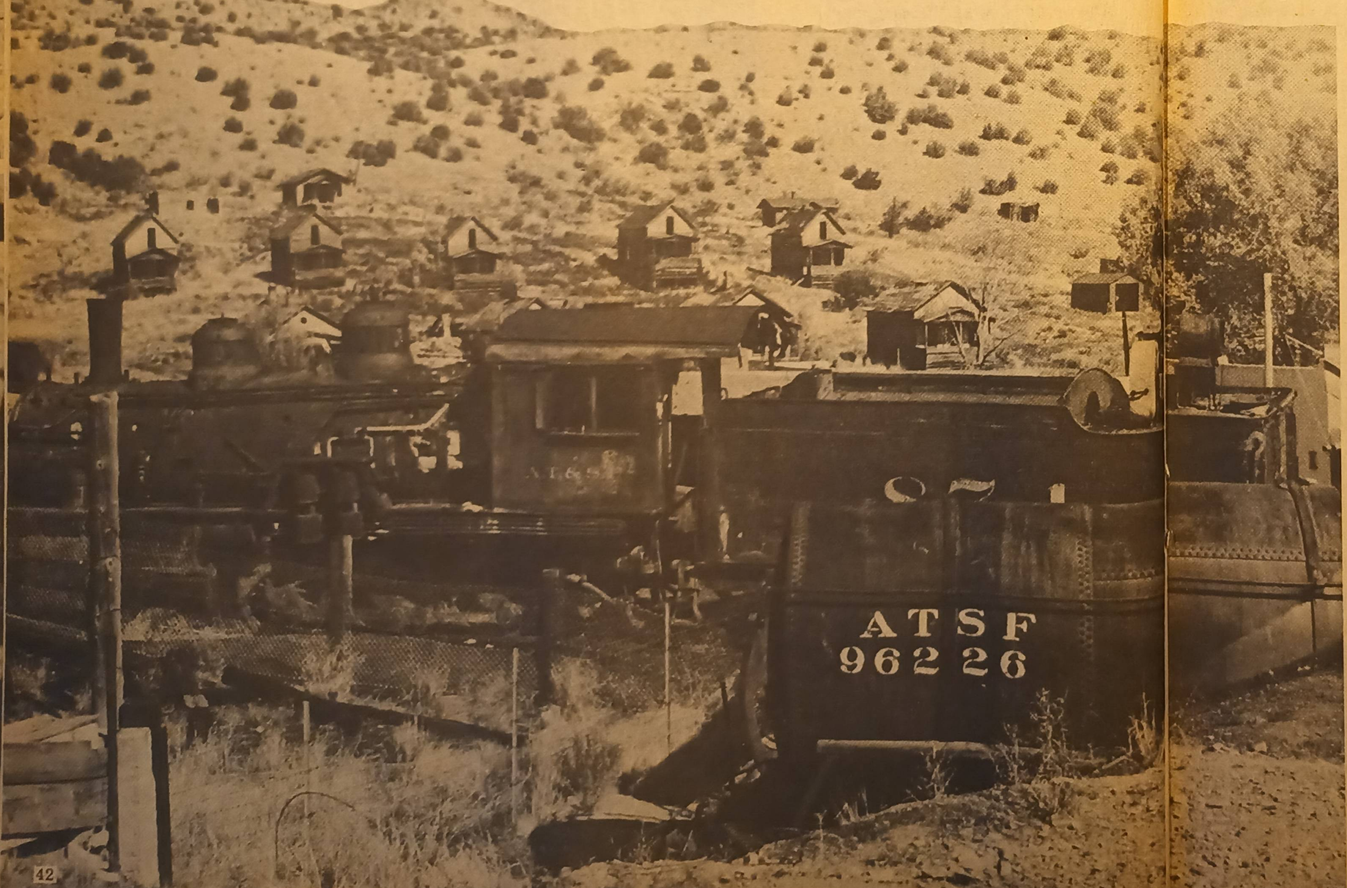
SHUTTERS FLAP, winds blow through glassless windows, and the grass grows tall along the once busy streets of Madrid, New Mexico. This is a ghost town, with a satisfyingly haunted atmosphere, in a valley of the Ortiz Mountains—and it's for sale. The buyer will acquire 360 acres and, along with the shades of a colorful past, 150 houses, a quaint church and a well built school.

Madrid, located on State 14 between Albuquerque and Santa Fe, lived and died by coal. As far back as 1835 soft coal had been taken out of the area to run a gold mill in nearby Dolores. During the Civil War the town was captured by Confederate troops and then recaptured by the Union. Years later with the boom in railroading, Madrid hit its stride. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe ran the town from mid '80s until 1893 when it was leased to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

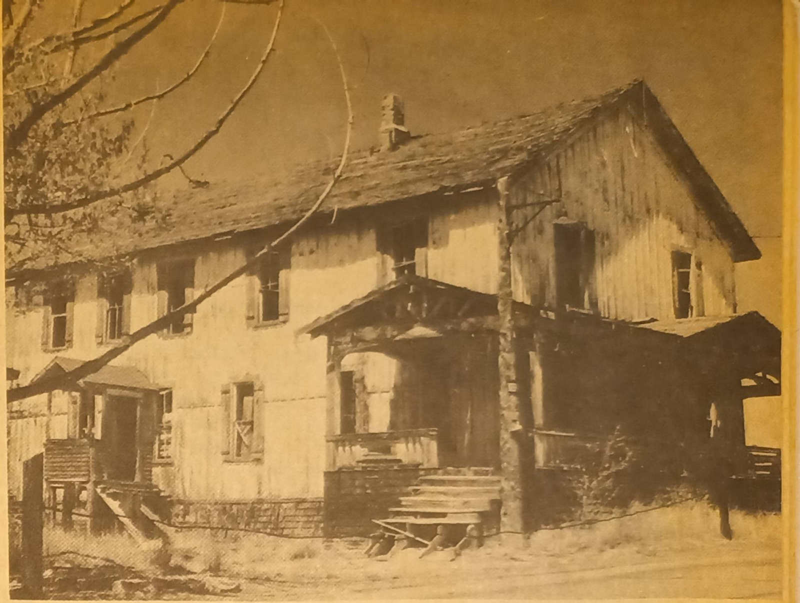
Lying amid rich veins of both hard and soft coal, Madrid had much to offer. When the railroads turned to diesel oil, Madrid began to decline, but there was a boom during World War II when great quantities of coal were needed to supply heat and power to Los Alamos. There were more than two thousand residents, but by the end of the war Los Alamos had turned to gas, many of the men of the town had gone into the army or other jobs and, in spite of the great reserves of coal, there were few miners and fewer customers. Madrid was fading fast. Oscar Huber, who had been a superintendent of operations for many years, purchased all the territory outright in 1947. His son Joseph, the present owner, is now offering the town for sale, exclusive of mining rights.

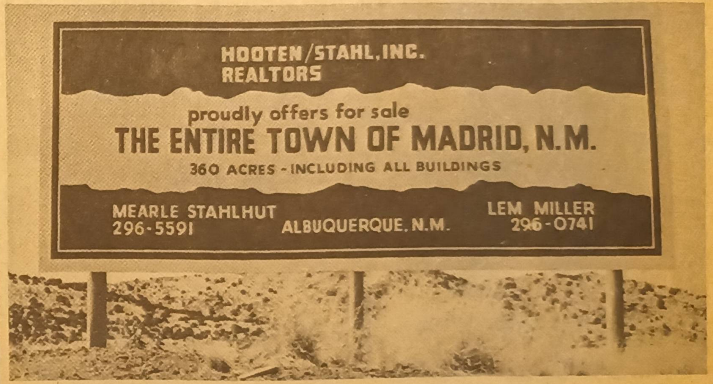
Today two rusted steam locomotives stand on the tracks of the "Museum" just off the main street, along with quantities of old mining hardware. Weathered, once white houses, each with a tree at its doorstep, line the street. These are small but comfortable looking dwellings, obviously built for the upper echelons of the company town. On the back streets stand rows of cabins for the miners. These once rented for $2 a month. There are a few signs of life on the main thoroughfare, since about forty people still live in the old buildings. A filling station operates, and what was once the company store now offers a large collection of dusty antiques. The Mineshaft Tavern offers food and drink, and in past summers an "opera house" has held a summer theatre. Now this, too, is dark in the little town where the great black coal shaft stands silent against the hill, where the wind whistles through empty houses, and the little church is boarded up and desolate.

FIFTEEN years ago a visitor found ten miners, where once there had been hundreds, working the tailings and outcroppings. Today there is none. Madrid gives a very different impression from the description in the September 27, 1902



At left, rusting locomotives guard the outposts of a once busy town





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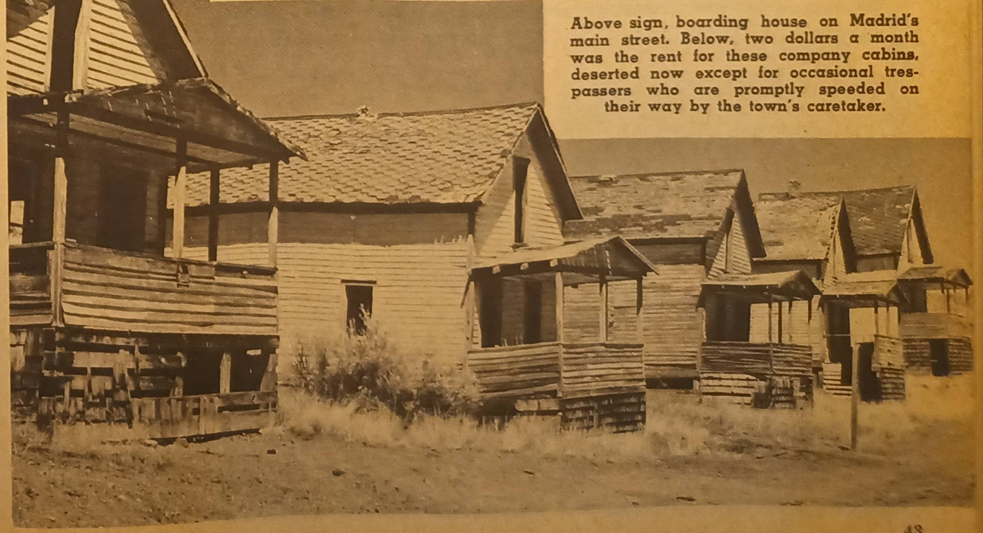

Above sign, boarding house on Madrid's main street. Below, two dollars a month was the rent for these company cabins, deserted now except for occasional trespassers who are promptly speeded on their way by the town's caretaker.

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By A. C. Greene

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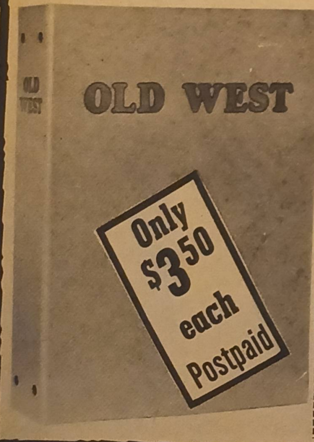

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Camp and Plant, a weekly publication of the "Sociological Department" of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

Madrid, the article explained, was situated on the Cerillos Coal Railroad, which joined the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe at Waldo Station, four miles north, where the Waldo coke ovens were located. The Los Cerillos station was three miles west. "Madrid," the article continues, "is extremely picturesque . . . a little place containing about one hundred snug and cozy dwelling houses and as many more cabins occupied by men working in the mines. The altitude is 6,300 feet, population 900-1,000. It includes Americans, Germans, Italians, Austrians and Mexicans. The water supply, a great consideration in all western towns, is abundant and of good quality, the drainage excellent, which doubtless accounts for the good health of the town.

"Therefore, there are many garden plots of vegetables and flowers. Along each of three main streets the Company has planted beautiful shade trees, mostly maples. . . . Madrid has an opera house, a good hotel and an amusement hall . . . . There is mail every day." The company store "receives the hearty support of all the residents of Madrid" who, incidentally, had little choice.

"There are excellent public schools." Ninety pupils,it seems, were taught by a faculty of two—the principal and his wife. "The children take unusual interest in their school and love to go."

As for medicine, "The company surgeon, Dr. S. C. Clark . . . has recently added to his office equipment a static electrical machine of great value."

Thus, in glowing terms the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company described the Madrid of seventy years ago. Each issue had a special article on health, food or home decoration. Especially intriguing was one on the latter, recommending small plaster casts such as the heads of Michelangelo's David or Moses.

"Of course," observed the writer, "no one would think of putting life size casts of persons or large animals in a miner's little cottage, but . . . models of reduced size could be used . . . in making prettier some of these already pretty rooms."

Somewhat less rosy is the final column in the magazine which lists the week's patients in the main company hospital: "injured hand caused by premature explosion of dynamite . . . two broken legs . . . fractured right hand . . . amputation of fingers . . . ulcers on stump of amputated leg . . . bruises caused by falling down a shaft . . . eleven cases of typhoid." Mining then, as now, had plenty of casualties.

On the brighter side, the Madrid Employees Club, to which everyone belonged, had a baseball team, parades, many activities, a band, and spectacular Fourth of July and Christmas displays which drew thousands of visitors each year.

According to today's sales brochure, half the houses could be salvaged, the place would make an ideal movie location in its unspoiled setting or, with the addition of a first class restaurant and some other attractions, a lucrative tourist center. So there it lies—waiting for a sponsor with a half-million dollars.

Fortunately, even without such a pocketful, travelers who enjoy off-beat routes can visit Madrid, dream awhile in the sunshine, and think back to those hardworking men, most of them strangers in the land, who worked the coal veins and drifted off to points unknown. The actors have left the stage and the little town waits, silent as an empty theatre.

Shanghaied!

(Continued from page 19)

ways than one, showing me'n Joe the high spots on Christmas Eve.

To salve my guilty conscience I sent a long telegram to the girl I'd left behind me at Great Falls, with the lame excuse that I'd been shanghaied by some practical joker at Malta and would be in Spokane for an indefinite time. Her reply by wire was something for the book. It was a formal announcement of her forthcoming marriage to the cashier of the First National Bank. Joe Brown sure got a belly laugh out of it and after the first initial shock I had a great feeling of relief and shed no tears in my champagne glass when Joe and I ate Christmas dinner at the St. Germaine, a plush restaurant.

Then Joe left to meet his wife and I was alone. The only friend I had in town was Red Murphy. It was Red who introduced me to Tolbart Blair, better known as Tolly. A short, heavy-set, apple-cheeked, well-groomed gent in his early thirties. Tolly had been born and raised in Spokane, a sort of wealthy playboy, and was temporarily separated from his wife who lived in their luxurious home in an exclusive neighborhood. Tolly, a graduate of Gonzaga University where he had been the quarterback captain of the football team, had married in the Catholic Church that frowned on divorce. The cause of their separation was booze but they remained on friendly terms, both having a sense of humor. Their exchange of spontaneous wit was like watching a vaudeville act whenever they dined together, which was on an average of once a week.

From our very first meeting at Berge Pattie's Office Bar in the Pantages Theatre building we hit it off to a high roller start. Tolly was staying at the Spokane Hotel but we did most of our drinking at the Office Bar that had a side entrance and was patronized for the most part by vaudeville actors and by businessmen who had offices in the theatre building.

Berge Pattie also owned a large cigar store with several back rooms for cards and bookmaking. Berge was six feet tall, with the trim muscular build of a heavyweight. It was said of the big high-stake gambler that in his prime he was among the top ten contenders for the heavyweight championship of the world, and at one time had managed the great John L. Sullivan. That his cigar store was a front for gambling was more or less an open secret; that Berge was one of the police commissioners and a prominent politician was a concrete fact.

Pattie owned and managed a stable of prize fighters who were in training at Berge Pattie's Barn that boasted an up-to-date gym, a ring, weights, punching bags, a handball court, and small swimming pool. Red Murphy, besides being a bell-hop, was one of Berge's string of young prize fighters in the lightweight division, and Tolly and I got in the habit of dropping in at the Barn to watch the workouts. I had done a little boxing in high school and my brother Wallace, who was a better than average welterweight, had taught me the manly art of self-defense. I now tipped the scales at 135 pounds and when Red offered me the chance to work out with him I was eager and willing. Pattie's trainer, Mike Ryan, a battle-scarred old pro, began giving me a few pointers.

MEANWHILE, hitting the high spots with the free spending Tolly Blair had badly dented my bankroll and I was down to my last ten dollar bill. So when Red Murphy insisted I move into his bachelor apartment with him I jumped at the chance, and in order to pay my share of the rent I dug up the Coburn Cattle Company blank checks I had in my suitcase. I cashed two checks over the next couple of weeks, one at the Office Bar and one at the St. Germaine, and they were honored by the First State Bank at Malta. Then the next checks I cashed began to bounce and one day Berge Pattie called me into his office.

"I'll put you wise to something you should know before you get yourself and your father into a bad mess," he told me "It's lucky for you that the Sullivan boys of the St. Germaine restaurant and myself are holding those rubber checks instead of some gents here in Spokane who would not hesitate for a minute to blackmail your old man to keep you out of the pen. Think that over next time you're tempted to write another bum check. End of lecture."

Then the cold look in his eyes thawed to leave a twinkle of amusement. "I've picked up your bum check on the St. Germaine," Berge told me, "so you owe me one hundred bucks. To let you pay it off I'm going to try you out as a preliminary lightweight boxer at the Barn for ten dollars a fight and I'll give you a meal ticket to boot. How's that sound?"

His flat cold turkey proposition came like a Sunday punch and it had me on the ropes for a few long minutes because I had always had a secret desire to be a prize fighter and now I was being given the chance.

"That sounds okay to me," I finally managed to blurt out. "I'll do the best I know how to make good, Mr. Pattie."

"That means no more boozing, no hard liquor. No night life, no smoking. Red Murphy will put you wise to a lot of things you need to know." Berge Pattie got to his feet and held out a big hand, "Handshake binds the deal, kid." And that is how I became one of Berge Pattie's stable of prize fighters.

I called Red at the Spokane Hotel, fetched him up to date on the good news, and asked him to pass it on to my friend Tolly. Red then informed me that Tolly and his wife had left Spokane that morning bound for Chicago where Tolly was

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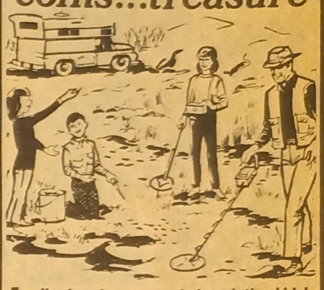

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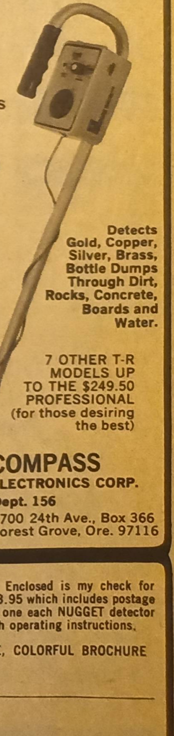

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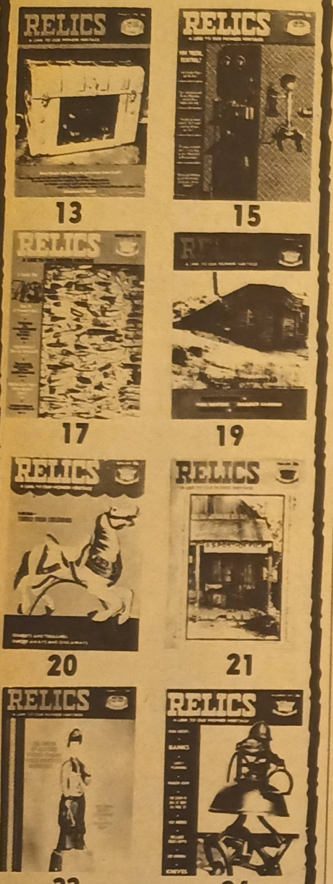

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going to take the cure, and that it would take him about six weeks to dry out. I was sure sorry to see the last of my drinking side-pardner, but on the other hand I was glad that Tolly had the guts to take the drunk cure, for his own sake as well as his wife's. It meant that there was less temptation for me to fall off the wagon and that from then on I'd be in training.

Mike Ryan took me in hand with his routine of rope skipping, punching the light bag, mauling the heavy sandbag, and working out with preliminary fighters. After a couple of weeks of training Mike booked me to fight a tough boy from Boise, Idaho who traveled under the name of Battling Brodie. He had a low crouching stance and lowered his head when he rushed, but I was fast on my feet and had no trouble dancing away and keeping on the bicycle for the first two rounds. Between rounds Mike told me that the next time Brodie charged with his head to side step and come back with an upper cut to the chin, then a hard right hook in the solar plexus with all my weight. I followed instructions and Battling Brodie landed flat on his back in the center of the ring. I'd knocked out my first man without working up a sweat.

The Spokane Social and Athletic Club, a Negro organization on the fringe of the Tenderloin Red Light District, held boxing matches every Monday night. A pockmarked, light skinned mulatto, a former light-heavyweight named Nick Nicklos, was athletic director and had a stable of Negro fighters. I had met Nick at the St. Germaine where he worked as a bartender, and he had talked Berge Pattie into matching me with one of his fighters called Chocolate Drop at the Negro club.

So one evening Nick took me to the Athletic Club and gave me an introduction to the gray-haired steward, a dignified, scholarly type by the name of Booker T. Washington Jones. It was an up-to-date club and the five-course dinner we ate was one of the finest I have ever eaten. And I learned that Mr. Booker T. Jones was a university graduate, with several impressive degrees that were displayed in glass frames in the well stocked Club library.

My five-round boxing bout with Chocolate Drop was moved up from the first preliminary to the seven-round semi-finals, each of us to receive twenty-five bucks. We gave the spectators their money's worth. I got a black eye in the sixth round and fought one-eyed in the seventh, and the fight was declared a draw, calling for a re-match at a later date. Berge Pattie saw the fight and was so pleased with the outcome that he added a ten spot for a bonus, just like he'd kicked through with a twenty-five dollar bonus when I knocked out the battler from Boise.

IN a month's time I had made enough money as a meal ticket fighter to pay off the hundred bucks I owed Berge Pattie, boxing under the name of Kid Montana. During that month I had not written a line to inform Jake Myers or my family where I was or how I was getting along. To hell with Jake and to hell with the First State Bank of Malta. I was sitting pretty, fighting semi-finals, and old pro Mike Ryan, as a rule chary of praise for the stable of fighters he was training, told me to stick around, that he'd make a fighter of me someday. That was after a five-round semi-final bout when the Seattle Kid had knocked me out in the third round because I had forgot to duck.

It was a Monday night during the first week of February, the night of the re-match fight with Chocolate Drop, when we went after it hammer and tongs. The fight ended in a toe-to-toe slugging match that left us battered and bloody, and provided another draw decision. Chocolate Drop and I had showered and were on separate rubbing tables, with Nick working on the Negro boy and Mike Ryan on me. Mike had a leech sucking blood from my swollen shiner when the door of the locker room opened and Captain Clancy Doyle, the big, heavy-set plain clothes detective came in. Clancy Doyle, reported to be the toughest cop on the force, was always on duty at the fights.

Mike had finished my rub down. "We'll make a champ outa this kid yet, Clancy," Mike grinned pridefully. "Too bad Berge wasn't here to see this fight." Berge Pattie had left a few days before for the Tanforan track near Oakland, California, where one of his thoroughbreds was entered in a high purse race.

"And 'tis a pity to end the promisin' career of one of your stable bums, Ryan," Clancy announced in his Irish broque as he began taking my clothes from the locker. "I got bad news for you, kid," he said taking a legal looking document from the inside pocket of his coat. "I just done me duty in servin' the bench warrant for your arrest, me lad," he said as he handed me the paper.

I hastily racked my brain in a vain effort to discover what manner of crime I had committed. I was nervous and uneasy.

"Tis the First State Bank of Malta, Montana that's preferring charges," Clancy Doyle informed me. "And there's a telegram from a Jake Myers wanting you back home at the Circle C ranch. I have your one-way ticket to Malta along with fifty bucks expense money. I got orders to put you on the next train going east."

I let out an audible sigh of relief, and proceeded to get dressed. Then I shook hands with Nick and Chocolate Drop and said goodbye to Mike Ryan, thanking him for all he had done for me and saying I'd keep in touch.

When we took our departure from the locker room, Clancy consulted his watch. "We'll have time for a round of drinks at Paddy's Shamrock Saloon before train time," he said, claiming that Paddy's free lunch of hot mulligan stew was the best meal in town—and he was right in all directions.

My pal Red was working night shift at the hotel. I telephoned him the outcome of the fight and told him I was homeward bound on account of our friend Clancy Doyle had slapped me with a bench warrant and was putting me on the next train for Malta. Red said that Clancy had called him from the police station and that he was catching a hack right then and fetching my suitcase that he had packed and would be at the Shamrock before I finished my schooner of suds.

While Red said he was sure sorry to see me leave he knew that cowboying was easier on the system than getting beat up once a week, so we said our farewells and I was escorted by detective Clancy and put safely on the train for home.

The train got to Malta early enough in the morning for me to catch the stage to the ranch. I had left my ranch clothes at the Great Northern Hotel so I headed there and changed from my town duds, which I packed in my suitcase. I thought about going to the First State Bank to have it out with Fred Hall, the cashier, for having that bench warrant served on me in Spokane, but had a change of mind because I felt sure that Jake Myers was behind the whole deal—that he'd rigged it with the bank to get me back to the Circle C ranch. After all, it was Jake who connived with Joe Brown to have me shanghaied to Spokane in the first place.

It was one of those cloudless chilly February days, but that cold blue Montana sky sure looked good to me and I was really glad to be on the stage headed for the ranch, bundled up in the buffalo lap robes on the driver's seat beside Ruel Horner.

By the time we pulled into the home ranch I had it made to keep my trap closed, just dummy up if Jake asked any questions. Let him do the sweating and wondering how I'd got the black eye and what I'd been doing in Spokane. All I aimed to tell Jake was that I'd been living the life of Riley in Spokane till the dealers cut me down. There was a popular song to that effect;

B. B. had three grown-up sons,
Buster, Bill and Bee.
Buster was the black sheep
Of the B. B. family.

They tried to cure him
Of his rough and rowdy ways
At last they had to have the Judge
Give him ninety days.

But didn't he ramble!
He rambled all around
In and out of town
But didn't he ramble
Until the dealers cut him down!

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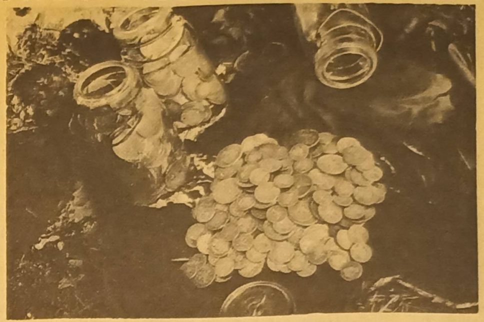

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Marais des Cygnes
(Continued from page 31)

Charles A. Hamilton of Georgia. Hamilton had come to the territory in 1855 to help bring it into the Union as a slave state. The influence of the Free-State majority, however, became so distasteful that Hamilton eventually moved across the border into Missouri. Once there, he became associated with a band of guerrillas with the avowed purpose "to vote and shoot in Kansas, but for safety to sleep in Missouri."

From Missouri, Hamilton sent word to Pro-slavery supporters who had remained in Kansas "to come out of the territory at once, as we are coming up there to kill snakes, and will treat all we find there as snakes." Shortly thereafter he carried out this threat.

ON May 19, 1858 Hamilton and a band of some thirty Missouri ruffians crossed the border into Kansas just south of the Marais des Cygnes River. Arriving at Trading Post about 9:00 o'clock in the morning, the desperadoes took prisoner all Free-Staters found at Trading Post. With the exception of John F. Campbell, a clerk at the Post, all were soon set free.

Riding northeast from Trading Post, the group came upon Reverend B. L. Reed who was talking to two travelers—Patrick Ross, a resident of nearby Bourbon County, and William A. Stillwell, who was on his way to Kansas City to pick up supplies. These three joined Campbell as captives of the Pro-slavers.

Turning east, the raiders rode to the cabin of Amos C. Hall, forcing him to join the other prisoners. Hall was a half-blind invalid who was confined to bed at the time of his capture.

Hamilton then drove the five prisoners to the claim of William Colpetzer. Although Colpetzer's wife begged her husband to hide, he went with the group. As they left the homestead, Colpetzer assured his wife that he had done no wrong and that he would not be harmed. From the Colpetzer cabin, the ruffians with their prisoners turned north. They soon found and captured Michael Robinson and Charles Snyder. A mile farther north, they came upon William Hairgrove and his brother Asa, who were working in a cornfield.

As he was returning from a nearby blacksmith shop, Austin W. Hall, a brother of Amos Hall, was captured and added to the group, bringing the total to eleven.

Herding his prisoners up a narrow ravine, Hamilton gave the order for the captives to halt and form a line facing the guerrilla outfit. Aware that Hamilton was bent on murder, William Hairgrove asked only, "Gentlemen, if you are going to shoot us, take good aim."

As Hamilton gave the order to take aim, one of the border ruffians, W. B. Brockett, wheeled his horse out of line. Hamilton shouted at him, "Brockett, why don't you turn into line?" Brockett declared he would gladly kill Free-Staters in a fight but, "I'll be damned if I'll have anything to do with such a piece of business as this! If it was a fight I'd fire!"

Hamilton cursed Brockett and with some difficulty brought the remainder of the raiders into line and gave the order to fire. All eleven prisoners fell. The firing squad then dismounted and shot the wounded to make certain all were dead.

However, the casualties were not as complete as Hamilton thought. Five of the prisoners were killed instantly: Campbell, Colpetzer, Robinson, Ross and Stillwell. Five more were wounded, and only Austin Hall escaped injury. Hall, who miraculously escaped the fusillade, fell with the rest and feigned death so successfully that the assassins left him for dead.

Hamilton and his gang of murderers fled back to Missouri where the group was disbanded. Only one member of the gang was ever brought to justice and made to pay for his part in the massacre. William Griffith of Bates County, Missouri was arrested and tried in 1863. On October 30 he was hanged. Appropriately enough it was one of the survivors, William Hairgrove, who carried out the sentence.

HAMILTON, the perpetrator of the massacre, returned to Georgia soon after the May 19 bloodbath, where he was stripped of his property by creditors. Moving to Texas, he took up farming and horse breeding, then returned to Georgia following the Civil War where he was elected to the state legislature in 1878. Hamilton died peacefully in Georgia in 1880 never having been charged for the tragedy at Marais des Cygnes.

The victims of Hamilton's raid became martyrs to the cause of freedom. The massacre did more than anything else to focus the world's attention on Bleeding Kansas. Four of the murdered men—Campbell, Colpetzer, Robinson and Ross—were buried in the cemetery at Trading Post where the state erected a monument in 1888 to serve as a perpetual memorial. Stillwell was buried at Mound City, the county seat. Asa Hairgrove, who later became state auditor, succeeded in collecting $5,000 in damages. Hamilton's property in Linn County was sold to satisfy the judgment.

The shock and indignation of a horrified citizenry inspired John Greenleaf Whittier to write the poem, "Le Marais du Cygne," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in September 1858. In his poem Whittier vows, "On the lintels of Kansas that blood shall not dry."

About a month after the massacre at Marais des Cygnes, John Brown (later of Harper's Ferry fame) arrived in Linn County and began construction of a fort some 220 yards south of the narrow ravine where the killings had taken place. The log fort was lined with port holes on each of its two stories and was banked with dirt for added protection. As a precaution in the event of a prolonged seige, water from a spring ran through the house and into a pit at the southwest corner.

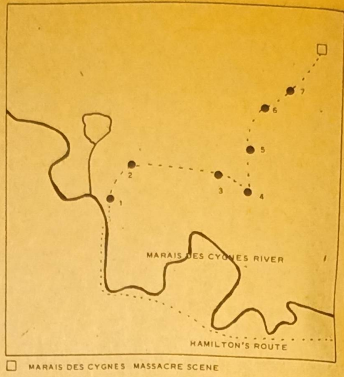
Brown, however, failed to make the stipulated payments for the land, and the claim was eventually sold to Charles C. Hadsell with the understanding that Brown and his followers could occupy the fort for military operations. Here John Brown gathered men who agreed with his abolishionist views and who were ready to enforce these views with firearms. Many of these original followers were with Brown during his aborted raid on Harper's Ferry.

From his fort near the massacre site, Brown in early 1859 wrote a letter to the Lawrence, Kansas *Republican* in which he defended his action in freeing eleven slaves in Missouri and the resultant killing of one Missourian. The letter, later referred to as John Brown's *Parallels*, pointed out that the Missouri governor demanded that Brown and his men be brought to justice while no such action was taken against Hamilton and his Missouri ruffians.

Charles Hadsell built a stone house adjoining Brown's log fort and in later years souvenir hunters eventually carried away the log fort piece by piece. Hadsell, as late as 1895, still lived on the site and conducted informal tours of the area in which the men had been slain.

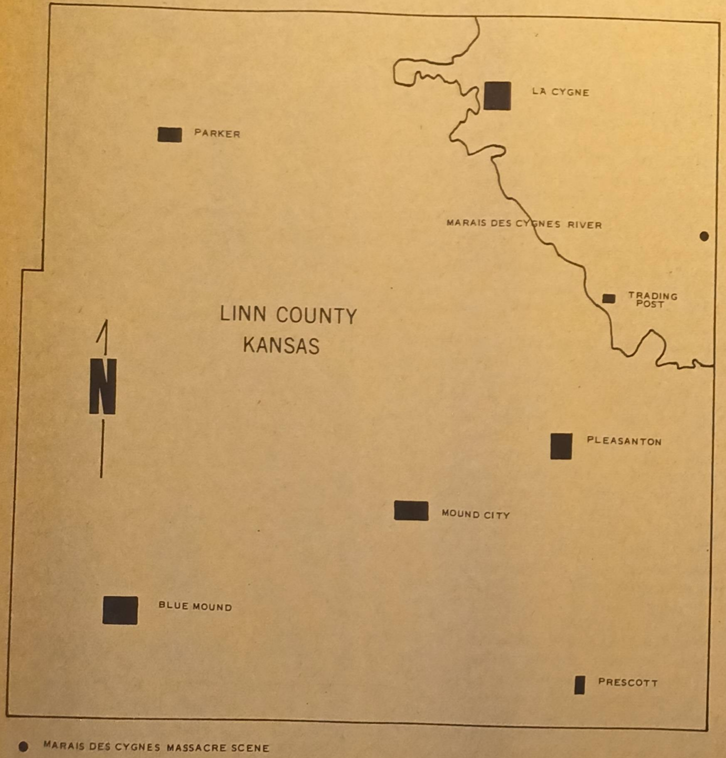
Today the Marais des Cygnes Massacre Memorial Park is administered by the Kansas State Historical Society as a free public park. Hadsell's stone house has been restored and the upper floor serves as a museum. Housed there is a portion of Brown's original log fort, along with other memorabilia connected with pre-Civil War days.

Visitors to the park may browse through the museum or take a leisurely stroll to the ravine where Hamilton and his men executed their unarmed prisoners. Plaques erected by the Historical Society tell the story of the shooting and of John Brown's *Parallels*. Five miles southwest of the park on U.S. 69, it is possible to visit the Trading Post Cemetery and the martyrs' monument which was erected in 1888. Standing there, one can almost hear the words of



Crossing into Kansas just south of the Marais des Cygnes River, Hamilton and his gang rode into Trading Post (1) where they captured Campbell. From there in succession they captured (2) Rev. Reed, Stillwell, Ross; (3) Amos Hall; (4) Colpetzer; (5) Robinson, Snyder; (6) William and Asa Hairgrove; (7) Austin Hall. The prisoners were then taken to the massacre site and shot.

In 1858 a band of men crossed into Linn County, Kansas intent on killing any Free-State man who crossed their path. Eleven men were captured by the gang and taken to a narrow ravine northeast of Trading Post (marked by dot on map) where they were gunned down.



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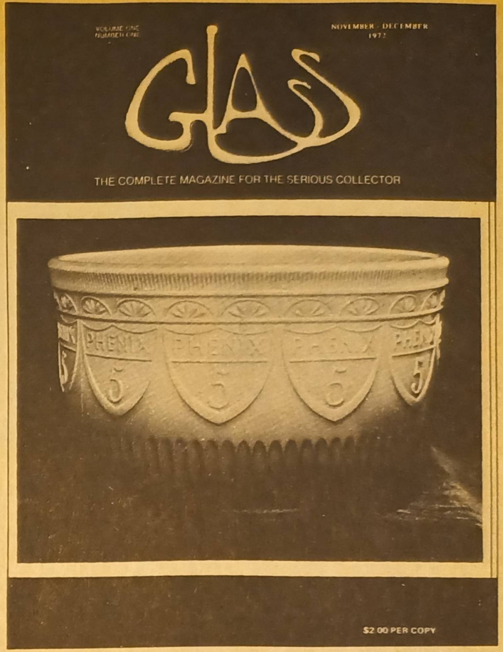

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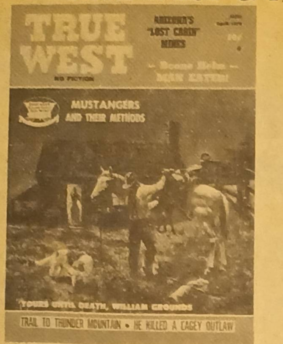
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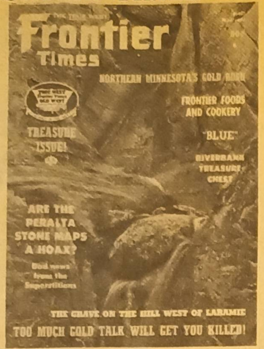
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Whittier's poem echo across what once was the battleground for Free-State and Pro-slavery adherents.

> With a vain plea for mercy
>   No stout knee was crooked;
> In the mouths of the rifles
>   Right manly they looked.
> How paled the May sunshine,
>   Green Marais du Cygne,
> When the death-smoke blew over
>   Thy lonely ravine!

Judge Gibson's "Past"

(Continued from page 27)

we ate meat.

We had no tents, except that furnished by the state to the Major for a commissary. At times we were exposed to heavy rainfall. Sometimes as much as six inches would fall in two hours.

When in camp our horses were well fed upon oats and corn. They had wonderful endurance and tractability, braved hardships and perils without flinching, oftimes leaping chasms and dry ditches twenty feet or more in width, rider in the saddle, with an alertness astonishingly wonderful even when a tornado was racing over us at sixty miles an hour with its concomitants of quick fierce flashes of lightning and roaring thunder and six-inch rainfall.

We indeed loved our horses, notwithstanding the fact that all were sportive and took a delight in bucking stunts when first mounted for a chase. But after we had lost a few buttons off our shirts and possibly a heel from our small-heeled boots, and suffered an occasional hemorrhage of the nose, these horses would adopt a fleetness of gait that would enable us to overtake the objects of our search within an incredibly short space of time.

Our orders were to take no wild Indians prisoner, and the Mexican bandits were left upon the prairies, food for the wolves. These and other classes of lawless men infested the Texas frontiers, made desperate by previous deeds of murder and hardened by contact with the underworld. They were not in search of our beneficient supervision and were indifferent about respecting the white flag of truce. In fact, they had a natural inveterate aversion for the Ranger and were so steeped in sin as to manifest a total disregard for all civilized rules of warfare. Hence they seldom, if ever, asked for quarter, preferring death to the consequences of a personal identification connecting them with the commission of some hideous crime in the state in which they had abandoned for the frontiers of Texas. . . . These men disputed all encroachments of civilization, hence were not seeking association with any degree of natural fondness. They would often scalp a native in order to leave the impression that the crime was that of the Comanche.

We were not drilled in military tactics. When orders were given, the first man on his horse was the first to start, and in spite of the orders of our Lieutenants to go single file, so eager was each man in the chase that we plunged forward forty abreast, really unable to restrain our horses. The wild disorder of the chase is indescribable, so anxious were we to overtake the outlaws.

We were marched to the front of the Brazos River at Fort Belknap, an abandoned United States fort of early days, where we were stationed for the summer, watching for the Indians or outlaws. The companies kept up a constant communication between each other all along the frontier line.

Major Jones had to travel up and down a six-hundred mile line of his six companies from Henrietta, Texas, to some forty or fifty miles above Laredo on the Rio Grande. Seven men of each company composed his escort—in other words, forty-two men as his personal bodyguard. I became better acquainted with him, but he never was peevish with me, always showing me marked courtesies. Following me one time into his tent, he gave me bits of his experience as a Southern Colonel in the Civil War. I found him a very brave little fellow. In the Lost Valley fight he showed himself a general of marked military ability with cool calm control of his men. I served as a Texas Ranger for two years and eight months under Major Jones.

Dare-the-Devil Women

(Continued from page 30)

pared. During the day someone had managed to get into Elizabeth's home and had removed all the guns and ammunition. When the ranchers called for the occupants to come out, there was nothing to do but comply.

Five hired hands filed from the doorway and were marched away into the night. Tom Jones and his sister were taken to a field where a brief hearing was held. When Elizabeth confessed to having persuaded her brother to hire a man to burn a neighbor's barn, the meeting quickly broke up. The couple was led to a bridge which spanned the nearby Little Blue River, and lynched. No one was ever convicted of the crime.

ONE hanging death which involved a woman was "legal." In New Mexico Territory, Paula Angel was convicted of murdering her lover and was sentenced to die near the town of Las Vegas. The execution was set for April 26, 1861 between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. Paula not only was ordered to pay the costs of her execution, but it was decreed that her appeal to the Supreme Court would not delay the sentence.

On the appointed date a large crowd gathered at the selected grove of cottonwood trees. The sheriff was perhaps nervous, over-eager or both—at any rate the hanging was badly bungled. Three attempts were made before the hanging was successfully concluded and Paula died before a shocked and sickened crowd.

Other women paid similar prices in the frontier West. In 1836 Maria del Rosario de Felix was executed in California by firing squad as an accomplice in the murder of her husband. There is some evidence that a woman was hanged in the California goldfields in October 1850, but to date no substantiation has been produced. There is no doubt, however, about the lynching of the Spanish woman known as Juanita, or Josefa. In Downieville, California on July 5, 1851 she was hanged by a mob after a kangaroo court had convicted her of murder.

Mrs. Thad Holton was lynched in Nebraska in 1895 and Cattle Kate Watson was strung up by a mob of ranchers in Wyoming in 1889. Truly, when the crime seemed to warrant action in the old West, little distinction was made between men and women.

Dutch Kate tried to hold up a stagecoach in California as early as 1858; Pearl Hart was still playing the same game in 1899. And in between there was a host of women who would never have been content up to their elbows in pie dough. Etta Place and Laura Bullion rode with Butch Cassidy, while Jenny Freeman and Pearl Black rode with the Dick Yaeger outlaws in old Oklahoma.

In the spring of 1874 sixteen-year-old Lizzie Keith and two male confederates tried to hold up a stage out of Sonora, California. After the driver cracked her two friends on the head with a heavy king bolt and they fled, young Liz still stood her ground and demanded the strongbox. Finally the driver gave up his mine payroll and went on his way. The next day Lizzie and a partner tried to hold up the same stage and same driver, but with different results. The driver, a man named Oliver, lashed out with his whip and knocked both robbers to the ground. Passengers joined in the fray and before long Liz and her accomplice were in the local jail and out of the outlaw business for a long time.

Florence Quick (alias Tom King and a half-dozen other names) was Bob Dalton's mistress, as well as a spy for the gang and a horse thief in her own right. She dressed the part, most of the time preferring men's clothes and her "Tom King" pseudonym. She was clever and when not working with the Daltons was usually busy with some other larcenous scheme.

Florence had various short stays in jail and is reported to have escaped from the calaboose in Oklahoma City, Guthrie and El Reno. Lawman Chris Madsen is said to have arrested her three times. Once she asked him who the jailer was going to be where they were headed. Chris told her and then asked why she wanted to know.

"Every jailer has his price," she replied, "and if I know who he is I'll know what his price is."

OTHER bandit queens flashed across the Western scene to the accompaniment of powder-smoke and hoofbeats. In 1898 a news dispatch date-lined Wichita, Kansas announced that a "Woman Outlaw is Captured."

"Riding bareback," continued the article, "on a fleet roan horse whose sides were covered with foam, with her bare feet protruding below an abbreviated skirt which was in a dilapidated condition, Dora Cox was captured by officers near the village of Earlsboro, Oklahoma."

The newspaper story went on to note that Dora Cox was the most noted woman an outlaw who ever lived in Oklahoma. She was evidently fond of aliases and at one time or another went under the names of "Dora Hawthorne," "Darling Nell," "Buckskin Nell," and "Little Eva."

Dora was described as being forty years old with a record that included murder, burglary, highway robbery, horse and cattle stealing, and bootlegging. Little was known of her early years, but Dora is supposed to have once remarked that she was a regular church-goer in her youth. Just before she reached maturity, however, she "went wrong and has ever since traveled downward at a very rapid pace. . . ."

Dora was suspected of being one of four robbers of the Pawnee, Oklahoma bank in 1893. After emptying the vault, the outlaws compelled the cashier to ride behind one of them as a hostage. When out of danger the hostage was released and returned to town on foot.

Like Florence Quick, Dora was an accomplished jail breaker and no cell in the territory could evidently hold her for long. She had a record of ten arrests, none of long duration. Having to come up with some excuse, several of the jailers claimed to have been hypnotized by her.

In August 1898, Dora was arrested in Blaine County, Oklahoma, after a hard chase by officers. She was charged with wholesale horse stealing, having some nineteen animals in her possession, and was placed in the jail at Kingfisher. Within two weeks she had escaped.

Late in October Dora was located at her old home on the Arkansas River, near Perry. A posse quickly closed in on her, but she had somehow been warned. Fleeing the place, barefoot and bareheaded, Dora was just one jump ahead of the officers as she struck out across the prairie. She led them a merry chase for some thirty-six hours before they caught up with her at Earlsboro.

Dora held the lawmen at bay with her Winchester. Although her rifle was damaged and wouldn't fire, she warned the possemen that she would shoot the first one to approach her. One of the lawmen ignored her warning, however, and walked boldly toward the woman whose weapon was trained on his heart. Soon after, Dora was once again in the hands of the law and a resident of the Tecumseh jail.

ONE of the more colorful of the gun girls was Esther Vance. Born of wealthy and indulgent parents in Missouri, Esther evidently had considerable musical ability and had studied at the Paris Conservatory of Music. Her father was a banker but when he died most of the estate fell into the hand of creditors. Esther, meanwhile, turned up for one season on the San Francisco stage in 1874.

There was an apparent wild streak in the girl, if the old newspaper accounts can be believed. She soon left the stage and drifted about various gold mining

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towns east of San Francisco until she took up with gambler Bud Reace.

Traveling under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Vance, they were reported in Montana, Colorado, Arizona and Old Mexico. In Chihuahua the pair got involved in a shooting scrape over a roulette game and Esther received a bullet wound in the side. She entered a San Francisco hospital in October 1884 and was discharged the following December.

It was shortly after this that three men held up the California Pacific express in the Napa Valley. Several thousand dollars were reported stolen, along with a variety of bank drafts and securities. These latter items were received in the mail a few days later by a San Francisco banker. The package was addressed in a flowing feminine hand later identified as that of Esther Vance. A note was signed "La Vengadora" and it was by this name that Esther was known for the rest of her life.

A number of train robberies followed all credited to La Vengadora and her husband. The Vances and an accomplice were also accused of holding up the Denver and Rio Grande Salt Lake express train in Colorado. After fatally wounding an express messenger, the trio robbed the passengers and, when someone made a plea for the women, La Vengadora is reported to have said scoffingly, "They don't need the money they never earned—and, anyway, they can get more the same way."

But the Vances went to the well once too often. After holding up a stagecoach near Lake Tahoe in 1887, La Vengadora and her mate were pursued by a Nevada posse and engaged in a deadly gunbattle in which three of the possemen were killed. Vance, too, was killed and when the battle was over Esther was found lying near him, her hip broken by a blast from a Winchester.

Sentenced to life imprisonment, she served some four years before the sentence was commuted. The banker's daughter and socialite-gone-bad lived out the remainder of her life in a squalid shack near Carson City, Nevada. During these last, bitter years La Vengadora once wrote to a priest thanking him for his help.

"You taught me there were good men on earth, and in your charity of heart and acts, forced upon me the knowledge that is common to many women, that I must reach the degradation from which there is no redemption before it was or is ever helpfully offered."

La Vengadora—from train robber to philosopher. She died in the early 1900s and a newspaper report noted that she looked twenty years older than her actual age of sixty.

Tough frontier women weren't limited to a few scattered Calamity Janes and a sprinkling of Belle Starrs. In California's gold rush days there were many women gamblers and hangers-on in the mining camps who bordered on the incorrigible. A pioneer resident of Carson City, Nevada recalled that in 1861, "The women of the underworld mingled freely with the men in the saloons, drinking, gambling, and smoking and swearing with the same shamelessness and ease of the roughest of rough men." He further recalled that the scene was pretty demoralizing to a young boy who still held women on a pedestal.

In casting about for an explanation, it must be concluded that most of them would have gone bad no matter what their environment. To just what degree this would be true is something else again. Certainly a tough, frontier country didn't help matters any.

The Second Lorenzo, The Great

(Continued from page 13)

for food, a few medical supplies and clothing. All this I will charge to your account. You may have all the time you need to pay. But it is a great risk. It may establish you as a trader, or it may break you."

It took Lorenzo five years to pay his father back but the starving people were saved, largely through his efforts. The government, through the Indian agent, did very little to alleviate the suffering of the banished people—except to send for U. S. army troops.

Because of his innate kindness Lorenzo in future years obtained greater trade from all the villages. He even established some Hopis in their own stores for quick service to the inhabitants. During one particular year, Lorenzo's numerous trading posts showed a profit of half a million dollars from the sale of blankets, piñon nuts, silver jewelry, Hopi pottery and Kachina dolls, sheep, wool and cattle. But during the Depression years, as he said, Lorenzo plowed back that much and more. Supplies and other goods went to needy families, principally Navajo, for the Hopi usually kept a two-years' supply of their farm products in storage.

When the Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and his do-gooder regime took over in 1934, Lorenzo was soundly criticized for getting rich by exploiting starving Indians! This was atrocious—the most callous and outrageous treatment any trader on the reservation ever received. Lorenzo was actually subsidizing Indian families to keep them alive. On his orders his traders bought livestock that couldn't be re-sold at anything like a profit. In fact, Lorenzo bought sheep and cattle and disposed of them for less than one-fifth of what the Indians were paid.

The wool market was practically nonexistent but he bought wool at almost the same price per pound as it had been before. This wool was eventually sold at a terrific loss.

For many years he subsidized Indian students in several schools, paying their tuition and other expenses. It was his firm conviction, like that of my Great-uncle G. W. McAdams who began Indian trading in 1877, that education for the Navajos was the only solution for their future welfare.

DESPITE ALL the love Lorenzo had for the Navajos, one cruel episode bothered him to the end. His kindly Uncle Charles was murdered by two Navajo youths whom he had befriended at Cedar Springs trading post in 1919. The store was robbed and burned out to conceal the crime. Arrested, and convicted two years later, the murderers were sentenced to from forty-five years to life in prison, but were paroled from the Arizona State Penitentiary in 1930.

Considering their premature release and outright miscarriage of justice for a deliberately planned, cold-blooded murder, Lorenzo could never mention his Uncle Charles without becoming very bitter. During all the long years I knew him this was the only subject I ever heard him discuss with passion; otherwise, he was almost always kindly, considerate and tolerant in his association with other people.

After establishing his first trading post Lorenzo gradually assembled a collection of Navajo handicrafts. They ranged from the eight-inch long strips of copper once used as a medium of exchange at a value of 25¢ each, to later specialized works of silver.

He had two strings of wampum (shell and horn beads) and turquoise beads predating the arrival of the Spaniards in the Southwest by several centuries. Metal jewelry, if it could be called that, made of lead, twisted copper wire, shell pendants, leather bow guards, bracelets, arrow points and a number of other curiosa fabricated from keg and barrel iron hoops were made before the imprisonment of the tribe at Fort Sumner.

Among his rarest items was an 18-foot lance actually carried in battle against Spanish soldiers and other enemies. The point was light yellow quartzite fourteen inches long. There was also in the same collection iron ring bridle bits made by the first Navajo ironsmiths, as well as spurs, rings, hammers, hatchets and knives.

All of these were valued collectors items. More so was the array of silver jewelry set with turquoise. Many of his antique silver decorated headstalls, concha belts and squash blossom necklaces were valued as high as $1,000. Today their value would be $5,000 or more.

Lorenzo collected many things and perhaps the most unusual was a white mule mare that foaled every year. The offspring quickly outgrew their mother. The mare and her colts were kept in a small corral behind the trading post.

Hopi pottery and Kachina dolls were items he shipped all over the world. But by far his greatest native craft commodity was the large Navajo handwoven blankets sold to buyers as "rugs." During the last twenty years that he lived his inventory of blankets ranged in value from $300,000 to $500,000, all stored in warehouses or at trading posts. The store in Winslow never contained less than $150,000 worth of blankets. Another $100,000 worth were stacked ceiling high in the picket post warehouse at Oraibi. Blankets valued at $50,000 were at the Piñon post and the rest were warehoused at his other stores on the reservation. Lorenzo often said, "Navajo blankets are just like having money in the bank!"

It was Lorenzo who commissioned the two largest seamless Navajo blankets ever to come from tribal looms. The first, 16'x27' and weighing 129 pounds, was woven for him by the grand-niece of Many Horses. This blanket, two years in the weaving, went on exhibition tours to many places.

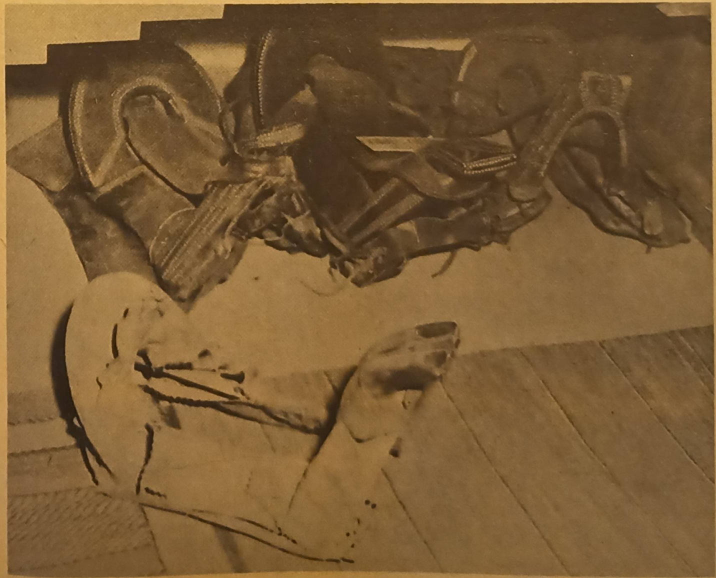
Not satisfied with that one, in 1932 he hired Julia Joe and her two daughters, Lilly and Erma, to weave a larger one. It took them three years to produce a blanket 26'x36'. When taken from the loom it weighed 250 pounds.

Into this enormous blanket went the fleece of 60 white and 18 black sheep. The dye required was 290 packages, and a case of soap was used to scour the fleece. This blanket, also, was exhibited in many cities and at state fairs.

In 1940 Lorenzo became crippled by an incurable disease, but for two more years he courageously occupied a wheelchair in the store office. Old friends, Indian and white, came around to pay their respects.

On March 2, 1942 Lorenzo the Great, who had been a trader all his life, died in his home at Oraibi. He was buried at Ganado on Ganado Hill where his parents and Many Horses had preceded him. That hill is now better known as Hubbell Hill.

Lorenzo once had a collection of nearly fifty old Navajo saddles like these.



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Digger Man of Julesburg

(Continued from page 41)

tools. He told visitors that he was married to his wheelbarrow and affectionately called it his "wife."

The Italian tried, with a vineyard, to make some of the Colorado desert into part of his native land, but the poor soil and scanty water supply would not produce the kind of grapes he needed. Instead he raised a small garden which did flourish. A windmill pumped water from the well in the north cave. With rock from the diggings he built a 100-barrel water storage tank and irrigation ditches across the hillside.

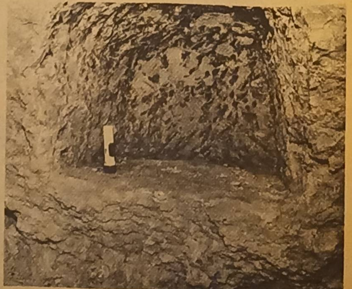
The caves produced more than just stone for Gibello's construction projects. The Julesburg *Grit Advocate* of June 15, 1900 reported: "Dr. Mason has in his possession several very interesting articles which were given to him by the Italian Gibello. One is part of a jawbone containing the teeth of a mammoth animal, probably a mastodon. Each individual tooth is larger than a man's fist and shows the wear of many years' use. Another relic is the petrified limb of a tree about as large as a man's arm at the wrist. These relics were found a few years since by Gibello while digging caves on the south side of the river."

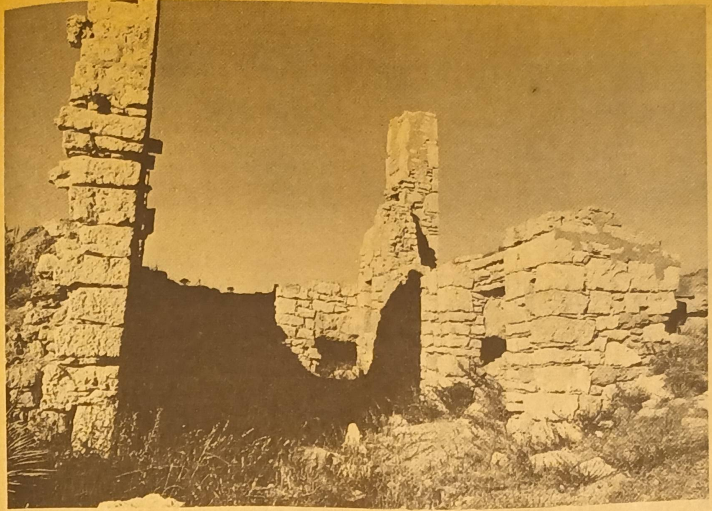
Dr. T. J. Mason was the first doctor to settle in Julesburg, opening a drugstore in 1885. He and Gibello became friends and the good doctor repaid the gift of the bones several weeks later when he bailed the cave digger out of jail to the tune of $500.

Gibello was a stubborn man and while he tried to keep a tight rein on his temper, the attempt was not always successful. (More than one rancher was left with an unfinished well when Gibello quit after getting mad at his helpers, who often kept dropping a bucket too fast, almost hitting him.) And it was Gibello's short temper and impatience that landed him in jail for "obstructing the public highway." The old Italian's night in the Julesburg jail was one of several incidents in his fight with the Sedgwick County government.

The confrontation began in the early summer of 1900 when the county began to rebuild the old stage road located south of the Platte River between Julesburg and Sedgwick, some sixteen miles to the west. The road ran through Devil's Dive and, of course through Gibello's homestead. When Gibello settled in the Dive, the road was nothing more than a well used trail showing the marks made by thousands of covered wagons in years gone by.

Gibello cut a number of "shrines" in the wall of the Horseshoe Cave. It is believed he intended to place crucifixes in them.





Ruins of Gibello's two-story house still stand south of Julesburg, Colorado, next to a new interstate highway.

The decision by the county commissioners to rebuild the road within 100 yards of Gibello's caves didn't set very well with the old Italian and on May 29 he asked the county commissioners for $90 damages to his property. The Commissioners would not commit themselves other than promising to go out to the caves and examine the situation.

Gibello came away from the meeting feeling somewhat disappointed. He had expected to be paid for the use of his land. When the visit by the commissioners still produced no results, the cave digger, with temper flaring, decided to act on his own.

On the night of June 8, Gibello started to work with his shovel and pick. He labored through the night, and when the sun came up he stood back and admired his work. A trench three feet wide and six feet deep ran across the new road.

That afternoon Sheriff John W. Johnson arrested and jailed Gibello. At his preliminary hearing the following morning Gibello was brought before Justice D. H. Hungerford, a former Union Army surgeon. The justice did not treat the sixty-year-old man lightly. According to the Julesburg *Grit Advocate* of June 15, 1900: "Justice Hungerford considered Gibello's offence a grave one and bound him over to district court in the sum of $2,000."

County Attorney William H. Pound stepped in and succeeded in having the bond reduced to $500. Gibello refused to give one penny for his bail (he did not have it, anyway) and was returned to jail. Late that afternoon the chairman of the board of county commissioners, C. W. White, promised that the board would take favorable action on the Italian's damage claim. It was Dr. Mason who signed Gibello's bond and secured his release.

On July 2 Gibello received the $90 in return for road building rights across his land. The county dropped its obstructing charges and he was free. Uberto Gibello, an old man and self-styled hermit, had fought "city hall" and won. However, he remained bitter about the road for the rest of his life. Homesteaders who used it often reported being shot at while crossing the Italian's land.

In July of 1910 Gibello, then seventy, began having problems with indigestion. Nothing seemed to help so he finally resorted to taking a spoonful of fine sand with each meal. On August 26 he died in his bed.

Why he dug his tunnels is a matter of debate. Some say he was going to use the caves as a wine cellar; others say he was being punished for some sin he committed in the old country; some believe he hid horse thieves in the caves.

Actually, Gibello honeycombed the hillside for two reasons. First, like he told Engleman, he believed a man must always have something to do, even if the work seemed to promise nothing. Second, and most important, it was to be a tourist attraction.

Gibello charged a small admittance fee (usually whatever he could get) to tour the caves. He reasoned that this would provide a small income when he was too old or sick to work. And it did. Whenever he came into town he always had a pocket of small change received from such tours. It was enough to get him by.

Now a new interstate highway is only a few yards to the south and the county is again rebuilding the road to the north. A drive-in theatre has been built on the west side of Devil's Dive. Sandwiched

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between, the caves and ruins seem undisturbed by our modern age except for a sign stating "Danger—Absolutely No Admittance" and, of course, that ever-present symbol of the passing parade—the beer bottle.

Those Army Mules

(Continued from page 23)

though, for a norther was blowing at that time, and the gray sky and rolling clouds protected him from the scorching Texas sun. The heavy wagon was pulled by six mules.

During his stay in the West, Philip Sheridan learned to be a good judge of horses and mules. Later, during the Civil War, that knowledge paid off. He asked for the position of chief quartermaster when the Army of the North was preparing to march to southwest Missouri. He needed to be chief to be in charge of transportation. Sheridan bought the finest mules the country had to offer.

There were times when feed was scarce. The horses were banded and given small rations—but the mules, just as hungry, were sent out with the wagon to find more supplies for men and animals. The roads were often deep in mud but the mules kept going.

Mules also played an important part in the First World War. Buyers from other nations came to the United States for mules and horses, but mostly mules. (The fame of the "Missouri mule" had spread around the world and demand was great.) France and Germany were asking for both doctors and mules—but mostly mules. Ships bound for Europe after the United States entered the war were often loaded with mules, and they were well protected by battle wagons in the convoy. Chicago stockyards handled 25,000 mules during the conflict.

One soldier, who came back from the war in good shape, said the only disability he suffered was when he took the "Pink Eye" from his mule. "My mule," he bragged, "was the best in the outfit." He carried the soldier's machine gun for him, right to the front lines—and could, his owner claimed, "hide in a turnip patch."

Army mules played their last important role during World War II. Many of them were trained at Fort Carson, Colorado for the artillery, mountain rescue teams, and the Medical Corps. One of the last mules to be stationed there made up for all the abuse, hard work, and neglect that others had gone through during the many wars of this country.

His name was Hambone and it often appeared in the society column of the local paper, along with his picture. Some of his publicity was carried from coast to coast by the Associated Press. Hambone was in the Artillery of the Fourth Field Battalion, stationed at Fort Carson, and he was the pride of the outfit.

He could jump higher, with apparent ease, than any other mule or horse in that part of the country. The Camp Carson Hunt Club members, riding their Thoroughbreds for the big occasion of the season were more than a little embarrassed when their fine jumpers were outclassed by an Army mule.

However, his real day of glory was when the ladies of the Junior League put on their horse show at the fashionable Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. He had been entered by his staunch pals and admirers as Hamilton T. Bones. The mule brought happiness to his buddies and consternation to the ladies as he cleared the bar while the boys from Fort Carson belted out:

Hee Haw, says H.B., the Army's
jumpin' mule,
Hee Haw, says H.B., the Artillery's
jumpin' fool,
He's been in many horse shows
His fame is world renowned,
Why Thoroughbreds break and cry
When Hambone comes around!

The Men of Miller-Lux

(Continued from page 34)

and ran between my legs followed by about twenty-five baying coon dogs, every one of which ran over me flat on the ground. They got the coon though.

"But getting back to Nickel on his inspection trip, Nickel said to me pretty sharp, 'What are you doing with all these dogs?' I had to think fast because I knew he sure wouldn't approve of me chasing coons. I was supposed to be working for the company's interest all the time. So I said, 'I've got them to catch mice and weasels.' Nickel came back, 'They'll never catch them. Get rid of all but one.' So that thinned out the coon dog population."

Van's real love and training was in the cattle business so he asked for and got the job as foreman over the Fatjo ranch in 1927. It was one of the few leased Miller-Lux properties. They had some 36,000 acres of this old land grant. Van and a hired man, Charley Lundy, took care of about 8,000 head of cattle except at round-up time when eight or ten cowboys were sent out from Canal Farm. Most of this outfit is under the San Luis Dam Project now.

Van said, "I stayed with the Fatjo ranch until Miller-Lux went into receivership under Nickel's management. They gave up the lease on the place and started selling off land besides. I heard they were $25 million in debt."

(To jump ahead a bit, I saw a newspaper clipping that stated Miller-Lux's last 10,000 head of cattle were sold in 1938.)

ANOTHER man who worked for Miller-Lux is Dominick Petrucelli, born in 1893 in Italy. Dominick now lives in Patterson, California with his daughter. His years with the giant ranching concern were from 1912 to 1916, his first job on coming to America. He said if you expected to get a job in those days, Miller-Lux was about it. Petrucelli couldn't speak a word of English but Miller-Lux had an Italian "straw boss."

"The straw bosses," he said, "saw that the work got done. I started at $1.00 a day and found. Later was raised to $1.25. Drove teams of eight to ten mules or horses and other jobs."

Dominick is a man of medium height with only a slight Italian accent now. His opinion of Henry Miller is high. "Henry Miller was a good man. If he saw a farmer too poor to buy good harness he would see that he got some."

But his statements about the food and working conditions on the ranches and farms were not so flattering. "We bunked together, forty or fifty men in a room—all kinds of workers, Mexicans, Negroes, Germans, and Italians. No furniture, just a bed or cot. Sometimes a new man had to make his own bed if they were short. A box for a chair. I was lucky and had my own trunk. You furnished your own mattress and bedding. There was a big stove in the middle. In the fall we had to go down to the San Joaquin River in our spare time and chop wood. I remember there were some wild pigs down there.

"Most of the time, especially if we had a Chinese cook, the food was plenty but I didn't like it. Biscuits were rolled into balls." He made a rolling motion with a thumb and forefinger. "You couldn't eat them. But if you complained it didn't do any good. The bosses all ate in a separate room and got better food. After four years I could talk good enough to get another job. Went to work for the Southern Pacific as a boilermaker."

ANOTHER contemporary figure is Romeo Rosachi, eighty-six, of Yerington, Nevada. Romeo well remembers the old days of Miller-Lux and Hock Mason. Later a rancher on his own, Romeo came to the Mason Valley in 1900, hauling freight to Bodie and other mining towns.

It was he who told me about the old Gallagher place about six miles north of Yerington and Weed Heights on the Wabuska road that used to be a part of the Miller-Lux lands. One of the buildings is an old solid adobe structure. There are two rooms on the first floor, one of which has been used as a small stable. The room on the north contains a large crude chopping block, obviously where a lot of butchering has been done. This old building is so plainly a part of the pioneer past it seems worth preserving.

Romeo Rosachi said that Henry Butner was the last important Miller-Lux boss around there and sold off many of the ranches in the declining days.

Last but not least we talked to eighty-eight-year-old Pasquale Bisignani who lives on Bisignani Road out of Los Banos. Honored and respected around Los Banos he is plainly a man of means. He has a fine office in a very expensive new home on the Delta Farm, once a part of Miller-Lux. All that remains here of the old days besides the man himself are the bunkhouse and harness shop behind the sumptuous new residence.

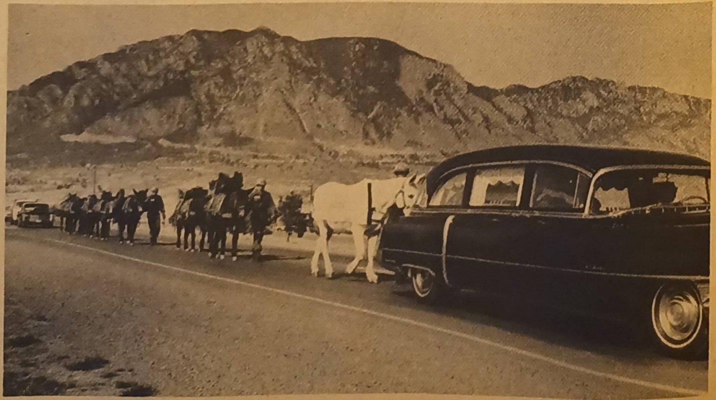
Pasquale Bisignani is a heavy-set, imposing old gentleman who seems to have a computer-type memory of the old times. Dates, figures and names come from him with no hesitation. I found that it didn't pay to ask for a repeat of a word or question. He can get rather sharp and testy. Or try to ask a question which was to be answered later in his narrative!

For about six years Bisignani was a division superintendent for Miller-Lux with eight places under his control—the Santa Rita Division. Apparently this was more of a farming operation than pure ranching.

Pasquale started to work for the massive land company in 1903 when he got to Los Banos. His first job was on the Canal Farm. The old gentleman remembers seeing Henry Miller several times but most of his dealings were with other important figures in the hierarchy, such as the Nickel family.

Bisignani worked for Miller-Lux from 1903 to 1926, broken by one interlude of almost two years in Italy. His wages rose from $20 a month and found to $50 as Delta foreman, and there were other raises when he became division superintendent. At Delta he proved invaluable to the organization by making wagons, special type plows, and other equipment. He said, "All they had to do was buy one and I could copy it exactly."

One incident involving Pasquale and George Nickel could have had something to do with his promotion to superintendent in 1920. In 1919 a disgruntled and half-crazed little Italian employe named Jim attempted to kill George Nickel after



Hambone trails behind the casket of his friend, Lawrence Crossen, who died in retirement in 1967.

Courtesy Post Sig. Photo Facility, Fort Carson, Colo.

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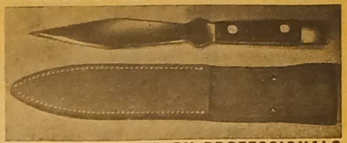

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an argument. This happened at a gate about a mile from the Delta Farm where Pasquale was foreman. In the fracas, even though Nickel grabbed the .32 Colt, he was shot and critically wounded.

Bisignani was instrumental in catching the attacker and with another man took him to Merced to jail and trial. The man was given one to ten years in San Quentin. Later he was shot and killed by a guard there while reportedly trying to murder a fellow prisoner.

Six years after taking over Santa Rita, as told by Bisignani, he had an argument with one of the Nickels over the condition of the hogs on two of the farms. The next day he got the axe. Fired! Pasquale says they weren't furnishing him enough feed for his hogs. It could be that the concern was failing and its management was looking for scapegoats. At any rate, no bitterness is held, and this living pioneer says that he received valuable training which paid off later.

THE MILLER-LUX empire is no more but the imprint of its glory days is deep and strong, especially in the San Joaquin Valley. Los Banos considers Henry Miller its founder.

Suits over who would divide what was left of the estate were settled several years ago. It was one series of legal entanglements that old Henry missed!

Ducks and geese still flock over the fields around Los Banos but are not making the ground white as Bisignani remembers they did in 1904, when market hunters shot geese just for the feathers and slaughtered them with small cannon.

When employes were always paid in gold.

When Red Safstrom, a tall well-liked boss, kept a bottle of whiskey on his bedroom dresser to prove his willpower by never touching it.

When Henry Miller's grandson, Henry Nickel, froze to death in an Oregon blizzard.

When the ranches became known as the "dirty plate route" because all transients and bums were fed by Miller's orders but the wily Chinese cooks made them eat out of dirty plates to save dishwashing.

And from another source not previously mentioned—when a neighbor of Miller-Lux bought 1,000 of the Double H branded heifers, then sent his men across the river on two successive nights to steal 150 more each time. The cattle were made to appear to be legally bought by the branding method called "venting." The man was never caught. This informant says that more than one person grew affluent around the edges of Miller-Lux. On reflection maybe it is no wonder that this fabulous dominion fell apart.

One final thought. Why not a reunion of former employes and others connected with Miller-Lux? I would love to be there and hear them relive the bygone days. There are more around than you think. How about it, Bisignani, Van Bibber, Petrucelli, and all you others? And oh yes, Charley Magenni, former cattle boss at Canal Farm, premier horsebreaker and colt trainer, who at last report was still breaking horses near Gilroy, California.

Miller-Lux could live again—once a year, at least!

A Slab of Gold

(Continued from page 15)

the speed of communications at that time) wrote, "On Friday night last, the largest and richest specimen this colony has produced, I suppose, was taken from the claim of Beyers & Holtermann. It is really a wonderful one, a slab of pure gold—its weight is about 6½ cwt. and I believe I am within the mark in saying that there are 2 cwt. of gold in it. I went together with nearly the whole town to look at it, and a regular stream of people threaded the steep packing tracks down to the claim. On Sunday it was hung up for exhibition and during the day hundreds, including many of the fair sex, went down to the claim to see it." It had taken twelve men to move the slab from the mine mouth to the "treasure house" where it was exhibited.

By 1874 Holtermann's personal fortune was 150,000 pounds (Australian) and, considering that the average working man earned approximately one pound a week (or $2) this would make Holtermann a millionaire a couple of times over in today's money.

Holtermann built a large home on the heights of North Sydney, overlooking the city's port. This house was known as Holtermann's Tower and it is still standing, used today as a private school. The Tower contained a stained-glass window showing Holtermann standing beside his great pear-shaped "nugget," and this window is still in possession of the school.

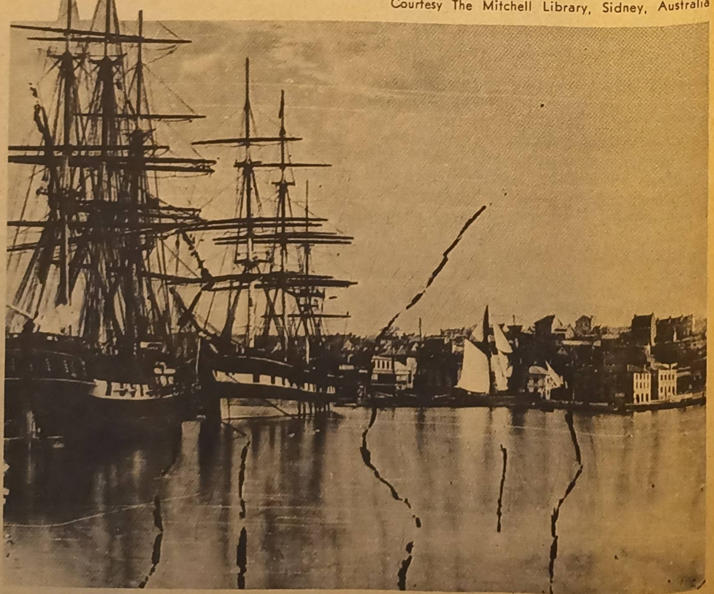
ABOUT this time Holtermann decided to embark on the production of a large number of photographs of the chief gold-mining areas and towns of New South Wales and Victoria, with the idea of exhibiting these abroad and thereby attracting settlers to his adopted country.

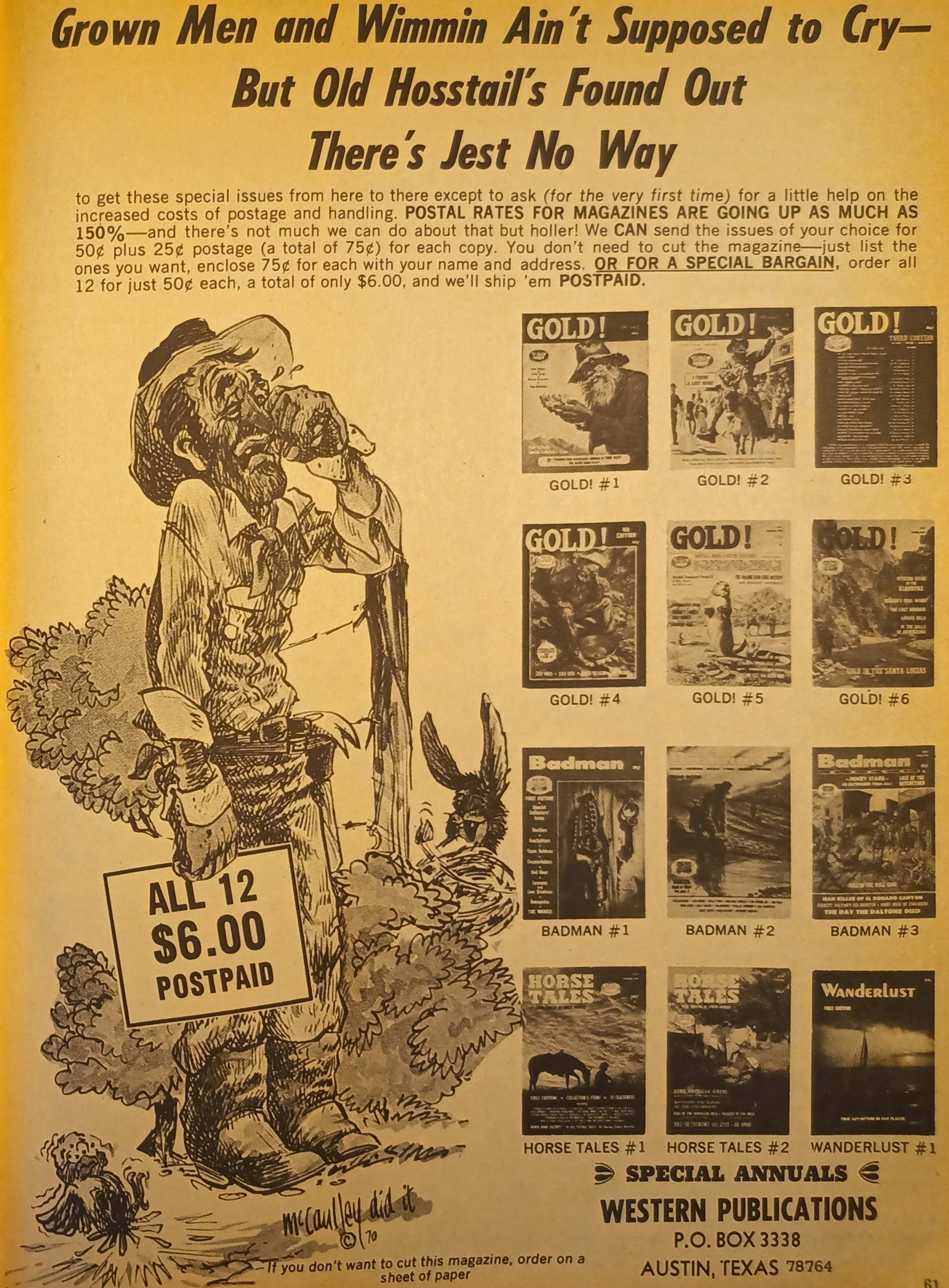
The work was done by two very competent photographers, craftsmen in wet-plate photography, Beaufoy Merlin and Charles Bayliss. This process came to an end in 1880 and Holtermann's collection is regarded as one of the most extensive extant. Holtermann was greatly interested in panoramas and he used the Tower to record Sydney Harbor packed with sailing ships in the late 1870s. Several negatives, more than five feet in length, were the largest photos ever made by the wet-plate process. When the collection was completed Holtermann exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876. Both at this exhibition and at Paris, France in 1878, the collection gained awards and a great deal of public acclaim.

Holtermann had many talents and many interests. Among other things, he introduced German lager beer to Australia. He was elected to the State Parliament of N.S.W. in 1882, and remained a state parliamentarian until his death on April 29, 1885, which ironically was his birthday.

I remember the great sensation caused in 1951 when a grandson of Holtermann rediscovered the Holtermann collection of photographic negatives, numbering approximately 3,000. They had been stored in a backyard shed and overlooked or ignored for more than seventy years. The photographs have proved of immense historical value in portraying life in the goldfields in the 1870s.

The harbor at Sydney, Australia in 1873.
Courtesy The Mitchell Library, Sidney, Australia





Grown Men and Wimmin Ain't Supposed to Cry—
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Although the Holtermann "slab-of gold" was not a nugget, but a mass of gold in situ, yet it must be the greatest single concentrated mass ever found. Some of the other large nuggets found in the colonies of Australia are: "Welcome Stranger," found 1869, gross weight ozs. 2,520; "Welcome," found 1858, gross weight ozs. 2,217; "Precious" found 1871, gross weight ozs. 1,-717.

I went down in the mine at Hill End last year and it would give anyone who has been bitten by the gold bug a strange feeling to recall the scene that must have been enacted down in that damp, dark hole in the ground about a hundred years ago when one of the diggers first sank his pick into that mass of yellow metal.

Don of Ganado

(Continued from page 9)

barrassing situations, but Pápá never seemed to mind too much. No matter what happened he would just smile his special smile that made us feel warm and good inside.

"One particular time, the archbishop of the Arizona diocese was there for dinner. Father Webber, who had given us our instruction, was also a guest. When my mother announced, 'The children will ask the blessing,' all five of us piped up at once. We probably wanted to impress our distinguished guests with our devotion. Each of us started reciting a different prayer, none of which was the blessing at all!

"Poor Mother grew red in the face, finally requesting that Father Webber ask the blessing. He was round and fat, and as I risked one eye to peek, I could see his tummy shaking with laughter. It was some time before he could control himself enough to speak. And Pápá was smiling!"

Although Don Lorenzo was a devout Roman Catholic, he still was instrumental in persuading the Presbyterian Board of Missions to establish a mission at Ganado. When the first missionaries arrived, he took them into his home where they lived for a year as his guests until their chapel was built.

The Don loved both friend and stranger. His lavish hospitality was one reason it took a lot of people to do the work at the post. Some of them were Mexicans; most were Navajos. The cook and his helper often prepared ninety or more meals a day, for it was not unusual to have as many as thirty guests at one time at Ganado. The baker made bread twice a week in batches of 200 loaves. Two or three girls helped in the house. The store employed several clerks, and other help included the gardener, the barn man and the blacksmith. During haying season, many extra workers were hired, all of them Navajos.

"There was one man," LaCharles recalls, "whom we nicknamed 'Loco,' although I don't know why. He certainly wasn't crazy. His name was really *Hosteen Nez*, Mr. Tall. He was born about 1866 at Fort Sumner when the Navajos were in captivity, and was brought back to the reservation when the tribe returned in 1868. As soon as he was old enough, he came to work for Pápá and was his cook for forty years. His picture hangs beside the carved oak sideboard in the dining room."

"You don't mean it? Your brand new forty-five?"

The artist who painted the portrait was only one of many who were guests at Ganado at one time or another. Harold Betts did the portrait of Don Lorenzo that now hangs over the living room fireplace. Works of other artists cover the walls in every room at the post.

"Don Lorenzo was interested in all the arts," says his grand-daughter. "He owned hundreds of books. Not only had he read all of them, he made us read them, too."

Because the trader was largely self-educated, he wanted a better education for his grandchildren. He saw to it that, each year, they had a private tutor who would come to Ganado and live as a member of the family. One of these teachers, Dorothy Smith, eventually married Roman whose first wife had died in 1917.

When Don Lorenzo's wife Lina passed away in 1913, it was as though a part of the Don had died, too. They buried Señora Lina on Hubbell Hill overlooking the trading post. As Don Lorenzo grew older, he delegated more and more responsibility for the Ganado post to Roman and Dorothy. After Roman's death in 1957, Dorothy carried on alone for many years.

LACHARLES ECKEL remembers many stories told by the family about Don Lorenzo's early career. He earned a reputation among the Navajo people for great courage and strength, such as the time they found he could not be intimidated after he threw to the ground a big Indian who tried to rob him, then nearly twisted off the Indian's ear.

There also was the time when a bunch of Navajos, bent on robbery, dragged him out of the store and tied him to a wagon wheel. They intended to kill him, not because they hated him, but simply because it was part of their pattern of robbery. At that moment Many Horses, an influential and respected Navajo, galloped up. Forcing his way into the group by slashing away with his quirt, he turned on his tribesmen.

"Why do you want to kill Old Mexican?" he demanded. "He has always been friend to us."

Shamefaced, the band scattered and Many Horses freed Don Lorenzo. The years that followed saw a strong bond of friendship grow between the two men. When Many Horses died, Don Lorenzo kept the promise he had made years before—to bury his old friend on Hubbell Hill.

There was another time when, in the smallpox epidemic of 1886, Don Lorenzo worked day and night taking care of the sick, the dead, and the dying. Through it all he did not contract the disease.

"He was immune to it because he had had smallpox in his boyhood," his grand-daughter explains. "But the Navajos laid it to a supernatural power. From that time on, Old Mexican was big medicine."

But the day came when Don Lorenzo fell ill. He himself said that the years lay heavy upon him, and he felt his life was all in the past. "But by *los todos santos*," he said, "what changes and what times I've seen!"

On November 11, 1930, Don Lorenzo died. The news sped to every corner of the reservation. Navajo drums of mourning sounded. Old Mexican was gone and there would be no other to take his place.

Friends and relatives gathered and, in the first bad storm of the winter, followed Don Lorenzo Hubbell on his last journey to the top of Hubbell Hill. Here he was buried beside his beloved wife Lina and old Many Horses who had saved his life many years before.

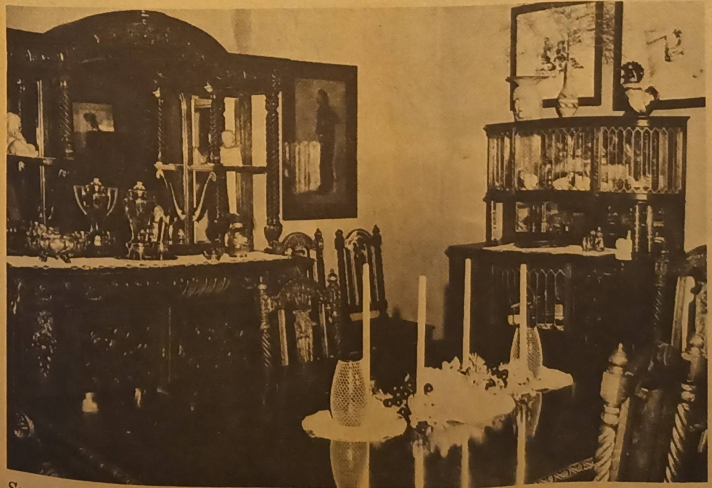
A time of greatness had run its course, yet it did not vanish. On April 3, 1967 the Hubbell trading post at Ganado—last of Don Lorenzo's fourteen posts—was established as a National Historic Site. It was chosen because it was the oldest remaining and most representative of the Indian trading posts of the early West.

"It will be preserved as a landmark," says LaCharles Goodman Eckel, "and maintained as an active trading post for the Navajo people. Business will be carried on in the same way as it was when Pápá was in charge."

Old Mexican—Don Lorenzo of Ganado—will not be forgotten.

The family dining room at Ganado Trading Post. Note the portrait of Hosteen Nez at right of carved oak sideboard.

Courtesy LaCharles Eckel



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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 35)

Michigan. There was a Captain Lenard Snay, and he was said to have been the first white man to have a trading post in Michigan across from Canada.

The Snay family may have come from Quebec, Canada and the name may have been spelled Senay. Would like any information anyone could give me.—Mrs. Bruce Milene, 2721 W. Kennewick Avenue, Kennewick, Washington 99336

Churchwell-Simonds

I would appreciate any information on the parents and birthplaces of the following people:

Richard Wade Churchwell was born September 19, 1859 in Tennessee and married Mattie E. Grantham, born 1869, in Montague County, Texas. Richard's brother Bob was a Baptist minister in Kemp, Texas. They had a half-brother named Cal.

Would also like information on John Simonds and his wife Nancy. At one time they lived in Hopkins County, Texas. They had two sons, Ike Bunion and Jerome Caesar, as well as two daughters, Willie and Johnny.—Mrs. G. W. Wilson, 2305 Ingersol, Pasadena, Texas 77502

Spelman

My grandmother was Elisa Spelman and she probably married my grandfather Sam Twilligear during the Civil War. I would like to get any information concerning any Spelman. This was near or in Louisville, Kentucky. I am sixty-seven years old and the oldest male of my generation.—Verno Leith Twilligear, 245 So. Yale Street, Hemet, California 92343

Rehbein

I am searching for information on Otto Heinrich Rehbein or, if deceased, his descendants. This is as recorded on a church record, which perhaps was changed to Otto Henry Rehbein.

He was born in Blue Earth County, Minnesota to Frederick W. Rehbein and his second wife, Louisa Schewe Rehbein. They were divorced when he was a small child. His older half-sister is my mother in-law.—Mrs. Fred Wallace, 1814 West Latimer, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127

Wolf-Bear-Martin-Wood

My husband's family are Cherokee Indians and we are trying to find more information about them. We believe we have located our Dennis Wolf and wife Polly Bear in the 1835 Census-Henderson Roll in Chickamauga County, Tennessee. Besides the mother and father, there were two boys under 18, three girls under 16 (Susan being our line), and one female slave.

Susan married a William Martin. They, in turn, were parents of a Martha Martin who married Johnson C. Wood. We find this family first located in Benton County, Arkansas between 1861-1865. Where did they live in Tennessee between 1835 and 1865? I would be most grateful for any assistance from families of similar names.—Mrs. Joe N. LaRue, 1917 Avenue C, Billings, Montana 59102

Foote-Smith

I would like to hear from any descendants of my great-grandparents. Richard Smith was born in Ohio or New York about 1807, and married Susannah Foote or Foot, who was born in New York in 1816. The only children's names I have are: Copeland, Danial, Katie Bell, Marie, and my grandfather William Smith, who was born in Alden, New York, August 26, 1837.

When my grandfather was ten years old, the family moved to Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and in 1858 moved to Gratiot, Wisconsin in Lafayette County.

In 1861 William married Elizabeth Simpson, whose father was Alexander Simpson. We think her mother's name was Eliza C. Vancicle. The children were: Alvina Smith Morgan, 1862; Sarah (Sadie) Smith Griffith, 1864; Moses, April 28, 1866; and Richard, 1868. All were born in Wisconsin.

According to my grandfather's Civil War record he and Elizabeth were divorced in 1872-73 and he moved to Nebraska and married Bertha Harder in 1883. In 1891 he married Marie L. Durkee of Burwell, Nebraska. Their children were: Elsia, Eva, and Emery.

William Smith died in the Sailor's and Soldier's Home in Grand Island, Nebraska February 15, 1915.

My father Moses Smith died in 1960 in Idaho Falls, Idaho, He married Ida May Reeves in Dewey County, Oklahoma. In 1912 we moved to LaGrande, Oregon, and in 1915 to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. —Mrs. Ruby E. Lowe, 1953 North Yellowstone, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

Adams-Allen

My great-grandfather, John Quincy Adams, was born in 1832, possibly in Ohio or Pennsylvania, and came to Weiser, Idaho in 1894 or 1896 from Oklahoma in a covered wagon with his family.

His second wife Ginevra (Allen) Adams was born in Iowa? in 1849. Their children were: Viola, Minnie, George, Patrick, Claude, Cora, and Anna Maude (my grandmother), who was born in 1882 in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

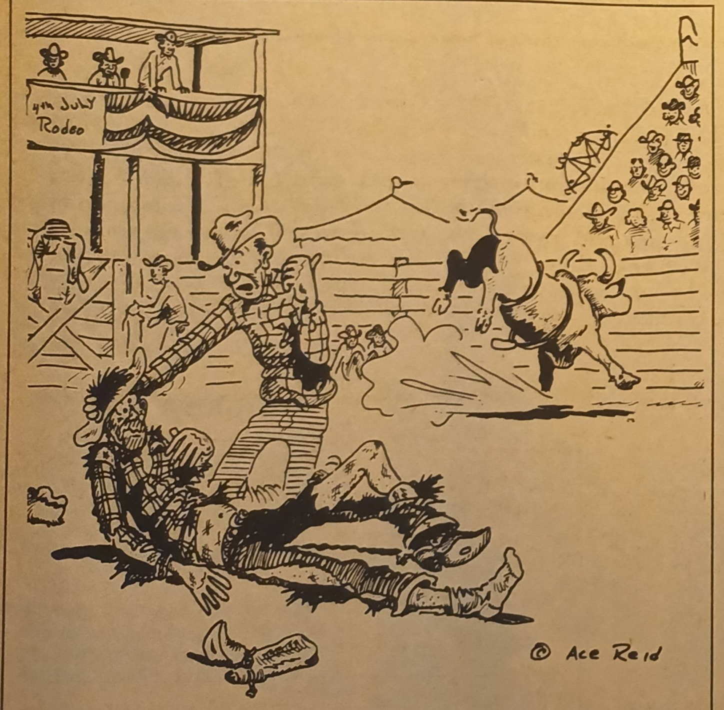
John Quincy's first wife was Pricillia Jones who died September 20, 1869 in Bourbon County, Kansas. He married his second wife in Barton County, Missouri. John Qunicy died December 14, 1899 near Weiser.

Children were born in Muskogee, Oklahoma; Beloit, Kansas; and Fayetteville Arkansas. He took up land when it was opened for homesteading in Oklahoma.

I want information on his brother, sisters, and parents, as well as any on Ginevra Allen's family. He had at least one brother, James Wesley Adams, who had a son, James Wesley, Jr., born in Milo County, Kansas, and died in Lane County, Oregon in 1921. There was also a son named Elias.

I want information on James Wesley, Jr., his first marriage and children. There were at least two, a boy named

(Continued on page 68)



"Jake, you ain't much bull rider, but you shore know how to excite the crowd!"

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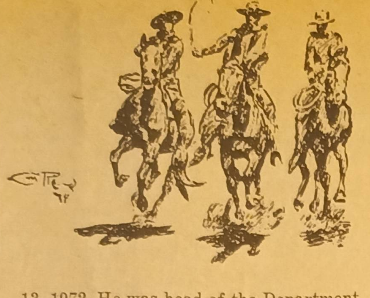

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COWBOY STARS!

George Carpozi, Jr. tells it the way it was and is in *The John Wayne Story* (Arlington House, $8.95). Much of the text is the result of interviews (their first was a dilly) with the Duke and most of the rest from the words of his family and close friends. Not being a movie mag addict, this reviewer learned a lot about the Duke (born Marion Michael Morrison in Iowa, but a Californian from an early age) from the book. As a top student and high school star he went to USC on a football scholarship. His coach was Howard Jones and through Howard's friend Tom Mix, he got a summer job as a prop man at the Fox Studio—there he met John Ford and was on his way. The filmography includes 147 pictures from the years 1928-1972. There are many photos and a good index. The life (loves and beliefs) of John Wayne is entertaining reading.

By coincidence, the biography of another great cowboy star and the man who helped Wayne get his first job in the industry, Tom Mix, appeared the same month. It was written by Tom's distant relative, Paul E. Mix, under the title *The Life and Legend of Tom Mix* (Barnes-Yoseloff, $8.95). It is illustrated with 125 photos and while the author does not write with the ease of Carpozi (an experienced biographer), he tells the story of his kinsman quite well. Mix's life as he lived it as soldier, cowboy rodeo roper, Wild West Show performer and movie star provided thrills a-plenty. The legends were primarily the creations of publicity agents—he was born in Pennsylvania (not Texas); he was not part Indian; he was not a Texas Ranger and he was not a Kansas or Oklahoma sheriff but was a deputy in Oklahoma—and he was not a U. S. Marshal. He was one of the top cowboy stars—in both the silent days and after there was sound. Good.

GRASS ROOTS HISTORIAN

In *C. L. Sonnichsen, Grassroots Historian* (Texas Western Press, $3.00 paper or $5.00 cloth) Dale L. Walker tells the highly entertaining story of the English teacher who became one of the Southwest's best known and greatly admired historians. Sonnichsen arrived in El Paso in 1931 to teach in the Texas College of Mines and Metallurgy and after forty-one years and two name changes of the school (first to Texas Western College) he retired from The University of Texas at El Paso on May 13, 1972. He was head of the Department of English, 1933-1960, Graduate Dean, 1960-67, and a full-time English teacher from 1967-1972. Walker notes that he was a popular teacher but wisely devotes his text to Sonnichsen's growth as an historian. Iowa born, Minnesota raised, and a graduate of the University of Minnesota, Sonnichsen earned both his Masters and PhD in English at Harvard. Perhaps his assignment to teach the course, "Life and Literature of the Southwest," very early in his long career triggered his interest in the history of the Southwest. It was his most popular course and for a very good reason—he did not believe that the printed accounts—second-hand history—was the complete story. Sonnichsen's system of going to the primary sources—the people who had been there, the letters, the diaries and journals, court and other official records, the old newspapers, the folk-tales, etc.—gave the course vitality. It also led to the publication of such worthwhile books as *Billy King's Tombstone* (Caldwell, 1942); *Roy Bean: Law West of the Pecos* (New York, 1943); *Cowboys and Cattle Kings* (Norman, 1950); *I'll Die Before I Run* (New York, 1951); with W. V. Morrison *Alias Billy the Kid* (Albuquerque, 1955); *Ten Texas Feuds* (Albuquerque, 1957); *The Mescalero Apaches* (Norman, 1958); *Tularosa* (New York, 1960); *The Southwest in Life and Literature* (N.Y., 1962); *Outlaw* (Denver, 1965); and *Pass of the North* El Paso, 1968). Walker comments on problems of collecting the material and on getting each of the books published. There is a bibliographic check list of Sonnichsen's writings by Bud Newman, and the book is further enhanced with a number of good photos. The Grassroots Historian's retirement did not last long—on July 1, 1972 Sonnichsen became Editor and Director of Publications for the Arizona Historical Society of Tucson. Strongly recommended.

TOP TALES!

Those seeking release from boredom can get it by reading *Some More Horse Tradin'* (Knopf, $6.95) by the sage of horse swappers, Ben K. Green. Ben has captivated folks all over the range country with his horse sense and campfire humor. The present book is a binding of fifteen of his side-splitting tales that improve with age. Among them are: "Mr. Undertaker and the Cleveland Bay," "The Shield Mares," "Texas Cow Horses and the Vermont Maid," "Saddle Marks," and that riot "The Last Trail Drive Through Downtown Dallas." Ben is one of the remarkable vanishing Americans with the experience to portray Western life as it really was. A practicing veterinarian and rancher, he has an inborn sense of humor plus the ability to scratch it out on paper. There is a dandy lot of top range illustrations by the artist Joe Beeler.

DARK AND BLOODY GROUND

Born in 1873, Ruby Addison Henry, who wrote *The First West* (Aurora Publishers, Inc., $6.95), died before her book came off the press. A schoolteacher from a cultured background, the author wrote about Kentucky history in storybook form. The state was the first jumping-off place for eastern Piedmont residents in search of new homes west of the Appalachians. The writer narrates objectively about the first explorers and settlers, John Finley and Daniel Boone, and followers who later made the trek over Boone's Wilderness Road or boated down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh. This is an intimate story of the lives of explorers, settlers, Indian fighters, politicians and builders. The reader lives again with the rugged and hazardous conditions inherent to the times. Exceptional are the descriptions of the privations suffered by George Rogers Clark and his nervy rangers who succeeded in paralyzing the Indians and British in Ohio in order to forestall further raids into Kentucky. Also described are the area's statesmen's long suffering attempts to obtain statehood from the mother state, Virginia, as well as the new but stumbling Congress. Recommended.

RANGE LIFE

There can be little doubt about why arid land primitives and pioneers were preoccupied with searches for water when it is remembered that human and animal bodies are mostly liquid. How the first settlers provided water for themselves and their livestock in semi-arid Garza, Kent, Borden, Scurry, Fisher, Howard, Mitchell and Nolan Counties, Texas is the subject of a handsome and illustrated brochure entitled *Early Ranching and Water Sources in West Texas*. It was published by the Ranch Headquarters Association, Snyder, Texas and sells for $3.50. A map shows the location of the original rivers, creeks and springs that watered the Indians and first Caucasians who lived there. Inventive ranchers added wells, earthen tanks and cisterns which let them spread into formerly waterless regions where grass was plentiful. The various stories about important watering places and landmarks also include tales of many ranchers such as the Mooar Brothers, Charles Goodnight, Tom Love, C. W. Post, R. O. Brown, James Isaac Greene, Jim Nunn, W. W. Nelson, Wraymond Sims and many others. Numerous contemporary photographs of pioneers and scenes of the times help make this very significant Texana.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 5)

and Cheyenne Wells, and knew the men in the bandit chase. I also left during the dust bowl in the year 1934 and have made Nevada my home since.—Walt Norris, 8200 Pioneer Way, Fallon, Nevada 89406

A Popular Artist

Have just finished reading the Winter '72 issue. The article about Joe De Yong by Robert Cotton was particularly interesting for two reasons: I've seen some of the De Yong work and I've met Cotton. My guess would be that it was difficult to get this material together and present it so interestingly. Cotton has surely done it.—B. H. Hansen, Los Alisos #35, 5772 Garden Grove Blvd., Westminster, California 92683

Wouldn't You Know It?

I read an article in the San Jose California *News* not long ago, which is the reason some people don't recommend "turning in" any "treasure" one may find.

Thomas Meier moved into a home in an Indiana town and found $101,820 hidden in the attic. He turned it over to the police to try and locate the owner. The widow of the former owner of the house filed suit to collect the money. According to the news article the county clerk was directed to deliver certain properties to the widow and Meier. It was not disclosed how much each received.

Reportedly the federal government took $44,608 in taxes and the state, $2,036. Then the attorneys fees took an estimated forty percent or $40,730 which left approximately $14,482 for the widow and Meier to divide. If the remaining sum was divided evenly between the two, each would have received $7,241.—A. H. Camarlinghi, 4995 Miramar Avenue, San Jose, California 95129

Barney Mason

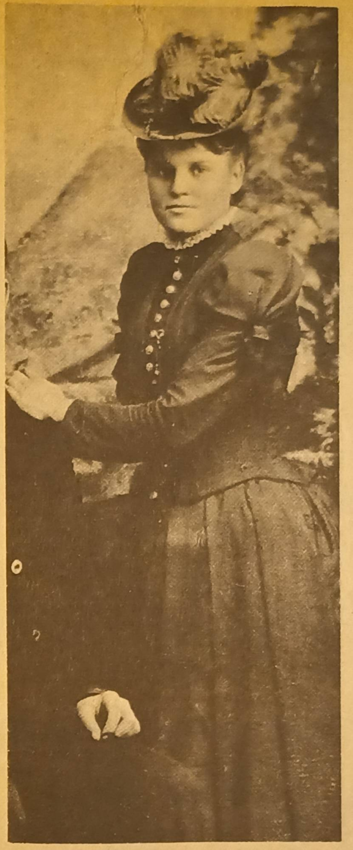
I am trying to get some record of the death of Barney Mason, brother-in-law to Pat Garrett. Does anyone know the time or place of Barney Mason's death, or the cause of it? Of course, Barney Mason must have died years ago, but I need details.—Eve Ball, Box 3215, Ruidoso, New Mexico 88345

A Pretty Spy

The unidentified girl with Bob Dalton on page 56 of the Fall 1972 issue of OLD WEST is Eugenia Moore. The photograph was taken in 1889 in the Indian Territory. Emmett Dalton identified the girl as Miss Moore.

Eugenia Moore would pose as a reporter and get as much information out of the railroads as possible. This saved the Daltons more than once from the traps set by railroad officials. She would also scout ahead to depots that the gang had selected for target areas.

Eugenia died from an unknown disease just before the Coffeyville raid. When word reached the gang, Bob Dalton reacted in a strange fashion. He tore up her picture and sat up all night, smoking and "fighting his grief." Even though Emmett sat there with him neither spoke throughout the night.—Ida J. Ipe, 6012 South Avenue, Apartment 2, Youngstown, Ohio 44512



Eugenia Moore

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code. OLD WEST, published quarterly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 204,925; last single issue: 189,000. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 104,529; last single issue: 96,677. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 10,425; last single issue: 10,762. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 114,954; last single issue: 107,439. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 88,471; last single issue: 80,061. Average total distribution last twelve months: 203,925; last single issue: 188,000. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 29, 1972.

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 64)

Ernest(?) and a girl.—Mrs. Dorothy Lindbloom, 1418 Down Drive, Rt. 4, Boise, Idaho 83702

Dees-Eddins-Lewis

Would appreciate any information concerning Hardy Bryant Dees and Matilda Eddins (Edins). Matilda was a descendant of the tribe of Pocahontas. H. B.'s family were early settlers of Virginia, moving to North Carolina around the time of the settlement by the French Huguenots and on to Butler, Monroe, and Wilcox Counties of Alabama where he and Matilda married.

Their children were all born there, some before and some after the Civil War. About twenty years after the war they started moving west, with James moving to Texas in 1890. In 1891 Ed, Ezra, Cornelius, and Kathern (Lewis) moved to Texas also. Silas, Mattie (Smith), H. B., Matilda, and Curtis moved to Louisiana, around Fort Jessup; Many, and Fisher in Sabine Parish. I assume the other son, Ruffin, also moved to Louisiana, as the information I have says that eventually all the Dees family settled in Sabine Parish.

I am particularly interested in Kathleen (Dees) Lewis and her husband William. In 1890 they moved to Texas. My grandfather, Dolph Lewis, was born in a wagontrain in the 1890s, I believe on the trip from West Texas back to Louisiana. I would like to know more about William Lewis and his ancestors. He must have been born around the 1870s. William died soon after they moved to Louisiana, which must have been in the 1890-1900s.—Wanda C. (Lewis) Cummings, P. O. Box 113, Browder, Kentucky 42329

Young-Denten

Who were the parents of Lydia M. Young and were there any sisters and/or brothers? She was born February 4, 1850 in Wisconsin, coming to Auburn, Oregon Territory as a small child in 1862; then to Idaho City, Idaho Territory by pack train in 1864. She married Iredell M. Hart at Idaho City December 1866. They homesteaded at Weiser, Idaho Territory in 1879. Their children were Clara, 1868-1872; George, 1870-1886; Daniel, 1873-1891; Lilly, 1876-1960; Stella, 1878-1947; Birdie, 1884; and Cleo, 1888. Lydia Young Hart died at Weiser, November, 1918. Iredell Hart died at Weiser in October 1898.

Who was the mother of William Jackson Denten? His father was Jackson Walker Denten (believed from Missouri and may have fought in the Civil War). Who were his parents? His brothers were John, Williard, Joseph. Sisters were Lilly, Nelly and Cora. (Clara?). William Jackson Denten was born at Clarinda, Iowa (?), moving with family to Mohawk Valley, California as a small boy. He traveled around the Oregon and Washington coast before coming to Idaho around 1878 and settling in the Boise—Mountain Home area. He married Mary Ann Bennett about December 1890. He was a miner, working around Idaho for a number of years, including the Salmon area.

I would sincerely appreciate any information on any of the above mentioned people and any of their families.—Mrs. R. D. Dunton, Route 2, Kuna Highway, Meridian, Idaho 83642

Chambliss-Fly

I would like any information on my great-great-grandfather, Dr. Nathaniel Chambliss, Hallettsville, Lavaca County, Texas. He had two daughters, Mary (Molly) who married B. F. Fly November 27, 1856, and Katherine Martha who married Dr. Leonidas Hudspeth November 18, 1858. Aunt Molly Fly lived in San Antonio, Texas. I do not know whether or not she had children. I have her picture. I would like to hear from anyone who knew of her and family.

I have a will filed July 9, 1868 belonging to Nathaniel Chambliss. He was one of the founders of Lavaca County and also County Commissioner of Hallettsville.

Katherine Martha Chambliss who married Dr. Hudspeth moved to Bandera, Texas and became Dr. Kate Hudspeth.

I want to know where Dr. Nathaniel Chambliss was born and who his parents were. I'd love to hear from anyone with information of the Chambliss family or Molly Fly.—Mrs. George Steele, Route 1, Box 116, Wetmore, Texas 78163

Renfro-Daves

My husband's father, William Joseph Renfro, is supposed to have come originally from Texas. We don't know what part or when he left there. His parents were burned to death when he was only an infant. He eventually went to Oklahoma and married a girl named Sally Lanham. That must have been about 1924 or 1925. They had two sons, James Thomas, born in 1926 and William Chalmer (my husband) born March 25, 1931. Sally died in childbirth when William was one year old. Dad knew nothing of his parents. He moved to Tulare, California where he passed away in 1952 at the age of sixty-three, leaving both sons, his only known relatives.

Would also like to find Jean Daves. We grew up together at Farmersville, California. She married a Kenneth Faulk. They moved to Lamont, California. She had two brothers—Carl and a younger one whose name I have forgotten. She also had two sisters—Margaret and another whose name I have also forgotten.

Her father's name was Ode and her mother's was Bessie. I last saw Jean when she lived in Los Angeles and I lived in El Monte. That was in 1952 or 1953.

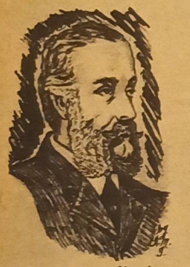
I went to Lamont several times and they have no record of them. I checked with the schools where their two daughters should have attended and also with

(Continued on page 70)

PROFILES

Hubert Howe Bancroft

By William Thyrde



THE golden glow that has enveloped the State of California since the days of the '49ers in attributable to a large extent to the genius and incredible energy of Hubert Howe Bancroft. He stands as one of the greatest historians of the ages. His monumental thirty-nine volumes include seven on California, the balance on neighboring Pacific states, Texas and Mexico.

Bancroft worked from source material and not single-handed. He organized a staff that labored with him in producing this vast storehouse of historical material. He gathered papers, diaries, notebooks, ledgers, personal reminiscences, and scoured the country for vital information. He worked while the material was current and before is could be swept into oblivion of the passing years.

Bancroft came to California in 1852 from Ohio. He was twenty years old, with a Puritanical background and a passionate love of books. Two years earlier his father had tried his luck in the gold fields and, upon returning home, had reported the lack of a good bookstore on the Coast. That was enough for Bancroft. He opened a bookstore in Sacramento soon after his arrival. After a few years he decided to move his bookstore to San Francisco.

He eagerly gathered every printed word about the West and spared nothing in gathering valuable material. By 1881 he had a collection of more than 50,000 books on the West and housed his treasure in a fireproof building. He became so engrossed in this project that he swung into the project of compiling a complete history of California, which was the all-consuming ambition for him for more than thirty years. At times he had as many as fifty aides on his payroll and never fewer than twelve.

His stature had reached such proportions in California that the Republicans asked him to run for Congress on the party ticket. Bancroft would not swerve from his long-time ambitions. "There were ten thousand ready to serve their country where there was not one to do my work in case I should abandon it," he explained. And Bancroft never did abandon it, or rarely even slowed down.

On his eightieth birthday he was still the prolific and competent writer, the year in which he authored *Retrospection*. In 1905 the University of California acquired the priceless Bancroft Library. It has been greatly expanded during the years and is a fitting monument to a man who has been recognized as the greatest historian of the West, especially of California.

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!

1 Nez Perce On Appaloosa

2 The Scout

3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume

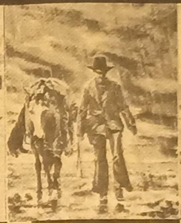
6 Pointing Toward Trouble

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

8 Gold On Padre Island

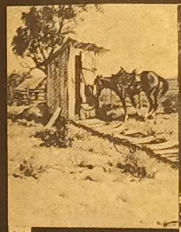
9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

10 The Captive



11 Lightning Got Him

12 No Time To Lose



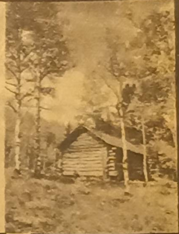
13 Cowboy Chores

14 Spanish Treasure

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

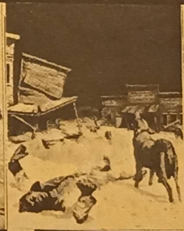
16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian



18 Autumn In Colorado

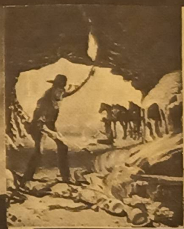
19 Buffalo Hunter



20 Lobos Hold A Wake

21 Old Homestead

22 Cowboy At Sunset



23 Lucky Shower

24 Welcome To Boot Hill

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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

ROBERT L. WAGNER, P.O. Box 13488 Capitol Station, Austin, Texas 78711

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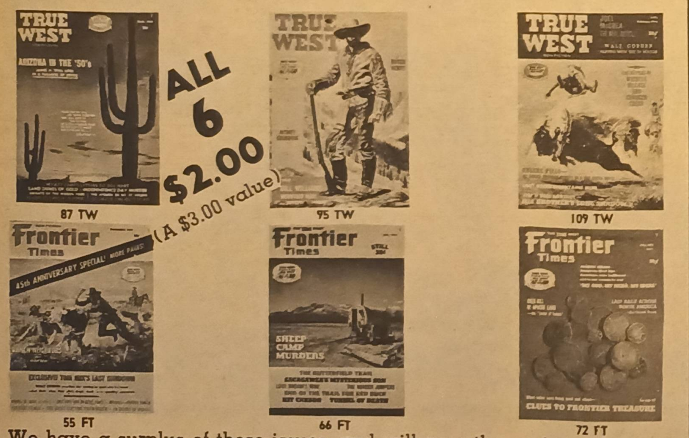

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SEE PAGE 52

the utility companies and post office.

Any information on these parties would be appreciated.—Mrs. Lois Renfro, Box 133, Mabelville, Arkansas 72103

Basye-Currier-Slagle

Would like to hear from anyone who is related to or knows of the following people: L. C. Basye, Charlie Gilmore, Nellie Slagle and any of her brothers or sisters; LeRoy and Amanda Currier, Leon Guy Currier, Essie Slagle, David Slagle who may have been Essie's father, Leon Guy Currier who married Essie Slagle of Waldo, Oregon in 1901 (they had one daughter, Leona Estella).

Leona Estella was my mother. LeRoy Currier was born in Bath, Ohio in 1945. Also, D. L. Currier who lived in Englewood, Illinois and W. E. Currier who lived in Chicago. Also an Anna Calvert who graduated in 1916. Paul Slagle of Los Angeles who was blind—he married a Marie Smith of San Francisco, California.

Any information about Essie Slagle's mother and father, also Andrew Earl and Cora and Zeffie Basye. Also a Donavan and a Harrington and Beechers.

Leon Guy Currier and Essie Currier lived in Waldo, Oregon for a while. I think Essie had a brother named Charlie, one named Fred and sisters, Ann, Lula, Ruby, Nellie and another whose name I don't know.—Miss Audrey Rigel, 5601 Holland Loop Road, Cave Junction, Oregon 97523

Stone

I would like to hear from descendants of William Stone who was born 1796, probably in Virginia. He married Susanna Waggy, died 1869. Their children were: Milvina, Sanford, Almeda, Emily and Caroline. Also I would like to hear from anyone who may have information of George Stone who was born 1813 in Licking County, Ohio; married Mary Ann Litchlithter. Their children were: Mary Ellen, Emily, George W., John O., Susan M., Elizabeth, William H., Samuel, Lewis, Eliza and Chester.

These two men and their children were listed in the vital records of the Stone family Bible, but the relationship is not specified. I am also interested in the parentage of William's wife, Susannah Waggy.—Mrs. William E. Hill, R. R. 2, Osawatomie, Kansas 66064

County Sheriffs

This office needs pictures of the following old-time sheriffs of Mariposa County, California for office collection. Thomas Early, 1856-1858; Joshua D. Crippen, 1858-1870; Cornelius Nelson, 1870-1871; John F. Clarke, 1872-1885; and John J. Mullery, 1885-1887.

Pictures will be copied and returned to sender. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Norman W. Garrett, Sheriff, Mariposa County, Box 276, Mariposa, California 95338

Lee

I am trying to locate my father or some of his people. I have not seen him since I was about five years old. His name is Nathan Elisha Lee, and he was

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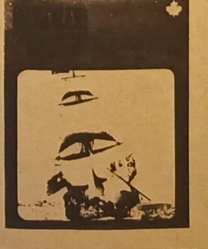

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born November 18, 1928. He has a sister named Laverne and one named Joyce. They were raised around Cleburne, Texas, Godley, Texas, and Grand Prairie, Texas. He was last heard of around Grand Prairie, Texas in 1960.

Anyone knowing anything about any of them either living or dead, please write.—Shirley Louise (Lee) Vestal, Box 29, Burleson, Texas 76028

Simpson

I am wondering if anyone around Yuma or Imperial, California can give me any information on my uncle, Oscar J. Simpson. If living, he would be in his late eighties. He never married and lived in several places in and around Yuma, Imperial and Santa Ana.—A. S. Lotierzo, Box 154, Tracy, California 95376

Slaback

Aaron Slaback was born in Indiana about 1834. He left his home in Wisconsin for California and worked as a blacksmith in the New Almadin Mine eight miles out of San Jose. His last message to his Wisconsin family was sent January 28, 1868 in which he wrote he intended to vacation in Wisconsin soon. He never arrived and was not heard from again. All efforts since then to find him have been in vain. Any news of him or his descendants will be greatly appreciated by his nephew.—Lester W. Slaback, 418 West Pine Street, Santa Ana, California 92701

Robinson

I am seeking any information concerning my grandfather, Pleasant Pinkney Robinson, born February 10, 1865 or 1875 in Springfield, Illinois, his parents or his heirs by his first wife, the daughter of a Cherokee named Chief Bell. (I do not know if Chief is a surname or a title.) They were married in an Indian ceremony in Indian Territory and had five children, one named Jesse. They were later divorced by tribal ceremony.

Pleasant Robinson enlisted in the army on May 9, 1898 giving his residence as Westport, Missouri and was discharged October 24, 1898 at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Company H, 20th U. S. Infantry. He enlisted again May 12, 1899 and was discharged May 11, 1902 at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, Company E, 14th U. S. Infantry.

He married my grandmother around 1900 and died around 1925. Any information would be appreciated.—Dianne Robinson Harshman, Box 8288, Tahoe Valley Station, South Lake Tahoe, California 94705

Nelson-Franklin

Alexander Marion Nelson was born in Greene County, Tennessee around 1810 according to one of his Civil War records. In another his birthplace is given as Kentucky. He married Mary Caroline Vaughn on December 23, 1849 in Greenville. He served in the Union cavalry during the Civil War, and died in the hospital in Louisville, Kentucky on January 20, 1865. I think Mary Caroline's parents were Joel and Johannah Dyer Vaughn. Alex and Caroline had four children: William Oliver A., 1851; Austin Benjamin Franklin, 1855; John Marion F., 1859; Hannah Delilah Jane, 1860. They were living in Blount County, Tennessee by this time.

A. B. Franklin, my grandfather, married Mary Jane Anderson, daughter of John William and Mary Louisa White Anderson. John and Louisa were parents of sixteen children, among whom were: John, William, Dave—a Baptist minister, Chris Colombus, Larkin, Margaret Lee—who married John Marion Nelson, Nancy who married a Hedrick, Killes, Sally Ann who married a McCluney, George, Matt, Martin and Robert. John and William were believed killed in the Civil War and Robert was thought to have died in Anderson prison. Larkin was supposedly killed by bushwhackers.

Franklin and Mary Jane Anderson Nelson were married in Blount County, Tennessee on December 12, 1876. My grandfather must have been fiddle-footed, because their first child was born in Tennessee; their second in Ness County, Kansas; my mother (their third child) was born in Tennessee, in Blount County. Then they came back to Ness County, Kansas long enough for another child. Then they moved to Missouri, Jackson and Webster Counties. Mary Jane died October 10, 1895 near Seymour, Missouri. They had eight children, one of whom was stillborn. Another died of snakebite at age three. After Mary Jane's death, Franklin moved to Beaver County, Oklahoma and Seward County, Kansas. He also lived in Reno County, Kansas, near Atlanta, Georgia and somewhere in Florida. He lived with his daughter Minnie Dilbeck, in Claremore, Oklahoma. My mother had lost track of him for years until getting a letter from her sister Minnie in the 1930s. Lora, the oldest child, was married October 18, 1895 to Jay Long and her last known residence was Ash Grove, Missouri. She would be ninety-four years old if she is still living. The other children of Franklin and Mary Jane are dead now.

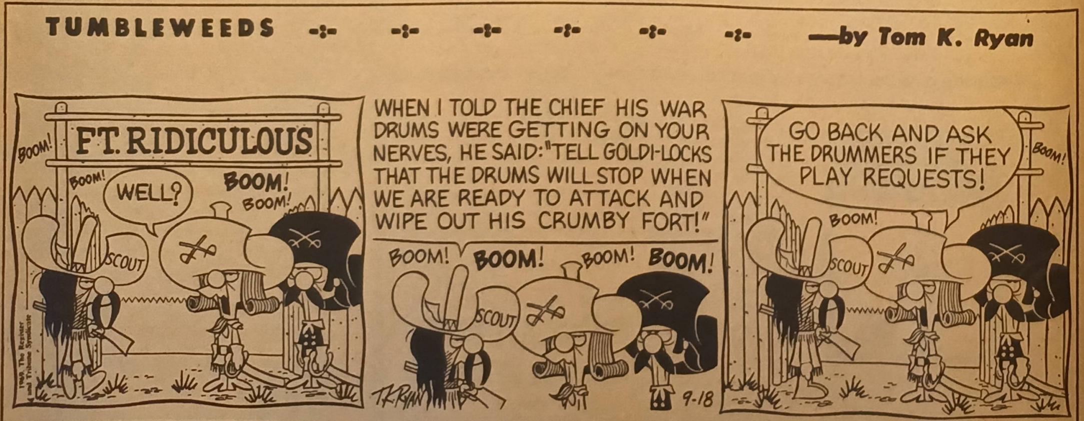
I have information I will exchange with anyone who knows anything about any of the above named persons. I have copies of marriage certificates and some military and pension records.—Mrs. Warren Goos, Box 383, Liberal, Kansas 67901

Goodson-Carter

I would like to hear from Ione Carter or any of her relatives. She may be married but I do not know her married name. Ione's parents were Jeff Carter and Mattie Ione Goodson. Ione had a brother, Andrew Jackson Goodson (my father), born in Wood County, Texas in 1876. After our family moved to New Mexico, we lost track of Ione.—L. J. Bud Goodson, Route 1, Box 124, Portales, New Mexico 88130

Boyd

My wife's mother, Easter Bell Boyd, was married twice; first to a man named Boland (Bollen), and second to a man named Sam Boyd. When my wife, Linnie Ruth, was six years old, she entered the state school at Mexia, Texas. Ruth has not seen her mother since she was six and we would appreciate any information about her.—George Bullock, General Delivery, Center, Texas 75935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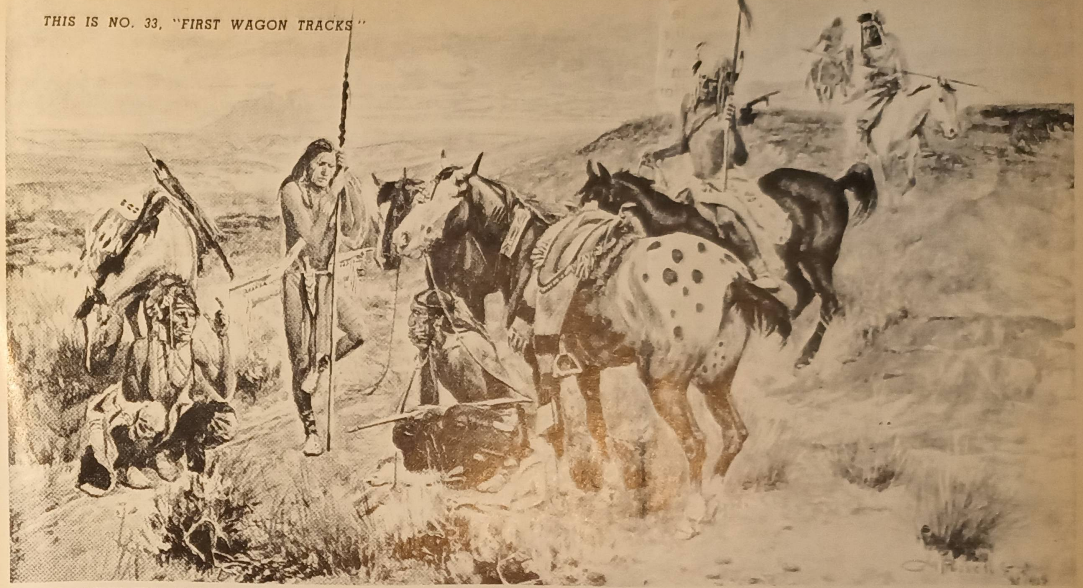
—by Tom K. Ryan
FT. RIDICULOUS
BOOM!
BOOM!
WELL?
BOOM!
BOOM!
SCOUT
WHEN I TOLD THE CHIEF HIS WAR DRUMS WERE GETTING ON YOUR NERVES, HE SAID: "TELL GOLDI-LOCKS THAT THE DRUMS WILL STOP WHEN WE ARE READY TO ATTACK AND WIPE OUT HIS CRUMBY FORT!"
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
SCOUT
GO BACK AND ASK THE DRUMMERS IF THEY PLAY REQUESTS!
BOOM!
BOOM!
SCOUT
T.K. RYAN
9-18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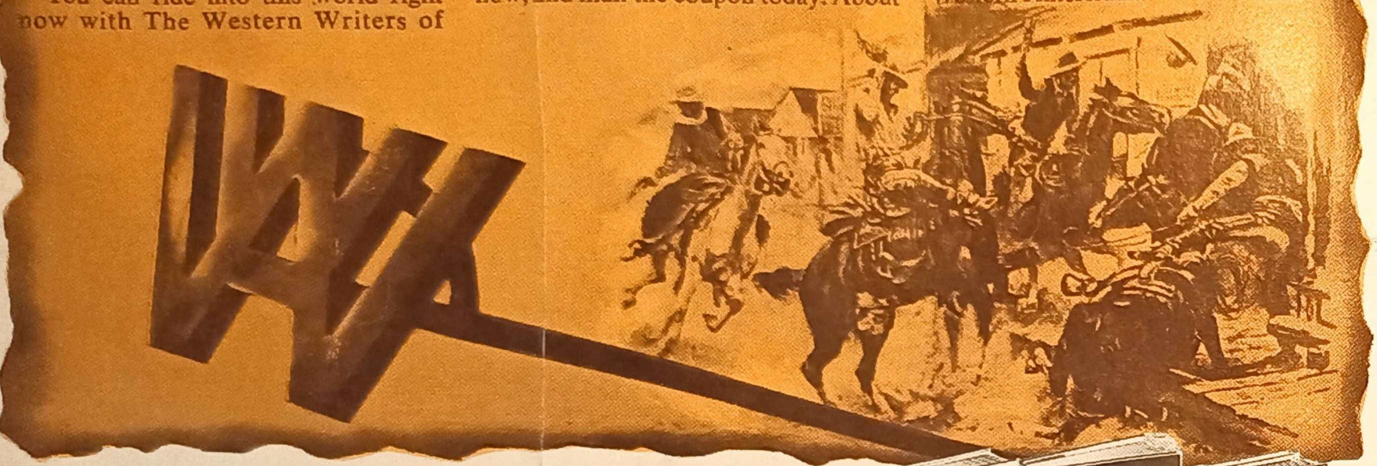

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